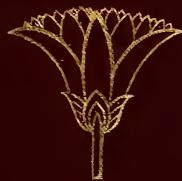


Cruise ^{to} the Orient



J.C. Oehler



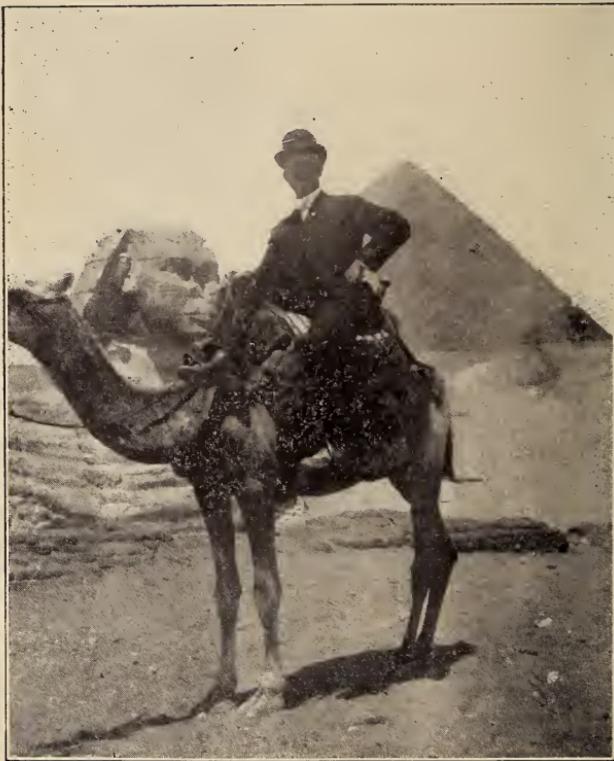
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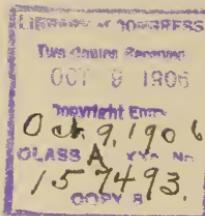
CRUISE *to the* ORIENT

By

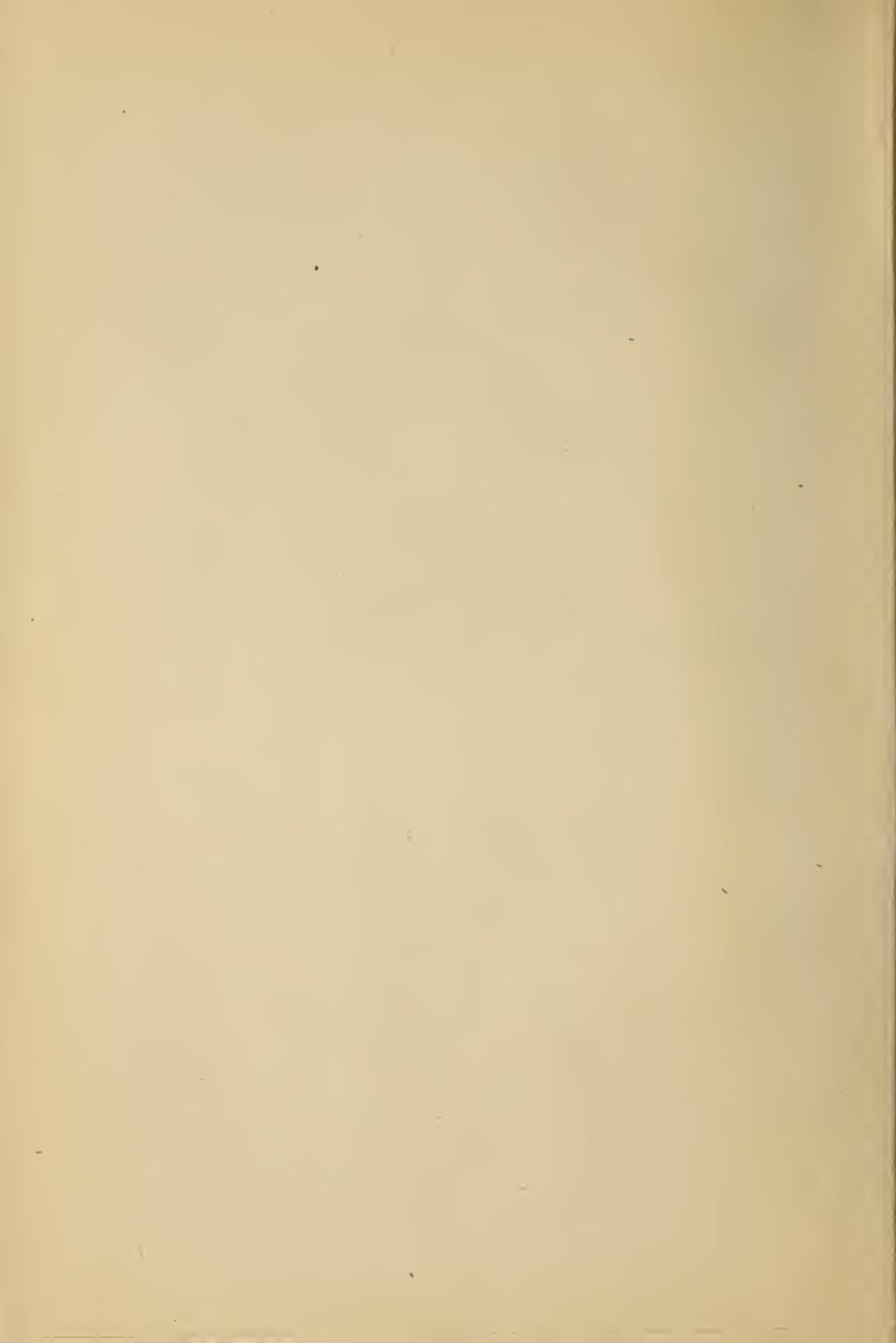
REV. J. C. OEHLER
TAYLOR, TEXAS

RICHMOND, VA.
The Presbyterian Committee of
Publication

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103



To My Friend
Miss Emma L. Howard,
THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.



A Word to the Reader.

NOTHING was farther from the mind of the writer, when the CRUISE TO THE ORIENT was made, than the publishing of a book.

His purpose, at that time, was the careful study of those subjects which can be considered to the best advantage by the student as he stands upon the ground with which they are so inseparably connected; therefore, for his own profit, a correct record of each day's happenings was kept by the author.

After his return home, he was prevailed upon to deliver a course of lectures to his people on successive Lord's Day evenings.

The next request from his friends was for the publication of the substance of those addresses in the daily and weekly issues of the home papers.

Last of all, many of those whose judgment he most highly valued urged the importance of putting the letters in more permanent form. Therefore, responsibility for the placing of this little volume in your hands must be shared by the author's friends.

Throughout this work the only attempt at originality has been to treat of the subjects as they impressed themselves upon the writer amidst the sights and scenes of

those lands in which universal interest converges; and his sincere desire has been that he might share with others the priceless benefits of that memorable pilgrimage.

From first to last, the object of this unpretentious book has been, not so much the entertainment as the lasting profit of the reader. And if these pages shall be the means of enhancing your interest in the reverent study of the Word of God, the writer will be abundantly satisfied.

J. C. O.

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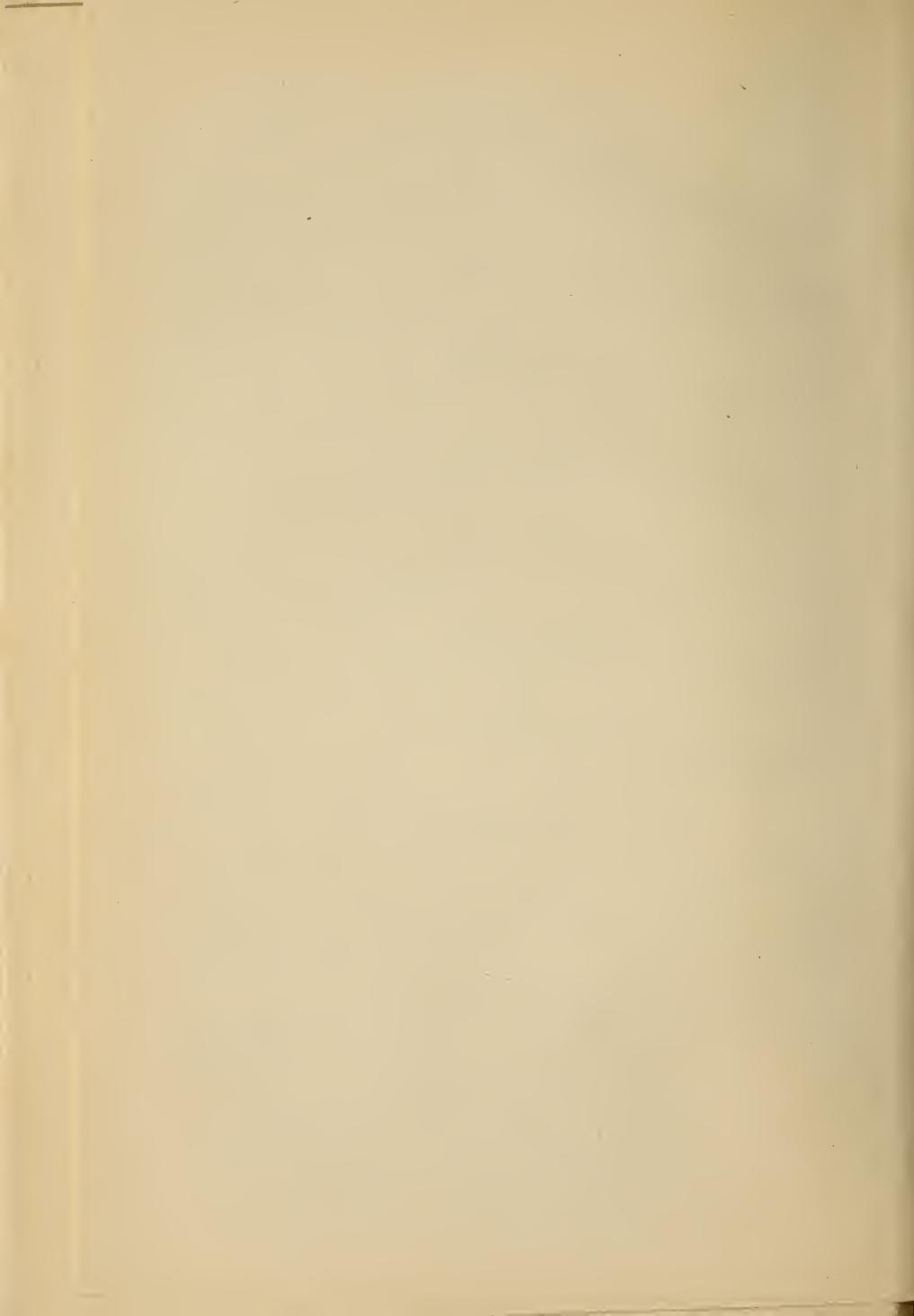
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CRUISE TO THE ORIENT

CHAPTER I.

FROM TEXAS TO NEW YORK.

ON the second day of March, I left Taylor to join the Oriental cruise, booked to leave New York only six days later. My ticket read over the International and Great Northern *via* St. Louis. This popular route, familiar to most travellers to the Northeast, I found very interesting. Our train arrived at St. Louis over one hour late, causing us to miss the eastbound Wabash train for Buffalo. I was not sorry to spend the night in the "Fair City," for I could then have the trip to Detroit in the daytime.

At nine o'clock next morning, I boarded the "Wabash First Links in the Chain. No. 4." Here I wish to say that I have never seen more faultless service than that rendered by this great system.

How majestic was the "Father of Waters," as we pulled up to the west bank to the railway bridge!

The fine farming lands of Illinois were a constant pleasure to me. I was specially delighted with the river from which this road takes its name. For so many miles it kept us company, and entertained us with its rapid current, and ledges of ice on each bank, thrown up by the high water, resulting from the very recent rains. The tall, lithe, graceful, strong and stately sycamores along this beautiful stream, reminded me constantly of the very complimentary and happy sobriquet of Indiana's favorite son, "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash."

I shall never forget the perfect exhibit of natural masonry at Williamsport. The place is noted for its unexcelled quarries. The very finest advertisement that any quarry could have, is the one referred to in the form of strata seen there, as if laid out mathematically by the Master Builder. I have seen nothing more perfect, not even along the Rio Grande or the Saguenay.

The city in Illinois that impressed me most was Danville. Just above Williamsport, you cross the river to Attica. But the most attractive city in the land is, perhaps, Lafayette, farther up the Wabash. It is situated on both sides of the river, and is perfectly drained, while its feet are laved in the clear waters of this fascinating stream. Another feature I shall long remember, is the graceful manner in which the beautiful homes rise above one another, upon successive terraces on the east and west banks of this enchanting river. Logansport is another important city on this line. It is noted for its foundries and barrel factories. Peru is perforated with wells. One sees a forest of derricks all over that territory, it having been a productive oil field a few years since.

At Butler, the road crosses the Ohio State line. One who observes, sees the difference between the sister States of Illinois and Indiana. The contrast might be expressed by the statement that the one is a farming, while the other is a dairying section. In Illinois, one is charmed with the splendid, rich farms; in Indiana, one is equally pleased with the well-built, attractive, large barns and neat homesteads.

The junction point of the St. Louis and Chicago branches of the Wabash system is Montpelier.

After a most pleasant, profitable day, I reached Detroit in time for a refreshing night's rest.

Like an industrious man, I rose at half-past five. I

was astonished at its being so light at that hour, till I remembered that, in longitude, I was nearing the seventy-fifth meridian. After breakfast I started out to see the wonderful Detroit River. It is a magnificent stream. Its waters are clear as crystal, and its current very swift. It is about one mile wide, twenty-eight miles long, and forty feet deep. The trains are ferried across in transports. I was greatly pleased with the city of Detroit. Its character sustains its reputation as being a very solid, progressive city. I shall always remember the crunching, crashing ice panorama, as it was borne along by the resistless current of the mighty river.

The carrying capacity of the great transports is astonishing. The entire passenger train was put on board and taken across the river, whose current is twelve miles an hour, at Detroit.

I was much interested in the ride for miles along Lake St. Clair, which was frozen solid. Ice-boats were running in all directions. These boats are equipped with three steel runners and a sail.

Throughout Canada, everything was covered with snow and ice, and hauling was being done on sleds, while the jingle of sleigh-bells made the whole country merry. I noticed at Thomasville there were evidences of a great oil deposit. The derricks were about as plentiful as at Peru, Indiana. The chief industry of this part of Canada is lumbering. The logging is done in the winter, when the snow and ice make the hauling a comparatively easy matter.

Chatham, St. Thomas and Cayuga are attractive cities along this road. From St. Thomas on to Niagara, Ontario, the country is well drained and even quite picturesque. At nine p. m. we arrived at Niagara Falls, where I spent two nights and a day.

The next day, being the Sabbath, I spent in attending divine services, morning and evening, and in worshipping God, through communing with him in the temple of nature, by observing his handiwork. At the First Presbyterian Church, where I worshipped, I was gratefully impressed with the genuine Christian hospitality shown me, by those who were not forgetful to entertain the stranger. I determined to spend the day alone, "near to nature's heart." After breakfast I went directly to look at the falls from the American side. I first went to Prospect Point. Here the huge mountain of frozen mist rose in all of its awful grandeur. Thence I walked up to the stone bridge leading to the main island. It was difficult to realize that this was the same place that I had seen several times before, in the open season. I passed to Luna Island, and from point to point on Goat Island, almost speechless. Never do I remember having been so impressed with the almighty of God.

With wonderful impressiveness did the first verse of the Holy Scriptures come to me then and there: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." I continued my silent walk to the point nearest Horseshoe Falls. Thence I skirted the island, and crossed the fascinating little bridges linking the Three Sisters. Along much of my slippery path I crept with great caution, for a misstep, or loss of footing, might have proven fatal in many places. From the Three Sisters I enjoyed a splendid view of the rapids on both sides of the island, above

the cataract. There the ice was dashing, by
Niagara in
Fetters of Ice. the million tons, with a momentum that would seem fabulous. A large part of Niagara was frozen solid! This you could hardly imagine, when you had looked at the fearful current in the summer-time. Circumstances were peculiarly favorable,

for the past winter had been the coldest within a period of thirty-two years. It had been my ambition to see the greatest cataract in the world in the grasp of the winter king. I saw it, and was happy.

Any attempt to describe this ramble would be incomplete without a reference to the dense forest of birch, beech, ash, elm, oak, maple, cedar, poplar, pine, larch and chestnut. I was delighted with a little oblong red berry. It was peculiarly welcome in the midst of the snow and ice that abounded everywhere. The sweetest little surprise came when I heeded the sign, "To the Spring." I fully expected it to be frozen tight and fast, too. But when I came to it, I found it as gracious and hospitable as if it had been the month of June. I never relished a drink of water more than that one.

Before leaving the island I turned aside to examine a strange freak of nature: a limb joined two cedar trees, several feet apart, running through the fork of a third tree, standing between the Siamese twins. Thence I recrossed the stone bridge to the city of Niagara Falls.

After dinner I walked over the Cantilever bridge to the Canada side. I went by the inclined path to the "Maid of the Mist Landing." From that point I walked across the ice gorge and climbed the "Mountain of Mist." It seemed so strange to one who had crossed the same place in a boat, when the river was such a swelling tide that the boat tossed like a cork upon its heaving bosom.

After crossing to the Canada side on the ice again, I trudged down to the great whirlpool, stopping frequently, both going and coming, to look at the leaping, seething, foaming, thundering rapids above the whirlpool. On returning, I prolonged my walk to the Horseshoe Falls, on the Ontario side. Thence I could see the falls and the rapids above them, as the roaring waters were trans-

formed into spray in an instant. The column of vapor, at times, would rise to a height of three or four hundred feet; and if the wind happened to be blowing in the wrong direction, the chances were that you would be enveloped in a cold, wet veil. There, too, I had a fine view of the gorge, the ice-bridge and the mountains of spray under the cataracts, on both sides.

There are three bridges across the awful chasm, which is more than two hundred feet in depth. Two of these bridges are railway structures. One of the railway bridges has also a lower bridge, for walking and driving. These railway bridges are controlled by the Michigan Central and Grand Trunk systems, respectively. The third, the Cantilever, is used for street-cars, drives and walks. The span of the Cantilever is nearly eight hundred feet. This bridge is nearest the falls.

Niagara, Ontario, has a population of six thousand, while Niagara, N. Y., has twenty-two thousand. I returned to the United States for supper, after having made more than the traditional Sabbath day's journey. After returning from church, and writing a letter home, I was fatigued enough to appreciate a good night's rest.

On Monday morning, I rose at six and hurried to the New York Central station. There I purchased a ticket for the fast train for New York. At 6:48 our train was called, and we were off, up the Niagara, to Buffalo, on Lake Erie. There we had to change cars, and I had a cup of coffee that reminded me of home.

I soon boarded the New York train, which is one of the very finest in the world. For some distance she ran at the rate of ninety miles per hour. A run of twenty-six miles was made in twenty minutes. For a solid hour, a mile a minute was covered. Although the rate of speed was so high, I could write with ease as the cars slipped

over the rails. All the way from Niagara to New York, the snow and ice covered everything. Niagara and Erie were frozen over, so were the Mohawk and the Hudson, so that double teams were being driven across them on the ice.

Along this route lie some splendid cities, as Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Schenectady and Albany. There is much that is grand in the landscape, throughout the entire journey. Especially is this true of the hills toward the South, and the scenery along the Mohawk and the historic Hudson.

I was intensely interested in the ice harvesting down the Hudson. Hundreds of ice-houses are filled and closed for summer. One thing that was very attractive to me, was the ice-boats, which appeared on the Hudson in fleets.

In due time, we arrived at the Grand Central station, New York City. I went at once to the Broadway Central Hotel, where I found letters awaiting me. I found a large crowd of tourists at the Broadway Central, as that was headquarters for the cruisers till the time of the sailing of the *Grosser Kurfuerst*.

On the morning of the 8th of March, I completed my shopping in preparation for the long sea voyage. Prominent among these little purchases was a good steamer rug, as I knew the value of such an article. At 12:30, I left the hotel for Hoboken. It was a great press from there to the steamer.

On reaching the vessel, I found all arrangements, to the last detail, complete. Just after going aboard, I found W. L. Walker, a friend of my youth, C. A. Oliver, a Princeton school-mate, and C. O. Martindale, whom I had examined for licensure and ordination. I also saw E. M. Fergusson, an old Princeton class-mate, and Dr. Wilson Phraner and Dr. Jessup, both venerable gentle-

men, the one, a young man at five and eighty, and the other, a missionary for forty-eight years in Beyrouth, Syria. Dr. Jessup was returning, with his devoted wife and daughter, to his life-long work. Before sailing, I had time to mail my souvenir list of passengers, some souvenir cards and my illustrated itinerary, to the home folks.

CHAPTER II.

FROM NEW YORK TO FUNCHAL.

AT the appointed hour, the captain issued the command, and the *Grosser Kurfuerst* loosed her hawsers, and we put out to sea. Our gallant ship was a thing of beauty as she steamed down the harbor, decked with hundreds of flags, showing every color of the rainbow. These ensigns were strung on cables, uniting the two great masts with the bow and stern, respectively, and joining the masts together. These decorations constitute the steamer's "glad clothes," or gala attire.

The start was full of interest. There was a display of pocket linen, that suggested a brisk flurry in a snow-storm, on board, answering to a like demonstration on the piers and on neighboring steamers, where there were thousands waving "bon voyage" to their friends departing for the far East. Our good ship steamed through the magnificent harbor, under the bright light of the afternoon sun.

Pilgrims sail for the Holy Land. It had been twenty years since I had embarked from this same pier at Hoboken. The vessel then was the noble but ill-fated *Elba*, of the same line, the "Nord Deutscher Lloyd." It will be remembered that the *Elba* was rammed by a Caithness packet steamer, in the North Sea. It was black night, and she went to the bottom, with all on board except one woman, who floated on a life-preserver raft, till picked up by some craft that happened to be passing,

thirty minutes after this awful catastrophe. The Scotch vessel was never seen, having gone down with the lamented *Elba*. After you have crossed the Atlantic in a certain ship, you feel a sense of proprietorship in, and form a definite attachment for, it. Your interest in it never wanes. So I thought of the *Elba*, and her noble crew, and her precious human freight, as going down in the waters where she had made her trial trip, and over which she had so often sailed in her majesty.

Among the places of interest that greeted us as we "slipped out to sea" were North River, the Battery, Brooklyn Bridge, East River, Fort Columbus, Fort Hamilton, Fort Lafayette, the statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, and Fort Hancock, on Sandy Hook. The last-named fort is the most modern of the harbor defences. This stronghold is manned by the latest improved disappearing guns. The old masonry structures have given way to the more unpretentious, modern earthen ones. The latter have the advantage for two reasons: First, they do not afford so attractive a target for the enemy; and second, they are not so destructible. It will long be remembered how effective the improvised forts of palmetto logs and sand were about the harbor of Charleston, S. C., during the war between the States.

The official pilot left our boat for his own steamer, which was lying outside the bar, waiting for him. The pilot was "loaded to the gunwale" with letters, postals, souvenir cards, telegrams and cablegrams, sent by the cruisers, between the dock and the bar. Those, of course, he sent upon landing in New York. Then several lusty, wicked screams from the sirens, were exchanged between the *Kurfuerst* and the *New York*, the pilot's jaunty boat, and we were under full head of steam, off for the deep blue sea.

I found myself very fortunate in my room-mates, Dr. John R. Brown, of Providence; Rev. G. J. Gongaware, of Warren, Pa.; and Mr. John W. Blank, of Emporia, Kansas. We had a delightful, roomy, well located, well appointed stateroom, and were happy. Almost every passenger was present at the supper-table. The delicious music of the ship's orchestra, together with the feast spread before us in the dining-room, gave everything about our first meal on board, the air of a banquet. But

First Symptoms of Mal de mer. - on toward evening, the question of "mal de mer" began to thrust itself upon the attention of the pilgrims. Even at the table,

there was a look of fearful anticipation on the faces of a great many; and too many of the diners left abruptly, without finishing their meal — some, indeed, before the first course was passed. It was immensely amusing to see the effort, on the part of so many, to be brave and "not go down." To tell the truth, I was not quite certain about myself, for being a little hungry, I partook rather freely of the absolutely faultless supper. I took the precaution of staying outside, on deck, in the open air, till nearly eleven o'clock. This is the finest preventage of sea-sickness. When I did retire to my stateroom, I went to bed to sleep like a baby, "rocked in the cradle of the deep." I never enjoyed a better night's rest. The ocean swell was lively, and the effect was magical. One thing about the personnel of the passengers impressed me the first day: there was an air of refinement, gentleness and culture that I had never seen in so large a company of men and women before. There was nothing strange or unnatural. There was not a long face among the passengers. There were none but first cabin tourists on board. Everybody was as good as anybody else, and if anything, a little better, too.

The following facts, obtained from official sources, will prove welcome, I am sure: The *Grosser Kurfuerst* was built at Danzig, at a cost of two million dollars. Her length is 582 feet; beam, 62 feet; depth, from upper deck to keel, 45 feet; draught, 28 feet of water, when loaded to the water-line. She measures 13,183 tons displacement, and can carry 12,000 tons of cargo. She is divided into thirteen water-tight compartments by twelve bulkheads. Ten of these compartments can be filled with water, and the vessel continue to float. She carries 2,294 tons of water; 1,527 tons of ballast; 264 tons of feed water for the boilers; 503 tons of drinking water. There are two main engines, each quadruple expansion, with four cylinders, working on four cranks, together turning the shaftings. The shaft of each engine is 216 feet long, and 16 inches in diameter. She is equipped with twin propellers, each screw measuring eighteen feet in diameter, with twenty feet pitch. Both engines register 9,700 horse, while each propeller is capable of making eighty-two revolutions per minute, giving the ship a speed of sixteen knots per hour. The steam, for all purposes, is produced in five double-end and two single-end cylindrical boilers, with thirty-five fires in all. The coal bunkers, lying around and above the boilers, carry 2,000 tons of coal, and the daily consumption of coal is from 150 to 160 tons. There are three dynamos supplying the electricity, for the one thousand lights, and the motors in the cold storage and the laundry. There is a hydraulic machine, supplying the power for four hydraulic cranes, for handling cargo and baggage. There is an evaporator, producing fresh water from sea water, for feeding the boilers at the rate of forty tons per day; and also a distiller for making twenty-four tons of drinking water, daily. She has three ten-ton ice ma-

The Grosser Kurfuerst.

chines for refrigerator rooms and provision stores; and twenty pumps for the various uses on board.

The machinery crew consists of chief engineer and nine assistant engineers, a boilermaker, an electrician, seven oilers, a hydraulic man, a storekeeper, twenty-seven firemen, and thirty trimmers—in all seventy-eight. This crew is divided into three watches, of eight hours each. The ship's crew numbers three hundred and sixty-six men. The captain is the supreme commander, having the power of life and death over the entire crew. Under him are four officers of equal rank: the chief officer, in charge of forty-eight deck sailors; the chief engineer, in charge of sixty-eight men; the purser, in charge of two hundred and fifty table, kitchen, room and deck stewards; and the chief doctor, charged with keeping all on board in the best of health. The chief steward has the responsibility of one hundred and sixty-seven men, who have the care of the dining-rooms, gangways, decks, cabins and kitchens. This includes four second stewards, seven stewardesses, sixteen musicians, nine dishwashers, two heads of pantries and one hundred and twenty table stewards. Every day the dishes and glassware are counted. The company allows ten per cent. for breakage; all over that, must be paid for by the stewards, the amount being equally divided amongst them.

The "log" is an instrument that records the speed of the ship. It consists of a spiral wheel, trailing in the sea, fifty fathoms behind the vessel. The revolutions of this wheel, are in direct proportion to the rate of speed at which the ship is moving, thus registering, accurately, the distance sailed each day. The daily record is published at noon, on the bulletin board.

Independent observations are taken by the captain and chief officer every morning and afternoon, when the sun

is shining. Thus the latitude and longitude are found, within a fraction of a knot. In foggy weather, they run on "dead reckoning," which means that they determine the position of the ship from the speed and course.

There are two 170-foot steel masts, known as the "fore-mast" and "mainmast." At night, a light is carried aloft upon each mast, and to the mainmast the Marconi instrument is attached. On the foremast, all interest centres in the crow's nest, in which two sailor boys keep watch for one hour at a time, day and night. The ship's flags are of the greatest importance. At the bow flies the flag of the city of Bremen, as every ship carries on the "jack-staff," the flag of her city. At the top of the foremast, she carries the flag of the nation into whose harbor she is entering. At the top of the mainmast, flies the flag of the ship's company. From the stern, flies the German ensign. Every ship flies her national flag at her stern. The signal flags and lights speak an universal language to sailors. Gala flags are used in decorating the ship on festive occasions.

At the port, a red light is carried, at night, while a green light signals from the starboard side.

The following is the official list of supplies taken on board at New York before sailing: Poultry, 22,900

Ship's Supplies. pounds; meats, 87,296; flour, 95,000; potatoes, 142,887; eggs, 57,000; citrons, 35,780; sugar, 23,038; coffee, 7,340; fish, 17,521; vegetables, 38,190; butter, 31,215; tea, 735; oranges, 40,250; milk, 9,262 gallons; ice, 135 tons; coal, 3,906 tons; mineral water, 50,228 bottles; dried fruit, 8,866 pounds; and fresh fruits, 18,050 pounds. Other supplies were taken on at other points on the cruise.

On the hurricane deck are the life-boats, lashed on each side. Each boat is capable of holding fifty persons, and

is fitted with sails and oars, and kept ready for instant use. On each voyage these life-boats are supplied with water, hardtack, a compass and some stimulants and other simple medical remedies. In case of need, the boats could be lowered in perfect order, and ready for use, in ninety seconds. Also, as a precaution, every stateroom is supplied with life-preservers.

Wednesday morning I was awakened by the musical notes of the bugle call at seven. The sweet strains of that bugler were like those of our splendid mockingbird of the Southland on a balmy spring morning. I dressed and went on deck, to get the bracing tonic of the pure ozone of the early morning sea. The Atlantic was just enough agitated to make the sail interesting. The sea gulls were still in evidence, following in the wake of the ship. After a delightful appetizer, I went in at 8:45, and enjoyed a good breakfast. But, alas! that many who had fought with me the night before, when the lights were brilliant and the music captivating, were missing! We did not ask where they were. We knew too well. My friend, Gongaware, had to quit the field early in the battle. He ordered soft-boiled eggs, grape fruit and oranges, but never saw the order filled. He did not remain for the return of the waiter. The waiter understood, and was respectful and silent.

That morning I received an envelope enclosing return ticket, side-trip tickets, passports and steamer chair ticket. I never saw a grander day. The face of the deep was flecked with white caps, which always indicate a good, stiff breeze. Our path lay in the Gulf Stream; our direction bore to the southeast. The wind was blowing from the north. Had our course been different, the effect of the wind would have been much greater. The trip was such an ideal one, that I could but wish that all my friends

might enjoy it with me. I forgot to mention that we met, in New York harbor, the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, coming into port. This is the largest and fleetest liner of the company. By twelve o'clock, noon, we had gained twenty minutes in time from Sandy Hook. From this time on, our watches had to be changed daily. The first religious service was held in the dining-room at 9 P. M. It was a service of song, Scripture reading and prayer, conducted by Mr. F. H. Jacobs, of New York. It was a profitable hour to all who could attend. There were, by that time, hundreds of cases of sea-sickness. The exception was when the passenger did not feel uncertain. Personally, I was glad to report freedom from the least suggestion of discomfort. After a jolly time on deck, after service, with some fellow-passengers, I bade them good-night and sought the arms of Morpheus.

On the morning of the tenth of March there was a great sea running, by daylight. A rain and hail-storm overtook us from the northwest. The proverbial rainbow, "the sailor's warning," was in distinct evidence soon after sunrise. The boat rocked, rolled and plunged. The experience proved very exhilarating to those who were well and strong, but not so to the other large list. I never saw grander swells. The waves at a distance, through the mist, looked like ranges of snow-capped mountains.

Up to noon, our ship had made a total of six hundred and twenty-seven "sea miles" and gained fifty minutes in time. I had a fine appetite for dinner, and proved equal to the occasion. I had the honor of a seat at the captain's table. Our section won the name of "the invincibles." I never felt better than on that stormy sea. The billows steadily increased, till the great liner "reeled to and fro like a drunken man." Had the storm been "dead ahead," the seas would have rolled over the hurricane deck, and

compelled the hatches to be closed. A storm at sea baffles all description — indeed, it would not be what it is if it could be pictured. How delightful it was to stand at the prow and see the great leviathan rise to an incredible height, only to fall to a corresponding depth! At times it would almost take your breath. An experience quite as interesting was enjoyed at the stern. The angry seas came rolling after us, as if they would overwhelm the ship. But the powerful twin propellers were doing their work at the rate of eighty revolutions per minute. This broke the force of the billows as they struck her astern. The only living creatures we saw in the waters were the impudent little sea turtles; the only denizens of the air were the dauntless gulls, that seemed to glory in the stormy moods of Neptune. To realize what I witnessed that day, it must be seen.

At eight P. M. we were treated to a stereopticon lecture by Dr. Clark, of Ohio. The topic was, "In and Around New York City."

CHAPTER III.

FROM NEW YORK TO FUNCHAL.

THE next day dawned bright and clear. For some time after breakfast I stood at the bow with Rev. Samuel Harris, of North Dakota, drinking in the delicious atmosphere. During the forenoon I had my first game of "shuffle board" and "ship ring." The game, in each case, was between four persons.

The captain distributed a souvenir hat-band among the cruisers before noon.

A souvenir edition of the "Manual of Worship," for use in the convention at Jerusalem, was distributed among the members. This I shall always keep, in memory of the cruise to the Orient.

At three p. m. we had a "Dixie" meeting, at which time all the Southern people on board were to meet and get acquainted. It was a fine time that we had. We elected Judge Martin, ex-Moderator of the Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, our chairman, and Miss White, of Memphis, our secretary. By 12 m. we had gained one and a quarter hours from New York and two and a quarter from Taylor.

The temperature throughout the day was much milder than the day before. We were sailing in the latitude of Richmond, Va. Madeira is in the latitude of Savannah, Ga.

Our route being out of the great thoroughfare, we had sighted only one craft, a two-masted schooner, so far.

A Desert of Waters. This one fact impressed us with the vastness of the Atlantic. Just think of sailing for more than a thousand miles without seeing another vessel of any kind!

The sun went down with a magnificence all his own — such as is seen only on the mighty deep. I never saw a more beautiful day. "The sea is his, and he made it," is gloriously true.

After supper we met to hear some "Hints on Travel." The company recited in unison the travellers' Psalm, the ninety-first. Then we were entertained and instructed with talks from Dr. Henry Jessup, Hon. Herbert Clark, Vice-Consul to Jerusalem, and others.

When I went to my stateroom I found a basket of grapes and oranges, sent to Mr. Gongaware by a New York friend. Of these, Brown, Gongaware and I did partake to our satisfaction. Poor Blank could not enjoy fruits, for he was too busy paying his devotions to Neptune! The truth is, that gentleman did not come to his stateroom to sleep at night. He was afraid that he might not be able to again raise his head from his pillow. Life was no pleasure to him all the way over.

The next morning the weather was warm and the sea like glass. Early in the day we sighted a large liner, about ten knots to the north of us. She was a grand ship, and, by the aid of the glasses, we made out that she belonged to the Cunard line.

I was talking with Captain Reimkasten that morning about the "watches" on the vessel. All calculations are from noon to noon. There are six watches **Ship's Watches.** in the twenty-four hours, of four hours each. Besides this, there is a peculiar feature from four to six p. m., known as the "dog watch," at which time the watch in the crow's nest is doubled. This is done

in order that a shift may be made, and the same set of men not have to be on duty at the same hour every day.

This great ship has a fine government, everything being carried on according to the most perfect system. It is a veritable bee-live.

The World's Sunday-School Executive Committee had to pledge \$440,000 for this trip. They jointly risked their private fortunes. The enterprise has proven such a success that they will lose nothing.

The delegates were beginning to organize, by States and divisions, for their own convenience. The Canada contingent was a large one. Ohio's delegation numbered seventy-nine. The "cruise chorus" was also organized, and we had a good time practicing some of the songs for the convention in Jerusalem. Every day, except the Lord's day, we met at 2:30 to practice. This was a great privilege that I would not like to have missed.

The rest of the afternoon I spent on deck. As I looked out on the sea, I was charmed with its indescribable beauty, and overwhelmed with a sense of its vastness. At nine o'clock we had an informal service in the assembly-room.

On Sabbath morning the orchestra aroused us with the music of "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Come, ye Disconsolate," and several other hymns, exquisitely rendered. That prepared us for rising to praise the Lord for his goodness to us all.

At 10:30 divine service was held. After appropriate hymns, Scripture reading and prayer, Dr. John Potts, of Toronto, preached a fine sermon, eminently suitable to the occasion. The text was the thirtieth verse of the one hundred and seventh Psalm, the theme being "The Voyage of Life." The discourse closed with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." There were two other services at

the same hour, on the fore and aft decks, one being in German to the crew.

After dinner I attended the great Sunday-school, conducted by Mr. Marion Lawrence, of Toledo. The number present was five hundred and twenty-two. The offering was for the International Sunday-school work, and amounted to exactly one hundred dollars. These exercises could but prove a great blessing, both for that day and the future, and to others as well as to ourselves.

That was an ideal day at sea. The heavens above, and the waters upon whose bosom we were being rocked, were bright and sweet and beautiful. The steady breeze was ahead, and the *Kurfuerst* was sailing "with a bone in her teeth."

I was pleased with the difference between this and the other six days of the week. The purpose of the cruise was to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." There were those on board who had not been out of their staterooms since we left Sandy Hook. For these, special prayer was offered at the hours of public worship. Some of those unfortunate people were not able to be up till "terra firma" was sighted, on the other side. The sight of land is an unfailing cure for sea-sickness.

Throughout the day we sailed in the northern part of the Sargasso Sea. The sea-weed was much in evidence, but did not interfere with our speed. At 8:45 evening worship was conducted in the forward dining-room. It was a most profitable service, and ended a happy day on board.

Monday morning, at the bugler's bewitching call, I rose and proceeded to the deck for a constitutional before breakfast. After "morgenessen" we met on deck, to get a picture of our table, the "invincible halfscore."

After the practice of the chorus, in the afternoon, I met with the Illinois and Ohio delegations, to study the countries whither we were bound. Up to noon we had sailed 2,052 knots, and were in latitude $34^{\circ} 35'$, and longitude $31^{\circ} 11'$. We had gained three hours and forty-five minutes, so that at twelve noon there, it would be 8:15 at home.

We were constantly making a little over fifteen knots per hour, and everything was going well. At 8:45 P. M. we assembled to hear a lecture by Dr. Jessup on the Mohammedan religion. That was most instructive and interesting. Mohammed, the founder of **Moslem Creed.** this system, was born at Mecca in the year 570. He is the author of the Koran, which is the Bible of the Mohammedan. This he claimed to have received by revelation from God. The following are the five points of its ritual:

1. The testimony: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his apostle."
2. Almsgiving.
3. Pilgrimage to Mecca, once in a life-time.
4. One full day's fast each year.
5. Prayer, five times a day.

When a Mohammedan has conformed to these requirements, he may commit any sin and yet be saved. They have a saying to the effect that if a man has gone to Mecca once, he is all perfect; if twice, watch him; if thrice, watch him with great care; if four times, have nothing to do with him, for he is so holy that he is dangerous. The idea is that the pilgrimages confer licences to commit any sin known to the decalogue. From the Mohammedan's dress, one who is versed in their religious practices can tell whether he has ever been to Mecca, and if so, how many times.

There are two hundred million Moslems in the world. Turkey and Morocco are the only countries where they now dare to persecute "infidels," as they style all who are not followers of Mohammed.

On Tuesday, the 15th, I rose early to see the sun rise. As we were to arrive at Madeira the following day, everybody on board was busy writing letters home, to be mailed at Funchal.

After supper we met to hear a lecture on Madeira by Dr. John R. Brown. Also, addresses were made by Dr. Jessup, Rev. W. Scott Whittier and Mr. Warren, chairman of the World's Committee. From the conference we gathered many important facts.

The island is of volcanic origin, belongs to Portugal, and the people speak the Portuguese language. Madeira Island is fifteen by thirty miles in area, and has a population of more than one hundred thousand.

The majority of those professing to be Christians are Romanists.

There are two Protestant missions in Madeira. The Scotch Presbyterian, which is the older, was founded by

**Missions in
Madeira.** Dr. Kalley in 1837. Dr. Kalley was not a minister, but a physician. He went thither for his health, and remained to break the bread of life to the inhabitants. The result of the efforts of that consecrated physician was the conversion of a thousand Portuguese to Protestantism. In 1846 persecution arose, and drove from the island all the Protestants. A part of these fled to the island of Trinidad. Of these Mr. Whittier is pastor. The rest went to Jacksonville, Illinois, where they have a Portuguese minister, and have their services in their mother tongue. For a period of about ten years there was practically no Protestant witness in Madeira. But the mission has been reestablished, and is doing a

noble work among the people. The other mission was founded by the Methodist Church of the U. S. A. They have two ministers, and are also doing efficient service for the Master.

About 8:30 Wednesday morning land was sighted. As we approached, the island presented a magnificent appearance. The northern end rises abruptly out **Terra Firma.** of the sea. The coast line is almost perpendicular, and stands several hundred feet above the surface of the water. When we first sighted the land, mist enveloped the island, but as the morning advanced the mist gathered and formed glorious clouds. These clouds cast most beautiful shadows over the mountains, and added much to the splendor of the landscape. The shadows were so well defined that the variety was unending, and most pleasing to the voyagers. The clouds that capped the summits of the mountains immensely enhanced the glory of the pictures as they came and went.

As we sailed along some distance from the southwest coast, the most rugged ridges and peaks rose up before

The Fairy Island. us. The canons and gorges were grand.

In many places the island seemed to be cleft asunder. Ridge after ridge, and peak after peak, lifted themselves and towered in the panorama. The highest point on the island is more than six thousand feet above sea level. We saw some of the most exquisite waterfalls. The first of those was several hundred feet in height. Then another, with three successive cascades.

About ten o'clock I discerned something that looked to me like the spray of the sea upon a rock-bound coast. This I found, in due time, to be a village at the mouth of a canon at the seaside. Also, I discovered a group of objects that showed so white and so small that I thought they were a herd of white goats or cows. Soon they

revealed themselves as a town composed of white houses.

From that on to Funchal the views became more and more distinct. We found that the country near the water's edge was very generally settled. We noticed that a large part of the surface was without trees. This area was covered with grass, whose green could be discerned for miles out at sea. The timber growth consisted of the cedar and pine, for the most part. As we passed down toward the southern side of the island, we could see corn, millet and sugar-cane growing. There most of the fruits, tropical and sub-tropical, abound. In March, strawberries, beans, sweet and Irish potatoes, pumpkins, tomatoes and squashes were plentiful in the gardens and on the market.

At exactly twelve, noon, we dropped anchor in the beautiful harbor.

Thus, an eight-days' sail was completed on time, to the minute.

This passage across the Atlantic was a remarkable one for several reasons: the exceptionally fine weather, the steady sail of this gallant ship, the courteous, efficient service of the capable crew, from the captain to the stoker in the terrific heat below; the peculiarly delightful company on board, and the specially gracious kindness of God, who made the sea, and holds its waters in the hollow of his hand.

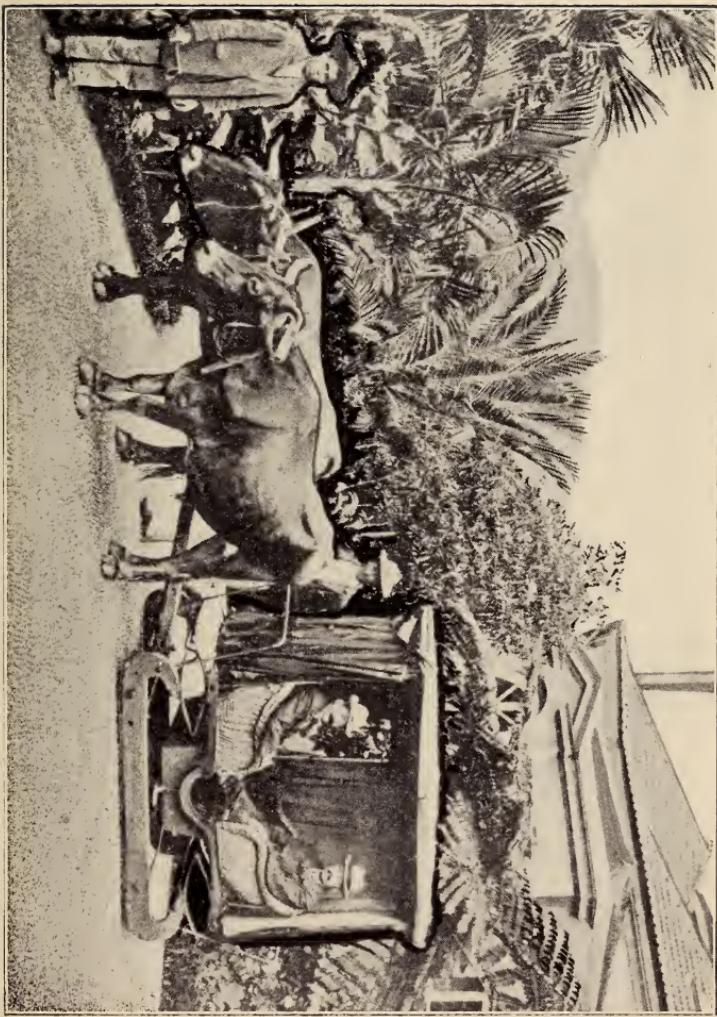
CHAPTER IV.

MADEIRA.

I SHALL never forget the impression made upon me by my first vision of the city of Funchal, the unique capital of Madeira. The white and yellow houses, with their red and terra-cotta roofs, the old forts, the churches, the system of terraces, the sea-wall, the wharves, the gardens and the crooked streets, together made a picture of unusual beauty. The half-clad natives, surrounding the *Grosser Kurfuerst* with their fleet of a hundred rowboats, and calling to the voyagers to throw pieces of silver into the clear waters below, that they might dive from their boats and bring up the coins before they reached the bottom, presented another picture, in vivid contrast with the first. One boy made a high dive from the bridge deck, a distance of fifty feet, for fifty cents of American money.

No one had an appetite for lunch, for the tenders were in waiting to carry us ashore. When landed on the stone wharf, I felt as if it were rocking and swaying under my feet, and so it seemed for hours. I could hardly become relieved of the impression that I was on board the ship.

The first strange sight was the "carro," or ox-carriage. There was a row of them, possibly fifty, lined up as our In Madeira's Capital. carriages and omnibuses are at the railway stations. These are peculiar to this island. They have two runners, as in the ordinary sled, only well finished, and turning up at each end. The top is a canopy, closed at each end and open at the sides. There are two



An Ox Carro.

seats, facing each other, and holding two persons each. The appearance is much that of the ancient vehicle known in America as the "carryall." It is a little more quaint than the antiquated "caleche" that we saw in the city of Quebec, and at Murray Bay, far down the St. Lawrence, toward the mouth of the Saguenay River. To this carro, whose runners are "armed" with a plate of steel, are hitched a yoke of oxen. The tongue to which the yoke is attached is a huge pole, such as is seen in the ordinary ox-cart in the West. Each pair of oxen wears two little bells.

The streets and pavements are beautifully paved with small water-worn stones taken from the beach. Much skill has been displayed in the construction of these highways. The stones are placed upon their ends, and driven so close together that no cracks or chinks are left. Great pains have been taken to place these stones artistically. The prevailing color is very dark brown, and with this as a back-ground, the ornamentation is done by means of white stones, some of which are no larger than marbles on the exposed ends. They make with these numbers, letters and figures of diamond, rectangular and triangular shapes. The names of public buildings, places of business and private residents are inlaid in this unique way. The whole system of paving is a mosaic in pebbles.

Greater Funchal is a city of thirty-six thousand inhabitants. The city was founded four hundred and sixty-four years ago. It has hundreds of miles of stone walls, for all the residences and gardens are terraced. Some of these walls are twenty, thirty, fifty — up to five hundred feet in height. Streets wind like serpents' paths. They are very steep in places. On these steep inclines the paving is done in transverse parallel ridges. This feature supplies the place of necessary steps.

The public and private gardens are a splendid dream. The palm, sycamore, colossal ferns, firs, pines, cedars, mesquite, acacia, wisteria, boganvilia, rhododendron, geranium, pandanus, oak, orange, banana — all are a perfect delight to the visitor.

There is a great variety of climate on the island. While much snow falls on the mountains, in Funchal the temperature rarely falls below sixty degrees. The fact that there is only ten degrees difference between the average temperatures of winter and summer, shows how equable the climate of Madeira's capital is.

The delegates met at 4 p. m. in the Grand Theatre. The Right Hon. J. A. Dixon, of Ireland, Consul from Great Britain to Madeira, an ex-member of Parliament,

Great Cruise Service. was called to the chair, and presided with great dignity. Addresses of welcome were made by the chairman and representatives of the two Protestant missions in Funchal. Responses were given by Dr. Potts, Messrs. Warren, Hartshorn, Lawrence, and others. The soul-stirring hymns, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," were rendered by the great throng. At the same hour another meeting was held in one of the public gardens. The municipal authorities granted the use of these public places free of charge. The Portuguese were not permitted to attend the exercises, the services being ostensibly for the foreigners. At the door of the theatre an offering worthy of the assembly was put on the plates for non-sectarian charities.

We visited the old fort, built in 1641, which is now used for signal service only. From the citadel we had a fine view of the harbor. On the top of this stone mass we drank delicious cold water from a cistern supplied by the springs in the mountains.

Then we crossed the rivers San Juan and Santa Lozia, running like cataracts through the city. These are from thirty to sixty feet below the streets, and their banks are walled with stone. The waters are not deep, but cause a mighty roaring as they fall toward the sea.

The Portuguese women and children, down on the rocks washing their clothes, presented a very picturesque appearance. They use the smooth rocks as washboards, and spread the garments on the rocks to dry. Every day is wash-day in Funchal.

So far as the streets are concerned, Funchal is the cleanest city I ever saw; for, on account of the steep grade of the streets, they are washed clean whenever a great rain falls.

One of the most delightful places in the city is the private garden of an English gentleman. We were given the freedom of the grounds, and enjoyed the privilege to the fullest extent. I was attracted by the fuchsias, begonias, bamboos, and a species of tree with green bark, and roots that grow three or four feet above ground, and serve as braces to the trunk of the tree. The stem does not reach the ground, but is met and supported by the roots, as intimated. There we saw many magnificent varieties of palm, among which was the date. The manner in which we were thanked for our visit was refreshing.

Later on we took the horse tram-car to the station of the elevated railway, which carries you two miles up the mountain. The ascent is very steep. On both sides of the road there is a succession of terraces, upon which the inhabitants have their houses and gardens. These gardens are irrigated by the abundant waters that rush down from the high mountains. At frequent intervals there are cement tanks, which receive and distribute the water

through a system of pipes, for all purposes. We have a fine illustration of intensive gardening on these terraces. While they do not have the "hanging," they do have the "two-story" gardens to perfection. The grape arbors, made of bamboo, are erected above the vegetable and sugar-cane plots.

Out of the crevices of the rocks and walls, without even having been planted or cultivated, grow the finest specimens of calla lilies, geraniums and nasturtiums. By actual measurement, I found one of these callas to be six inches, shortest diameter, eight inches in length and twenty-six inches around the cup. Here the magnificence of the boganvilia captivates you. It is a reddish, purple flower, with three petals, and resembles the calix of the ground-cherry, of the Carolinas. It climbs for many rods on the sides of houses, on the rock walls, and over the trees, much as the wisteria, and in as great profusion. Nothing could be more beautiful. It is the first and last flower that you see in approaching and leaving the city.

In ascending the mountain, the native children run along each side of the track on the rock walls, throwing the most gorgeous roses, lilies, japonicas and geraniums in upon the passengers, hoping to receive pennies for their attentions. The same experience you meet in the tram-cars, carros, and even in walking on the streets — everywhere. They will come to you and put flowers into your pockets, your buttonholes and your hands, until you grow weary of their lavish kindness.

After leaving the railway, at the terminus on the mountain, we walked up to the Convent Church, with its two stately towers, an old structure of other days. From the gallery above we had a glorious view of the harbor, the city and the mountains to the northwest and southeast.

Thence we descended by the carros de monte, or to-

boggan cars. These are made of wicker work, are on wood runners, are seated and upholstered **Rapid Transit.** for the accommodation of two, and sometimes three, passengers. The cars are so light that they are carried up the slide upon the shoulders of one man. It takes two hours to make the ascent and ten minutes the descent. It is an exhilarating experience, and one not likely to be repeated by tourists. The slide is very steep and the rate of speed very great. Each car is manned by two Portuguese. They hold in their hands ropes, with which they guide the course and regulate the speed of the car. The men run and ride behind. The slide is paved in transverse ridges.

I never saw anything more perfect than this track. It is a fine piece of engineering, and the surface is as smooth as glass. There are high walls on each side of the road, and at intervals there are wine shops, at which the attendants are accommodating enough to stop for your refreshment **AND THEIRS.**

The celebrated Madeira wine is to be had everywhere. At the foot of the slide, which is over two miles in length, we took the tram-car for the "Afrika Haus," where we had an elegant supper.

After a visit to the public gardens, we passed through the city toward the wharf, where we took a tender for our good ship.

Friday morning, wishing to see something of the life and occupation of the humbler natives, we made our way beyond the city limits.

Everywhere we were greeted with flowers, fruits and vegetable gardens. One peculiarity of most of the fruit trees was that while the trees were in full blossom, they were laden with half-grown, and in some instances ripening fruit.

One of the surprises of that outing was the pottery, which we stumbled upon. Hereafter the Scripture passage, "As clay in the hands of the potter," will have a different meaning for me. How wonderful is the skill of the artist, as he takes the lump of clay, and upon the lathe fashions the vases, pots, basins, figures, and such like, as he will!

I saw no wooden houses. They are all made of stone, and plastered on the outside. The well-to-do have tiled roofs; the poor, thatched.

The lower classes are all beggars, from the little child to the old man and woman. Thousands of hands held out with the request, "A penny, please," made an interesting, and yet painful, picture.

The people are universally polite, as are all nations speaking the Romance languages.

The method of the dairyman is ingenious. The milk wagons are of the most perfect type. The milk never spills, nor does it ever grow stale. The man

How the People Live. and woman go together, and drive the Jersey goats from door to door, and sell the product according to the order of the customer. The dairymen are so accommodating that they will even drive the "wagons" upstairs, when the people live in the second story. This I saw with my own eyes. It is the funniest sight—these dark brown goats scampering up and down stairs as if they were enjoying a holiday on the rock ledges.

I was surprised to find there the mule. This animal is the burden-bearer. He carries water, gravel, wood, rock, vegetables, sugar-cane, groceries, wine—everything. The peripatetic grocer is the man with the mule or burro, who takes around to his customers whatever they may need in his line.

At about 12:15 we took our final leave of the city for the boat.

After watching my fellow-passengers come aboard, my attention was attracted to the wide-open bazaar on deck, where the Portuguese were displaying the products of their handiwork. The inlaid work, willow baskets, wicker chairs, the pottery and drawn work, were a sight well worth looking at.

The old fort, standing out in the water, is finely picturesque. The cylindrical tower of the signal station could certainly not be duplicated anywhere.

The uniform of police and soldiers was seen everywhere on board and on the fleet of small boats about the ship. The navy blue cap and overcoat, the gray pantaloons (much like the Confederate gray), tucked into boots reaching to the knees, the red stripe down the legs and around the collar and cap, and the belt, with the scabbard sheathing the machete, the bright buttons on the short coat — this constitutes the equipment of the soldier of Madeira.

The order of the Franciscan monks is conspicuous here. The full-fledged monk wears a broad, black hat, a long black frock, reaching to the ankles, scarlet socks and black slippers. The "Novitiate," with his Prince Albert coat and his thin black shawl thrown over his left shoulder, going usually with books in his hand, and always with his head bared, calls attention to the power of the Roman Catholic Church in Funchal.

At three o'clock we "weighed anchor," and were under way promptly. The taking up of the anchor is a great enterprise. The great weight, the ponderous chain, the depth of water, twenty fathoms, all add to the interest.

CHAPTER V.

GIBRALTAR.

WE waved "adios" to the inhabitants of the island, and our ship, bearing on her side a long label, "Jerusalem," printed in large letters, flying the German colors, and the flag with the cross and the words, "In this sign we conquer," signalled "*auf wiedersehen*," and we were off.

As we sailed around the point, other beauties of Madeira were revealed to us. To the south of us were the "Desertas," a trio of rock-bound islands. These are uninhabited, being chiefly valuable as pasture lands and hunting grounds. This is the home of the rabbit. The Desertas stand out hundreds of feet perpendicularly from the water's edge.

The greatest wonder to me was the tall sentinel rock, standing out several rods from the nearest of the trio. It must be one thousand feet high, and is so symmetrical that it took a long time, with aid of glasses, to decide that it was not a lighthouse.

There is only one lighthouse on the group, and that is on the most southeasterly promontory of Madeira. Here there is a signal station.

But another wonder soon came into view. Behind the point displaying the lighthouse there is a great colossus, standing upon two giant feet. The opening must be two hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and fifty feet, thus affording a passageway large enough to allow the largest

of modern steamers to pass through. I never expected to see such a sight in this world.

From this we passed to the last of the sisterhood, "Porto Santo." This is an inhabited island. There ^{Home of} Columbus lived. He met his wife on Madeira. This island is much like Madeira, though not so rugged. The last points of land passed were two sentinels that stand out some distance from Porto Santo, keeping guard over the most easterly of the Madeira group.

Madeira lies two hundred and forty knots from Teneriffe, on the Canary Islands! three hundred and sixty, from the coast of Africa; four hundred and eighty, from the Azores.

Dr. Jessup addressed us, after supper, on the subject of "The Position of Woman in Mohammedan Countries."

^{Women in} ^{Moslem Lands.} It was a great privilege to listen to one so well qualified to speak on a topic of so much interest. There are more than one hundred million of Mohammedan women and girls. There is a proverb that "The threshold weeps when a girl is born; but when a boy is born there is rejoicing." For thirty days after the birth of a daughter there is weeping and wailing; but when a son is born, the happy family exchanges presents and sends a favorite dish to the neighbors and friends. Since Mohammed's day no woman has shown her face on the street. A man never sees the face of his bride till after the ceremony has been performed. The women are wholly uneducated.

According to the Koran, every man may legally marry five wives, and as many concubines as he can buy or his hand can take in war. The poor, who live in the country, rarely have more than one wife, while the rich in cities may, and do, stock their harems. With this polygamous

life there comes continual unhappiness into the home. The Moslem may scourge his wife, even unto death, and no one can hinder him. He can divorce his wife by telling her, "There is the door." She then is helpless. She leaves her children behind. "What a Moslem does in his harem is nobody's business." But the dawn cometh. Two epoch-making books have been written in Arabic by a Moslem, wherein he advocates four distinct points: the education of woman, the abolishment of the veil, the placing of woman on equal footing with man, the wiping out of polygamy.

It is easy to see that this is the opening of the door to the bringing in of the gospel of Christ into the lives of the Mohammedan world.

On the following morning the sea was a little boisterous, consequently a good many people were "not feeling like coming to the table." That day nobody was able to walk straight, which looked a little suspicious after a visit to Madeira, but it was even so.

At lunch the places of many more were vacant, and everything was "coming up" to their expectations!

Up to 12 M. we had sailed three thousand and sixty-eight knots from Sandy Hook, and had gained in time five hours and a quarter from Taylor. The captain's reception, appointed for the afternoon, was "indefinitely postponed," on account of the "inability" of a great many of the invited guests to attend.

At night we listened to a lecture on "Gibraltar" by Rev. Junius Millard, of Baltimore. He treated the subject geologically, geographically and historically. The address was well prepared, and of special benefit, in view of the fact that we were expecting so soon to look upon the world's most formidable fortress.

A little after daylight next morning, I rose for the pur-

pose of seeing the two continents, as we sailed between them, through the straits of Gibraltar.

I confess to a sense of oppression at the thought of looking upon the two ancient countries, as I stood upon the forward deck of this great cruiser. On ~~Between too~~ ^{Continents.} our left was Spain, Hispania of the Romans, Cadiz, Trafalgar, Tarifa and Algesiras. Here the rugged mountains rose majestically from the waters on the southeast. Some of the mountains showed a face of bare rock, but the beautiful ridges that lay at right angles to the coast presented a carpet of indescribable green in the spreading grass.

On the African side the mountains were equally evident, the highest along the strait being one of the Pillars of Hercules, directly opposite Gibraltar, the other Pillar. This mountain rises abruptly and precipitously from the sea. We passed Tangier, Morocco, a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants.

We had the pleasure of seeing two whales, "spouting," before breakfast. The popular notion that the whale sends out two streams of water from his nostrils is an error. In fact, he converts the water into spray by expelling the air from his lungs, when he comes to the surface for a breath of fresh air. Whales, being mammals, cannot live without breathing. The volume of spray is several feet in height. About the same time we saw several schools of porpoises, some of which had a splendid frolic in running a race with us, under the prow of the ship.

As we were approaching Gibraltar, we could see the "Leon Couchant," the reclining lion, peacefully gnawing a bone, while he looked suggestively toward Spain.

At 8 A. M. we cast anchor, and were landing promptly by 9 o'clock.

In the harbor were anchored one German and nine British men-of-war, besides several torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers. There also lay *Koenig Albert*, the German Emperor's ship.

Gibraltar belongs to the English, and is the greatest stronghold in the world. "Impregnable" is the only term that will describe the great rock.

On landing we were met by guides, with United States flags upon the lapels of their coats. They carried us through Main street, by the post-office, thence through "Castle Gate," just inside of which we had to register. Forty-five in a company were allowed to go beyond this point. We then went up to the fortifications through two dark tunnels, out from which were many port-holes opening, each aperture being armed with a terrific cannon. It did not look hospitable.

Through another tunnel we passed to the old Moorish castle, erected three hundred years ago, but now used as a civil prison. From this place we returned through Castle Gate, and went down by the Roman Catholic church. Thence we continued our tramp, through ascending streets, toward the south. From points all along this walk we had glorious views of the harbor and the Spanish and Morocco coasts. We passed along the road, where the dizzy heights and fearful depths divided our attention and admiration.

Everywhere the wild verbena, heliotrope, oxalis, dandelion and daisies were to be seen. We had a delightful visit to the public gardens. There many of the fruits and flowers were like those seen in the fairy island of Madeira, save that the latter place is more tropical.

The climate of Gibraltar is delightful the year round. It never snows in Gibraltar, though the summit of the rock is over fourteen hundred feet.

The largest tree in the city is an English walnut.

When we reached this point we were informed that Kaiser Wilhelm II., of Germany, was to pass by, as the royal guest of Gibraltar. So we halted, and **Der Kaiser.** were soon rewarded by obtaining a near view of his Majesty. In a victoria, with Admiral Beresford and the Governor and the Mayor, the son of "Unser Fritz" drove by. He was dressed in the uniform of an admiral. I was much pleased with the strength and kindness of the Kaiser's face. He impressed me as being a courteous and affable gentleman. He lifted his white cap to me, and I my black derby to him. Thus, two great representatives of two great nations met, recognized each other with an exchange of greetings, and passed!

With three of my comrades, I took a victoria, made on the island of Malta, and drove to Europa Point, the most southerly point in Europe. This was a royal drive. We passed the English and American churches, the Governor's mansion, the exchange, the American Consulate, the barracks, the officers' quarters, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute, the school-house, the lighthouse and the battery on the point.

We left the carriage for an excursion up the side of the mountain to a cave, which Teel and I proceeded to explore. There we had a good example of the limestone cave. The one we entered had two chambers and a small lake. Thence we went around the eastern side of the rock, where we could see up under the face of the great fortress. This view was a sublime one. The outlook over the strait to Cuida and Cape Centa, the African Pillar of Hercules, was beautiful.

Gibraltar is three miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide. It is honey-combed with natural caves. There are many miles of tun-

**The World's Great-
est Stronghold.**

nels and galleries, stored with military supplies and armed with fortifications. Two great tunnels run through the rock at its base, the one at the north and the other at the south end. Billions upon billions have been spent upon this fortress. By it the British hold the Russians in check, and can dictate, at least negatively, to the East. From the water's edge to the summit Gibraltar frowns with batteries. Two of the most modern and powerful disappearing swivel guns crown the apex. No forces, by land or by sea, could surprise Gibraltar. You see the power of England here as nowhere else on the globe. Soldiers are on every hand, and you are always under their eye. It was with the Kaiser as with every other visitor. But you understand it, and do not mind it. You land here only by express permission of the British Government, and you have also to leave at a certain hour.

We drove from Europa Point to the "Neutral Ground," passing the base-ball ground, where a game was being played between competitors from the artillery and infantry. On the way we passed through a grove of wild olives. There the only wild monkeys in Europe are found. These comprise both the tailed and tailless species. These little people are fawn-colored.

Crossing the neutral strip, we were soon in the kingdom of Spain. We walked at once to the place of the greatest

Interest in Spain. interest in Lina, the Plaza de Torros, or bull ring. Here they engage in this brutal sport on every Lord's day during the summer months. Every Sabbath six of these poor animals are slaughtered. Here you can hardly make your way for the army of juvenile beggars.

The difference between Britain and Spain is very striking — almost spectacular. The latter looks a thousand years behind the former.

From Lina we had a magnificent view of the northeast



The Impregnable Fock.

face of the rock. This is the phase of the mountain which the Prudential has adopted as its illustration and symbol.

The population of Gibraltar is more than twenty thousand, about seven thousand of whom are soldiers and sailors. The streets are so narrow that draught horses and mules are never driven two abreast, but tandem. Here you see Turks, Arabs, Moors and Spaniards. Great numbers of Spaniards are employed in the docks. You meet armies of these workmen returning to Spain in the evening, they not being permitted to spend the night in Gibraltar.

CHAPTER VI.

ALGIERS.

AT six o'clock sharp we weighed anchor, boxed the compass, and were off for the capital of Algeria, with flags flying and the band playing "America."

We sailed around the Point between the Pillars of Hercules, where the strait is only fifteen miles wide. Here the current, from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, is two and a half miles per hour. The theory of this current is rapid evaporation and under and side currents in the opposite direction.

The flash-lights from two great lighthouses, on both continents, greeted us as we passed.

As soon as we entered the strait, I noticed the absence of the ocean swell. This is true also of the great sea. Its waters contain a stronger solution of salt than those of the Atlantic. I stood on the top deck and watched the great rock disappear under the mantle of night. The African mountains, the Sierra Madras and the sea, made a glorious setting for this incomparable gem.

This ended a day of rare privileges. To have been permitted to look upon two continents, and three historic countries, was a new experience for me, in one day.

That night we listened to addresses on Algiers. Valuable suggestions as to "what to see and how to see it," in Algiers, were welcomed by us.

The Sabbath dawned beautiful and bright. We were awakened by the sweet strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "From Greeland's Icy Mountains," and "There

is Rest for the Weary," as those old church hymns were rendered by the orchestra. At 10:30 we attended public worship, where Rev. Dr. Henry, of Philadelphia, preached a sermon, with Joshua xxii. 34 as his text. The session of the Sabbath-school opened at 2:45 P. M. The topic was, "Christ Feeding the Multitude." There were five hundred and eighty-eight present. The school was conducted by Mr. Pearce, of Ohio. This proved to be a very profitable hour to all in attendance. The services at night were conducted by Mr. Semelroth, of St. Louis. The subject was "Christian Fellowship."

Monday, at 5 A. M., we were rounding the cape for the harbor of Algiers, and by six, were making ready to fasten the hawsers to the mole, some distance from the quay. We were on deck with open eyes. The harbor stretched toward the east; the city lay spread around the west side of the harbor. The old Moorish city was to be seen far up the mountain, to the very crest of the ridge. The new city of the French extends from the water's edge, back to where it is met by the old town upon the mountain side.

The fishing fleet was most interesting, with its ancient looking sails. Like the "Mosquito Fleet," of Charleston, these boats sail out in the early morning, and return, laden with the products of the sea, at eventide. The divers, equipped with their masks, were busy off the mole, bringing up the coal that had been dropped overboard when the cargo of coal freighters was being discharged. The coal was drawn up, by block and tackle, in stout hampers.

Arrangements were made for our landing in small row-boats, carrying the stars and stripes. At the quay we were met by carriages and omnibuses. I
On African
Sail. was fortunate enough to secure a seat on the top of one of the 'buses, drawn by two Arabian horses.

This was my first introduction to the celebrated Arab steeds. The majority of these are grays and bays. They are not large animals, but muscular and active. Their limbs are well formed and graceful, their eyes large and intelligent, their necks arched, and their tails long and beautiful.

Our drive led through French Algiers, down through Mustafa, past the military drill grounds, to the Garden of Palms. There we left our carriages, and walked through the garden, to meet them on the opposite side. The stately date-palm, the African palm, the eucalyptus, banana and bamboo were a joy to us. To me, the bamboo was the most wonderful of all. In diameter, just above ground, some of these giants are six and seven inches, and reach to a height of fifty and sixty feet.

The drive from this enchanting spot to the top of the hill was one never to be forgotten. The road was perfect. The winding of the pike, around and up the side of the mountain, was indeed most beautiful. The grade could not have been improved upon. All along the way most beautiful and fragrant flowers abounded. The water tumbling in a cataract on one side, and the towering cliffs on the other, afforded a delicious variety. An old under-shot wheel added much to the picture. Here there are many other wheels used for the purpose of lifting the water for irrigating the gardens and vineyards. The great variety of sub-tropical wild flowers on every hand delighted us with their beauty and fragrance. There were quarries hundreds of feet above us, where the loosened stones were allowed to come thundering down the mountain side, not far from where our road led. On this drive we passed by many vineyards, and orange, lemon, citron, mandarin and lime groves. These trees presented the lovely picture of the ripe fruit, the green half-grown

fruit, and the sweet, fresh blossoms—all at the same time.

The old Moorish architecture, with its square walls, without windows, flat roofs and open courts, was something new to us. At the summit there were magnificent residences and public buildings. One of the most interesting of the latter was the Moorish Convent, or "Sisini." There the kodak contingent were forbidden to take pictures of the premises; but while the Moor was forbidding some of them, others were "getting in their work." After passing that place we had a most perfect view of the city and harbor.

About half the distance down the mountain we came to the palace of the Governor. We were admitted into the grounds. The house was a fine example of Moorish architecture, and the garden was superb.

A little farther down the drive we came to the old Cathedral Musee, where ancient relics of all descrip-

A Noble Martyr. tions, from Northern Africa, were to be seen. There the interest centres in the

plaster cast of Geronimo. He was a Moor, who was captured by the Spaniards, in a battle with the Moors, and carried to Spain. There he was converted to Christianity. Afterwards he was returned to Algiers, where he was commanded to renounce his faith in Christ. He refused, and was then told that if he did not recant he would be thrown into a vat of concrete which was being prepared for the building of a wall. He was firm, and the cruel threat was carried out. Centuries afterward, in 1853, the wall was torn down. The tradition of the tragedy had marked a certain section of the concrete as the place where the martyr was made to suffer. An archaeologist found the section, and had it broken open. He found the cavity and removed the bones. These are

buried in the cathedral church, below, in the city, and a Latin inscription is there, to mark the last resting place of the bones of this faithful servant of Christ.

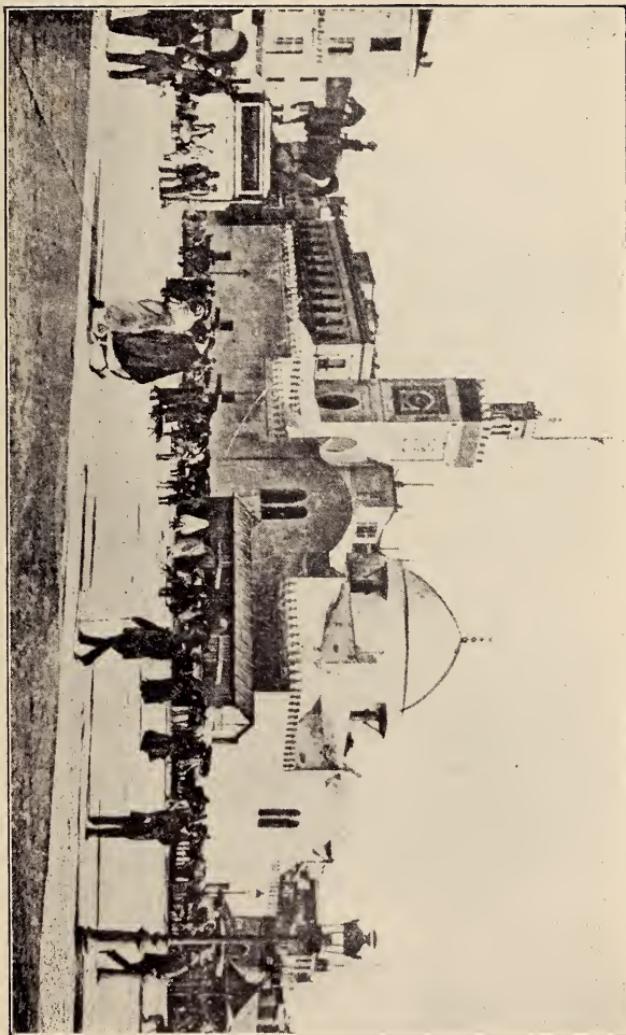
A plaster cast of the mold was made, and is now found in this museum. It is erected on a frame, face downward. The hands are bound behind his back. The heavy iron hand-cuffs that manacled him are hanging on the end of the table. When looking at the face which looks toward the floor, one is met by something most astonishing. There is a life-like expression of the countenance. The look is kindly, full of faith, hope and love. I never expected to see such a sight. It was heavenly; the product of Christian trust alone. Surely here is a lesson well worth taking to heart and pondering.

The following is the inscription upon the tablet: "Ossa venerabilis servi Dei Geronimo qui illatam sibi pro fide Christiana mortem opetiisse traditum in arce dicta a viginti quatuor horis in qua insperato reperta die XXVII. Decembbris, anno MDCCCLIII., Cathedral Algiers, Africa."

The grounds about this museum are very beautiful. From this garden one sees many places of interest in the city, as it stretches northward to the point where the Notre Dame Mosque stands. Here, too, is to be seen an old water-wheel, in use at the present time.

Soon after leaving this wonderful place we passed the Consulate of Denmark. This, too, is a dream of beauty. Thence a rapidly descending drive carries you into the heart of the city. On the way to the quay you pass by the Square of Marechal Bugaud. Immediately after, the driver called out "*Je finis*," and we came down upon *terra-firma*. We turned our feet toward a mosque, near the park, where an equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans stands.

Government Square, Algiers.



The mosque was a revelation to me. This, to the Moslem, is holy ground. You are not permitted to step upon Moslems at Worship the carpets and rugs till you have slipped your feet into wooden sandals. Then you are allowed to go around as much as you please. At certain places you see devout Moslems at prayer, kneeling and prostrating themselves, placing their foreheads upon the floor. But, before they pray, they must go to the fountain and wash their hands and feet, to the shoulders and knees, as a ceremonial preparation for the acts of worship that are to follow. Mohammedans always pray with their faces toward Mecca. Five times a day the Muezzin climbs into the Minaret, and calls the faithful to prayer by chanting, in as loud a voice as possible, the Mohammedan creed: "Allah akber (four times); Essehadou Allah il-laha il-Allah (twice); Essehadou Anneh Muhammadan ressoul-ul-lah (twice); Haayah Allah sal-lah (twice); Haayah al ul-fellah (twice); Allah Akber (twice); La il lah il Allah." "Great one, I avow there is no god but God; I avow that Mohammed is his prophet; let us go and pray; let us go save our souls; God is great; there is no god but God."

I was solemnly impressed, as I witnessed the blind devotion of these men. Their fidelity to their religion is both an example and a rebuke to many of us who have a better light and a brighter hope. Of course, one is very careful not to offend these benighted children of men in the maintenance of their conscientious position.

We lunched at the Grand Hotel of the Foreigners, our first meal in Africa. It was an elegant repast, for which we paid three francs and fifty centimes. I would be baffled in any attempt to give the bill of fare, as we were served with African dishes, prepared according to the

mysteries of the French cuisine. Thence we sallied forth to see more of the everyday life of the people.

There are large Arab quarters in the city, which reveal all the virtues and vices of Arab life. The term, "quarters," indicates that the Arabs, Moors and Turks, respectively, occupy exclusive portions of the city of Algiers.

The city being built upon a succession of natural terraces, these quarters are separated from one another by long flights of stone steps.

One of the most characteristic places in the city is the market, under a spacious awning, at the head of a long flight of steps, leading from the Rue de Republique. It is a great bazaar, where you could purchase anything to eat or to wear. I was specially interested in the great variety of native fruits and vegetables on sale. There you could see all classes of citizens, the lower classes prevailing.

In Algiers there are 105,000 inhabitants. Of these, 30,000 are Frenchmen, 25,000 Arabs, 20,000 Hebrews, and 15,000 **Nationalities.** Italians. There are also many Turks, Moors, English and Americans. We paid a visit to the stores and post-office to get some little souvenirs and mail letters home.

The Turks, Arabs and Moors are peculiar in their business methods. They invariably ask at least three times as much for their wares as they expect to receive. If you pay their first price they are astonished, but receive what you give; if you offer two-thirds, they are little less surprised, but will take your offer; but you are safe in offering about one-third of the stipulated sum.

We then went to the dock, and embarked in a row-boat, manned by a Soudanese negro. He was the first person to ask me for "Backsheesh."

At the appointed hour, five o'clock, we put out to sea. I was deeply impressed with the sight of the fine sea wall, as I thought of the fact that it was built by the labor of enslaved Christians, under the relentless lash of the Moors.

There was a feeling of gratitude, mingled with pity, as I left this beautiful city to the west of us — gratitude that I had been permitted to see this place, and pity for the inhabitants, chiefly the women, who are so degraded and enslaved. There the first thing that meets you is the veiled woman. The poor creatures can never let their faces be seen. When you meet them, you see only their eyes. There is something most pathetic in the dark eyes, that look straight at you, as if to appeal for help. There is a great work for the western world to do here — especially for the women, who must have much to do with the emancipation of their sex in the East, without their privileges and honors.

The country of Algeria is controlled by France; and at the capital city French is the official language.

The captain, with the Executive Committee and their wives, gave a reception to the cruisers that evening. At this reception the official badge of membership in the Jerusalem Convention was given.

The first land we saw the next morning was the Galateas. These consist of one larger and several smaller rugged, rocky cliffs, which rise abruptly out of the water. From there the mainland can be seen, extending along to Cape Farina. The sand hills and slopes were seen distinctly as we sailed by. This looked quite familiar to one accustomed to seeing the sandhills of South Carolina and Georgia. Not a sign of vegetation could be seen on these hills, where the sand abounded. Elsewhere the sur-

face, except where it was bare rock, appeared to be covered with verdure and trees.

Later on, we sighted the small, rocky island of Djamur. Then, away to the southeast, we could see the mainland, stretching on to Cape Bon. This is a prominent point, extending into the water, and receding promptly as soon as the point is made. There were two lighthouses to be seen, the one near the edge of the water, the other, a beacon, on the highest point, back of the great lighthouse.

At noon we were in latitude $37^{\circ} 35'$, longitude $9^{\circ} 13'$ E. From Taylor, Texas, I had gone a little over one-fourth of the distance around the world. The Rev. Mr. Hatch, of Three Oaks, Mich., gave us a most delightful address on "The Knights Hospitalers of St. John." Dr. Jessup followed this with a suggestive talk on Malta. As we were to anchor in Valetta harbor at 6 A. M., and as we would have to rise very early for a sight of St. Paul's Bay, we retired without delay.

CHAPTER VII.

MALTA.

I WAS up before dawn, to get a sight of St. Paul's Bay as we passed. But all I could see was the light-house. As I looked out on the dark waters I tried to imagine what it meant to Paul, a prisoner, when he was in unknown waters, in a storm, which had lasted fourteen days. What a brave spirit it was that animated this faithful man of God! Such experiences will help to a better realization and appreciation of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

Immediately after breakfast I embarked in a gondola, carrying the star that showed it to be in the service of the cruise. On reaching the landing we took carriages that were in waiting. Then we drove to the Malta railway station, where we took the train for Citta Vecchia, seven miles away. As in Gibraltar, everything there is of the nature of a fortification.

The Malta group is composed of three small islands: Malta, Gozo and Comino. Malta is seventeen miles in length by nine miles in breadth. The highest point on the island is eight hundred and ninety-seven feet above sea level. Its population is two hundred thousand. The old capital is Citta Vecchia, built upon the highest prominence on the island. The present capital is Valetta, on the Grand Harbor, on the northeast of Malta.

The land rises precipitously and boldly out of the water. As you approach, you would think it to be a barren,

inhospitable mass of rock. Such it was, practically, when first settled. Shiploads of soil were brought from Sicily, sixty miles to the north. The principal stone of the island is a soft sand and chalk-rock, which easily crumbles, and is readily reduced to a soil that can be enriched. The fertilizer used is never wasted, because of the underlying stratum, which prevents the richness of the soil from sinking, and thus being lost to the gardener and farmer. The hillsides are terraced with walls of these stones, gathered up and so placed to get them out of the way. Most of the soil is spaded or dug up with picks. They do not irrigate, but depend upon the rainfall, and the moisture of the sea, which envelops Malta as a robe. The gardens abound in barley, crimson clover, pulse, beans, onions, potatoes, artichokes and Maltese turnips. These turnips sit upon the surface, while only the roots penetrate the soil. The cedar, pine, privet and loquat are seen everywhere.

In San Antonio Gardens, just outside Città Vecchia, we picked the oranges from the trees. That was an ideal spot. At the foot of the hill is a fine spring, which supplies the city of Valletta with water. The trains were crowded to their utmost, but the company was a happy one, and it did not matter if they were a little uncomfortable. From Museum station we were in the care of official guides, who did their work well.

The first place visited was the catacombs. These were built by the Phoenicians, and were afterwards occupied by the Christians when oppressed by the ^{Ancient Capital.} Turks. All the dead bodies were then taken out and buried in the cemetery. There I saw the places where the Christians ground their grain, cooked, ate and slept.

Then we went to St. Paul's Church. This remarkable

structure is built upon the traditional site of the house in which Paul sojourned during the three months of his life on Malta. Over the doors there is an inscription in Latin to that effect. Under the dome there is a reproduction of 1 Cor. ix. 2: "*Si aliis non sum apostolus sed tamen vobis sum.*" Behind the main altar is a wonderful series of paintings: "Paul's Conversion," "Paul Preaching to the People," and "Paul's Shipwreck." But the largest and most impressive of these pictures was the one which represented Paul and the whole company standing around the fire built by the "barbarians." A viper springs out of the fire and fastens upon the apostle's hand, and is promptly shaken off into the fire. It is a fine picture. The artist has admirably succeeded in representing the look of consternation upon the faces of all the witnesses. These paintings are unveiled for a "consideration." There are several other large pictures of Paul in different parts of the church. The architecture here is Romanesque. The marble was wonderful, both as to character and abundance.

Out in the cemetery, on the adjoining square, was a large statue of Paul, in marble. From this we went to the Cathedral, where the house of Publius used to stand. This imposing structure occupies a commanding position, overlooking the sea and Valetta and Sliema, lying at the water's edge. A magnificent view to the east and north could be enjoyed from that point. Here the architecture is Gothic in its style. The paintings are of immense proportions. There is a very large one here of the shipwreck of Paul, which is rather grotesque in its conception. St. Paul's Cathedral does not compare with St. Paul's Church. The decorations are less refined; and where marble is used in St. Paul's Church, it is wood and canvas, painted, in the cathedral. At the cathedral door we

took a carriage for the Governor's summer palace, and San Antonio Gardens, beyond. This was a grand drive. Everywhere you could enjoy a splendid prospect. We went to the top of one of the houses in the garden. It is all of stone—floors, roof, and all. There is a stable below, and the family live just above. Of course, this was one of the humbler houses. The stone steps led up on the outside, and were without banisters. The mangers were of stone. I never saw the crimson clover, the daisies, and oxalis, with its pure lemon yellow, more beautiful than they were there. We drove back directly to the station; and on the way I jumped out and gathered some wild flowers to take home.

Across the station to the north was the great "Imtarfa" Barracks, with a tower very similar to the one at the "Post," in San Antonio, Texas. To the north of east from the station there stands the "second largest dome in the world." It is a chapel under the hill. We left on the first train for Valetta, in an observation car. One of the features of the railway line is the tunnels, which have been cut through the soft rock. This is also seen on a large scale about the quays, as in the case of the Victoria Gate, opening into the city. The principal thoroughfare of Valetta is "Strada Reale."

We took lunch before beginning the excursion of the afternoon. We then went to the Cathedral of St. John.

Modern Capital. There the frescoing was beautiful. The painter spent thirty-five years in his creations, and would not accept a shilling for his life-work. Here is a painting of the Madonna, crowned with gold, said to be the work of St. Luke! It has to be unveiled and lighted up; then you must stand at a distance in order to be able to see it in its proper perspective. In a crypt below are several sarcophagi, splendid in char-

acter. There is one of La Valette, the first "Grand Master of Knights of St. John," in Malta. Also, one of Adam, the chief of the same order in the island of Rhodes, before their expulsion by the Turks. Then there is one of St. John himself. This last is the most imposing of the three. On the lid of Valette's is a bronze figure of the daring knight in his armor. The stone carving in this cathedral is most elaborate, so that you are caused to wonder greatly. The Latin is of the ancient type, certain forms of which are not familiar to one acquainted with Ciceronian Latin.

From this cathedral we went to the Governor's winter palace. Here is found the finest collection of armor outside of London. Here are the equipments that were worn and wielded by La Valette and Adam. From the helmet to the sandals, offensive and defensive armor, is complete. Here, too, the coach used by Valette is preserved in the middle of the hall. Napoleon is said to have been the last man who rode in it. Here, also, is an old palanquin, the first one that I remember to have seen. You see there the stone cannon balls used in the ancient mortars. One double-barrelled flint and steel shot-gun is seen in the armory. One barrel is placed under the other. Two old spiked clubs are there. They are exceedingly cruel examples of death-dealing weapons.

All of this is full of interest to one who knows something of the deadly conflict that was waged between the Moslem and the Christian. Thence we went to the "Chapel of Bones," where a crypt is lined and decorated with human bones — a most gruesome picture! With a sigh of relief one turns away from this ghastly exhibition. One explanation is that these are the bones of thousands of Christians who were killed by the Moslems before Malta was won for the cross.

We walked from this to the market, where we quite enjoyed the sight. The final object of our sight-seeing was the Baracca Garden. From the Victoria Piazza, in the grounds, we had a most glorious view of the sea, the grand harbor, Fort St. Elmo, the custom-house, the dry docks and the British men-of-war. Britain owns Malta, and the land is leased to the inhabitants for occupation. Of course, the official language is English. In full view of Victoria Piazza is the monument of Ball, standing in a commanding position on St. Elmo.

Of the population of Malta, ten thousand are British soldiers. The Highland Regiment are most picturesque, with their kilts and coats-of-arms. The natives are a mixed race, with Italian and Arabian ancestors, and, as might be expected, their language is a composite of like character.

Malta is second only to Gibraltar, in the British Empire, as an impregnable fortress. The advantage of Malta to Great Britain, from a military point of view, is inestimable. Its position is central, with reference to the Levant; it provides an inexhaustible coaling station, and its dry-dock is of the greatest importance to the navy. The streets of Malta's capital are narrow and well kept. The surface is very hilly. One of the first things to notice is the style of vehicle. It is the Maltese *victoria* we used in Gibraltar. Another characteristic is the *Faldetta*, which the ladies wear. This bonnet is universally worn. I would not be rash enough to attempt a description of this headgear, but would recommend it to my fair friends at home were it not for the fact that it would take out of their lives one of their highest privileges — their interest in the millinery openings. These "openings" are unknown in Malta.

Native Costume and Lace-Maker.



Our visit to Malta was quite an event in the history of the place. They do not see much of their neighbors, for obvious reasons.

One of the most interesting features of Malta is the lace industry. In Vecchia and Valetta the bazaar is the rule. Maltese lace is world-famed, their patterns being found only in Malta. On shipboard before sailing there was a busy scene. The last purchases were being made. Here many hundreds were spent, by both men and women, in lace souvenirs.

The eight-point cross, brought from Rhodes by the Knights of St. John, is the distinctive emblem of Malta. As the Maltese cat is a favorite in our households, it would be of special interest to the children to know that this island is the home of their attractive pet.

Great crowds of people lined the galleries to wave "good-bye" to us, as we steamed out of the port, at 5 P. M.

The captain had promised that we should ^{Where Paul was Shipwrecked.} have a good view of St. Paul's Bay, seven miles west of Valetta. So we turned out of our way for this purpose. At the proper time it was announced, and the bay was pointed out. There "a certain creek with a shore" remains to this day the same, for the shore is of imperishable rock. The "place where two seas met," and where the Alexandrian ship went to pieces, from the nature of the case, must ever remain unchanged. On a rock in the bay there stands a fine marble statue of the great apostle, to commemorate this thrilling incident in his eventful life.

I can never describe my feelings as I looked on the place where as great an example of courage and faith as is found in history was seen. From this point we turned seaward, and were off for historic Greece. The moon

looked down upon us, and the stars also, and smiled, as we thanked God for the pleasure and profit that he had given us. That night Dr. Jessup delivered a most instructive address on "Forty-eight Years a Missionary in Syria." Tired and grateful, we laid us down to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

ATHENS.

THE next day was one of no special interest, as we were on the way to Athens, the "Eye of Greece, and Mother of Arts and Eloquence." Toward sundown a bird, that I took to be a swallow, flew on deck, and flitted about like a discontented passenger. This assured us that we were nearing land. Soon we sighted the revolving light on Cape Matapan. We did not sail in sight of the island of Crete, but left it to the south. About ten o'clock we could see two other lights, one on each side.

During the evening we had a classic lecture on Athens, by Mr. Henry Houk, of Pennsylvania, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Keystone State. Following this was a brief address by Mr. Goldthwaite, upon the Athenians as men of thought, which was embodied in literature, architecture, sculpture and philosophy.

My purpose was to rise early the next morning to see the Acropolis, as we entered the harbor of Piræus. Ac-

At Anchor in Piræus. cording to plan, I was up and saw the "mother of dawn, the rosy-fingered morning appear," from out the "starry kirtled night." The opalescent east was a scene of quiet glory. We came to anchor in the harbor, where were lying three large Austrian men-of-war and a forest of other craft of every description. The large freight steamer is the chief feature of the shipping at Piræus.

After breakfast we were landed by tenders and row-boats, all flying United States flags. A walk across the

square from the quay brought us to the cars waiting to transport us to Athens, five miles distant. The run through olive groves and farms is quickly made.

On arrival at Athens, we left the train at Theseion station, where we took carriages for the day. The only trouble about the drive proved to be the inability of the driver to speak English; but we managed, through the guides, to get a pretty good general view of the city the first day.

We took dinner at the Hotel Splendid, and then spent the afternoon much as we had the morning, in locating different places of interest and in visiting the museums. Late, we returned by rail to Piræus, to spend the night on the ship — a very tired multitude.

Saturday morning we were up and breakfasted about three-quarters of an hour earlier than usual. With my **Chief Objects of Interest.** friend Gongaware, I then went out and pursued a guide book on Greece. With this we located, with great satisfaction, the Temple of the Olympian Jove, Hadrian's Arch, Theatre of Bacchus, Temple of Æsculapius, Theatre of Herod Atticus, Socrates' Prison, the Acropolis, with the Parthenon, Temple of Victory, Propylæ, Temple of the Virgins, Museum, and the Belvidere. The other places were: Monument of Philopappos, Hill of the Pnyx, Hill of the Nymphs, Mars Hill, Tomb of Kimon, Theseus Temple, Monument of Lisocrates, Stoa of Hadrian, Old Cemetery, Stoa of Attalos, Gate of the Agora, Gymnasium, Tower of the Winds, together with the old Roman Market Place, and last, the restored Stadion.

The origin of Athens, like that of Rome, is veiled in the clouds of uncertainty. But according to Heroditus, **First Traces.** the Greek historian, the ancient capital of Attica was founded by Cecrops, the Egypt-

ian, in the year 1556 B. C. The city was first called Cecropia, and afterwards the name Athenæ was given it in honor of the goddess Athene, who guarded the interests of the Acropolis. A gold and ivory statue of this deity, thirty-nine feet in height, the work of Phidias, was, in the process of time, erected just inside the Propylæ.

The citadel occupied the level plateau of a limestone hill, whose sides rose perpendicularly to a height of several *Acropolis*, hundred feet above the surface of the ground surrounding it. This plateau would measure a little more than five hundred by one thousand feet. On this sacred area were assembled some of their most notable structures: the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, the Erechtheion and the Temple of Athene Nike, or the "Wingless Victory." The Parthenon was the most faultless specimen of ancient art, and surpassed all other buildings in the classic city, both in its design and realization. Its foundation measures 101 by 228 feet. The temple is supported by forty-six fluted Doric columns, eight on each end and fifteen on each side. The columns are thirty-five feet in height, with basal and capital diameters, 6 feet 3 inches and 4 feet 10 inches, respectively. These columns formed the outside framework of the temple. Besides these, there are sixteen other large and thirty-six smaller columns in this splendid structure. The entire temple is built of Pentelic marble, and in its ruins, after two and a half millenniums, it commands the admiration of every lover of art. The Parthenon was the proudest triumph of Greek architecture.

The Erechtheion is constructed upon a design distinctively Ionic, and was built to hold the shrines of Athene. Its length is not over sixty-six feet, while its width is only thirty-seven feet. The front of this temple, facing

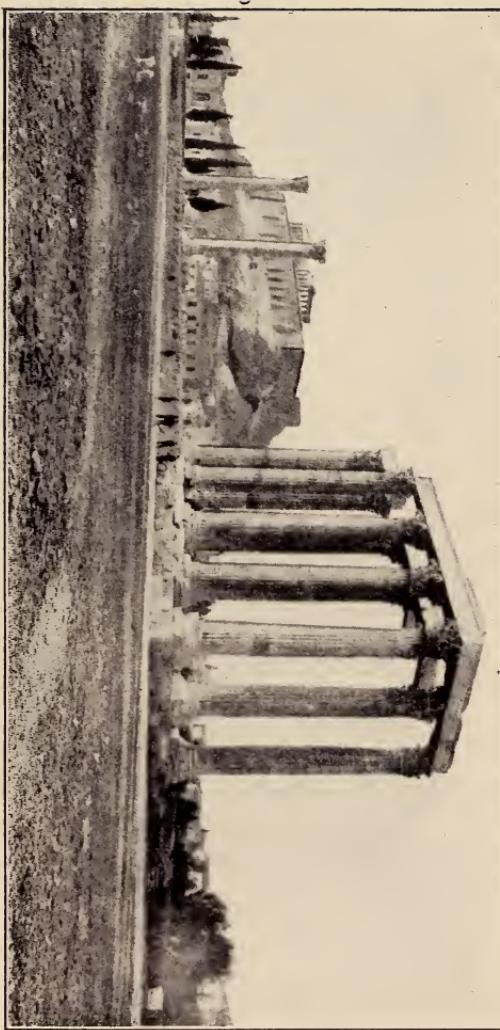
the south, is guarded and ornamented by six columns, with richly carved capitals. These pillars are two and a half feet in diameter, are twenty-two feet high, and are decorated with twenty-four flutes each. Like the Parthenon and Theseion, the Erechtheion was once occupied as a Christian church; and as the Parthenon was at one time used as a Mohammedan mosque, so was the Erechtheion desecrated as the harem of a Turkish Pasha.

The Temple of the Wingless Victory I found exceedingly attractive. It stands on the extreme southwest corner of the Acropolis plateau, the dimensions of its foundation being eighteen by twenty-seven feet. The sides of this beautiful temple face east and west. The columns number only eight, four being arranged at each end. Like the other temples on the Acropolis, the temple of Nike Apteros is built of the favorite Pentelic marble. The occasion of the erection of this sanctuary is said to have been a victory of the Atheneans over the Persians. Previously, vistories of the Atheneans had taken wings and departed from them. This time they determined to make a repetition of this calamity impossible; hence, they erected a temple to Nike Apteros, or Wingless Victory, so that the success of their arms over their enemies might remain with them forever.

The Acropolis was the centre of ancient Athens, and was considered the very heart of Attica. It is situated five miles from the harbor of Piræus, with which it was connected by the two famous long walls, **Long Walls.** built by the unrivalled genius of Themistocles. The popular interest in the erection of these walls is shown by the fact that the women and children enthusiastically gave their time and labor for the promotion of the enterprise.

The golden age of Athens was embraced within the

Temple of Jupiter and Acropolis.



fifth century, B. C., during the administration of Pericles.

At that time Athens numbered among her **Golden Age.** inhabitants one hundred thousand free citizens, with over two hundred thousand slaves. Ancient Athens has had no rival in the history of the world. She furnished the university for all the nations; and to her schools of letters, science and art the brightest scholars from all countries flocked. So unquestioned was her supremacy, that she has reigned in the realm of culture, having been crowned queen by all the centres of learning, for the past three thousand years, while no institution has risen to dispute her right to the throne. Even in the twentieth century of the Christian era, she supplies the models for the artist, the philosopher and the rhetorician.

The Temple of Jupiter was surpassed, in size and magnificence, by only one other Greek sanctuary, that of **On the Banks of Ilissos.** Diana, at Ephesus, Asia Minor. The foundation is 171 feet by 354. The temple was adorned by one hundred and twenty-two huge fluted Corinthian columns, placed in two rows, of twenty each, on each side; three rows, of eight each, at each end. The sides of the structure look toward the north and south. These columns measure sixty-one feet in height and six feet in diameter. To-day sixteen of those graceful shafts remain to point to the glory of the great temple, that required seven hundred years for its completion. This splendid pile was called by Philostratus "a struggle with time," and by Aristotle "a work of despotic grandeur." The sacred enclosure of the temple measured 426 by 676 feet. The temple proper held a noble statue of Jupiter Olympus, made of ivory and gold, the finished work of the genius of Phidias.

Mars Hill stands directly west of the Acropolis. Upon

this eminence you look down from the Propylæ. It rises about four hundred feet above the street **The Hill of Mars** at its western base. It was distinguished as the place where the Supreme Court of Athens sat. This court was invested with great dignity, and was charged with the care of the morals of the city. Their meetings were held in the open air, and they took cognizance of blasphemy, profanity, and other offences against the gods.

In the year 52 A. D., the Apostle Paul went from Berea to Rome, where he remained for two years.

While he waited for Timothy and Silas, his spirit was stirred within him, as he saw the city wholly given to **Paul in Athens.** idolatry. In the synagogue he discussed living doctrines with the Jews and devout persons, and in the market-place he daily met with the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers.

Before the court of Areopagus Paul was brought by the multitude, that they might know what the "babbler," who seemed "to be a setter forth of strange gods," would have to say for himself. This furnished the occasion for one of the most admirable addresses ever delivered by the lips of man. In this wonderful sermon the splendid tact and Christ-like faithfulness of this gifted servant of God were brilliantly exhibited.

During Paul's sojourn in Athens he wrote two of the pastoral epistles, First and Second Thessalonians.

The history of ancient Athens was a most checkered one. She passed through varied forms of government, **Ancient Athens.** from an absolute monarchy to a pure democracy. It was during the democratic rule that Athens attained her highest prosperity.

Attica was frequently invaded by the armies of Persia, Macedonia, Lacedemonia, Rome and Turkey. In their

defences the most brilliant achievements in the history of warfare were won by the Greeks. The immortal heroism of Leonidas and the three hundred at Thermopylæ will ever remain amongst the most thrilling exploits of the field of battle.

In June, 1822, the Greeks regained possession of the Acropolis at Athens, and twelve years later Athens became the capital of the kingdom of Greece.

Modern Athens. At that time, 1834, there could not have been more than fifteen hundred inhabitants in Athens. At the present the population cannot be less than two hundred thousand.

The present sovereign, King George, is beloved and honored by his people, who are apparently happy and prosperous. His majesty extended a courteous invitation to our party to visit his royal palace.

Modern Athens lies mainly to the north and east of the Acropolis, while the west and south are scarcely built up at all.

The streets are well laid out, and the stores would do credit to any large, progressive European city. The language of the city is modern Greek, and one who has a working knowledge of Attic Greek has but little trouble in reading the newspapers and in understanding the language of the present-day Atheneans. But it looked strange enough to see the names of the streets spelled out in Greek characters. How very singular did it seem to look up and find that you were walking in the "street of Alexander the Great," "Themistocles," "Dionysius the Areopagite," or of the "Apostle Paul."

Of course, the interest of the devout student centres in the Acropolis and Mars Hill. To one standing on the Acropolis, the splendid ruins of the magnificent monu-

ments of ancient Athens are inspiring in the highest degree, and eloquent of the glorious past.

As I stood by the Temple of Victory, beside the **A Superb View.** Propylæ, at sunset, on a cloudless evening, and looked toward the west, the glowing description came vividly before me:

“Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea’s hills the setting sun;
O’er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina’s rock and Idra’s isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
The glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.”

The statue of Byron is of great interest for two reasons: on account of the beautiful poem, “The Maid of Athens,” and also for its pure artistic beauty.

Before leaving the city, I ascended the mountain of Likabettos, crowned by the monastery of St. George. From this vantage point I saw the Ægean Sea, Bay of Salamis, Hymettos (Honey) Mountains, Pentelikos, Parnes, Hermes, and, away to the west, sixty miles distant, the Akro-Corinth.

At noon we had an elegant lunch at the Hotel Bretagne. Also we had the pleasure of a visit at the residence of Dr. Kalopathakes, a native Presbyterian minister. His charming wife was a native of Montreal. After another hard day’s work we returned to the *Grosser Kurfuerst*.

That night Dr. and Mrs. Kalopathakes were the guests of the ship. During the evening we enjoyed a most interesting and instructive address, on the work of Protestant missions in Greece, from the venerable Doctor.

With possibly a half dozen exceptions, the cruisers made the pilgrimage to the Areopagus, when Mar's Hill was covered with devout worshippers. A **Cruise Service.** fine sermon was preached by Dr. John Potts, of Toronto, on Acts xvii. 18. His theme was "Jesus and the Resurrection." Mr. Jacobs, of New York, led the chorus, and Dr. Gates, president of the Robert College, Constantinople, read, in concert with all the people, the latter part of the seventeenth chapter of Acts. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Lowden, of Providence, R. I., and the benediction was pronounced by the writer. Besides the one thousand from the ship, there were hundreds of native Christians present on that memorable occasion. The service was very simple, solemn and impressive. We could but picture the intrepid Paul, as he stood before the Supreme Court of Athens, "in the midst of Mar's Hill," and pronounced that matchless defence of the cardinal principles of his stalwart faith.

We returned to the *Kurfuerst* for late lunch. There was no session of the cruise Sabbath-school that afternoon. When supper was over, Dr. Gates, with the Dean of the American College for Girls, in Scutari, and others, addressed the cruisers on the educational interests of the American Board of Missions. This proved to be a delightful meeting. I was overwhelmed by my visit to the classic city. I found the people exceedingly polite. It was a wonderful privilege to have been permitted to visit the ancient city, that produced more great men, within a generation, than all the rest of the world did, in the same period. What breaks the heart of the lovers of culture and art is the universal desecration of that which was so sacred to the Greeks, and which represented the best thought of the palmiest days of Athens.

After a delightful sail out of the Piræus harbor, and

the last, lingering look at the receding Parthenon and Minerva's Mount, I had the pleasure of a nearer view of Salamis and the *Æ*gean. I stood for hours on the prow of the vessel, and feasted my eyes upon the scenes on each coast, as we sailed majestically along. We could see, around the point of land to our left, the battle-ground of Marathon, where the Greeks and Persians met in mortal combat.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

FROM Athens to Constantinople, the countries between which we sailed, were so full of historic interest that one seemed to be living in past ages. The geographical features that were most prominent were the Hellespont (or Dardanelles) and the Sea of Marmora. The surface of this sea was as smooth as marble, to which fact it owes its name. A few miles out from Constantinople we met the *Kaiserin Maria Theresa*, and marconigraphed a message, while that companion ship circled to greet us. She was beautifully decorated in our honor.

Constantinople was made the metropolis of the Roman Empire in the year 330 A. D., by the first Christian Emperor.

The new capital consisted in the enlargement, fortification and adornment of the ancient city of **New Rome.** Byzantium, a Grecian city, founded by emigrants from Megara in 667 B. C.

From this it will appear that Byzantium was one thousand years old before its name was changed to Constantinople.

In the "City of Constantine" four of the general councils of the church were held—381, 553, 681 and 869 A. D.

Since 1447⁵³ this has been a Mohammedan city.

The geographical position of the Capital of the Ottoman Empire is unsurpassed in the world. **Unrivalled Site.** Through the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, the

Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, it commands every sea, and has access to every country on the globe.

If the City on the Golden Horn were in the hands of Anglo-Saxons, it would be to-day the metropolis of the world.

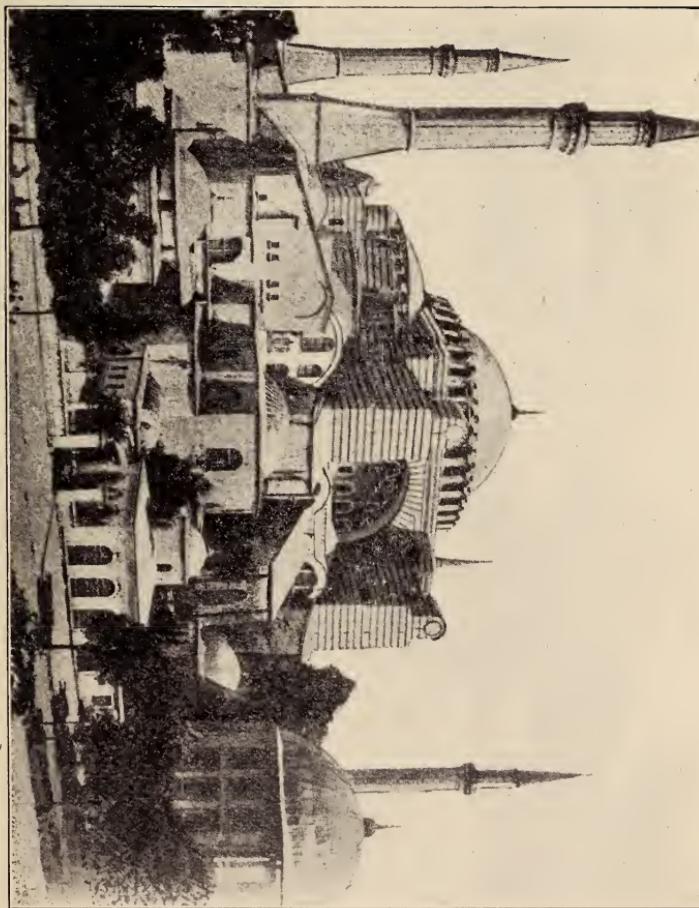
The view of the city of Constantine, as we approached in the bright light of the afternoon, was indescribable. The mosques and minarets, the Tower of Seraskerat, and the old walls of the city, with their seven towers, were among the most prominent objects in the extended prospect spread out before us.

The city of Constantine comprises about one million, though it is very difficult to find out, even approximately, the population of any city in the Ottoman Empire. Greater Constantinople embraces Stamboul, south of the Golden Horn, Galata-Pera, north of this arm of the sea, and Scutari, just opposite, on the Asiatic shore. Stamboul is the ancient city. The chief city of Turkey is located at the meeting of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn with the Sea of Marmora.

At seven in the evening we made fast to the dock on the Galata side, a few hundred yards from the Galata pontoon bridge. Old Stamboul, called by Constantine "New Rome," was built upon seven hills, like the city of Romulus. The sight of the thousands that were on the quay to see us enter port was a novel one. The red fez on the head of four-fifths of the men presented the picture of a garden of deep red poppies after sunset.

Owing to the fact that we had to hand in our passports for inspection, we could not land till next day. After a night-long serenade by the town pets, the pariah dogs, we welcomed the day. With three of the party, I started in a carriage, early, to see the sights. During the morning we visited the great Santa Sophia Mosque, once a

Mosque of St. Sophia.



Seraglio Point.

Christian church. Thence we drove to the treasury, where we saw an inlaid Persian throne, set with rubies and emeralds, captured from Ismael, the Shah of Persia, by Sultan Selim I., in 1514. Also, we saw a fine collection of Turkish arms and armor.

Upstairs is the throne of Sultan Ahmed III., made of precious wood, inlaid with tortoise shell, and set with turquoises and a large emerald. This is an exquisite specimen of early Turkish art. There, too, we saw the state robes and aigretted turbans worn by various Sultans, from Mohammed II. to Mahmud, the Reformer. There is, sitting in one of the glass cases, an Egyptian figure, made out of a single pearl. Here we saw the Throne Hall, the throne being a large divan.

In the Royal Library, next to the Throne Hall, we were entertained, by order of the Sultan, with Turkish coffee, rose jelly and wafers.

From there we went to Bagdad Kiosk, to which the Sultan comes to worship at the shrine of the Prophet's cloak. The style of this palace is after the model of one in Bagdad. Its walls are artistically decorated with blue tiles, of the best workmanship, and the inside of the cupola is covered with deerskin. The inlaid mother-of-pearl arabesques on the doors, divans and chairs are worth a visit. Bagdad Kiosk, standing on Seraglio Point, commands a fine view of the harbor, Galata and Pera.

We next visited the Imperial palace, the finest of all the places of residence of the Sultan. There was a magnificence about the royal mansion that could be equalled only by the lavish richness of the Treasury. The bath-rooms were of Egyptian alabaster, and the cost of construction was fabulous.

Other features of this great building that should be mentioned are the inlaid work in the floors and ceilings,

the exquisitely wrought silk curtains, the frescoes, the crystal chandeliers, and the Throne Room, with its Corinthian columns. The arched gateways were magnificent, and the garden faultlessly kept.

In the afternoon we drove across the Galata Bridge to the Hippodrome, in which is to be seen the Serpent Column. This monument is composed of three bronze serpents, standing on their tails, and twisted spirally around each other. This column originally served as a stand for the golden tripod of Pythia, the High-priestess of Apollo, at the Oracle of Delphi. In this Forum stands the Obelisk of Theodosius the Great, a monolith sixty-one feet in height and six feet square. This was brought from the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis, Egypt, where it was erected by Thotmes III., 1600 B. C. A third monument in the Hippodrome is the Colossus, or Built Column, an obelisk of masonry, ninety-four feet in height. The Porphyry, or Burnt Column, was originally one hundred and twenty feet high, but is at present only ninety feet in height. It is composed of six blocks of porphyry, so cleverly joined as to look like a monolith. It formerly supported a bronze statue of Apollo. This column, with the statue, was brought from Rome.

We dismissed our driver at the Hippodrome, and walked through the bazaars back to the boat. After
Moonlight supper we went out to see the city by the
Tramp. light of the moon. There are no electric lights or telephones anywhere in the domain of the Sultan. We had a memorable walk, among the people and around the dogs, for these pariahs, being the proteges of the city, never give themselves the trouble to move out of your way. These dogs are sacred to the people of Constantinople. In 340 B. C. Philip of Macedon laid siege to the city. Just as he was about to effect an entrance, through

subterranean passages, the dogs, aroused by the rising of the new moon, began to bark. This awakened the sleeping garrison, and saved the city from the surprise of the Macedonians. From that time no dog, however worthless and unattractive, has ever been struck or kicked out of

Symbol of Empire. the way by an inhabitant. Visitors are scrupulous in the respect paid by them to these mangy citizens. This historic fact is also the origin of the adoption of the crescent and star as the emblem of the Byzantines, and afterwards of the Turks.

While we were in port the evenings were occupied with addresses on Constantinople by Dr. Van Millingen, of Robert College, and the Hon. Mr. Dickinson, United States Consul-General to Constantinople. Practically the freedom of the city had been officially presented to us by the Sultan. Unusual privileges, on that account, were enjoyed by us. Again we were serenaded by the pariahs, and again we endeavored to feel quite refreshed on rising to begin the next day.

We attended three splendid excursions: to Robert College, to the American College for Girls, in Scutari, Asiatic Constantinople, and up the Golden Horn to the "Sweet Waters of Europe." I accepted the last only, and, on the steamer *John*, made the delightful sail. The Golden Horn derives its name from its resemblance to a ram's horn. This arm of the Bosphorus is six miles in length, with an average width of four hundred and ninety yards and a mean depth of twenty-three fathoms. The "Sweet Waters of Europe" are at the confluence of two small streams, the Kedaris and the Vorvisses, and are so named because their waters are fresh, in contrast with the salt waters of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn.

On disembarking at Galata Bridge, Gongaware and I went to visit the bazaars. That was a rich treat. Any

Oriental Shops. and everything was to be found in that endless labyrinth of market and manufacture. It is here that you see a certain important side of life. From that district we found our way to the highest structure in the capital of Turkey, Seraskerat Tower. At the top we were

Bird's Eye View. rewarded with a panoramic view of the Marmora, the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn, Scutari, Stamboul, Galata and Pera. From that tower a definite idea of the character of the surface, both on the European and Asiatic sides, can be obtained. Here, too, after having been in the city long enough to get a general notion of it, one could locate, with tolerable satisfaction, the places of greatest interest. We climbed down, and next visited the cistern of Philoxenus, or the "Cistern of a Thousand and One Columns." This cistern was used by the people hundreds of years ago — for Stamboul was founded several centuries before Christ.

Then we went to the "Imperial Museum of Antiquities." Here we saw some remarkable exhibits. Among them might be mentioned the tomb of one of Alexander the Great's generals. But the most beautiful of all is that of the "Mourners." This is a marble sarcophagus, ornamented with relief figures, representing the mourning woman, in eighteen different postures. I have never seen anything more chaste and true to nature. You can find no fault with either the conception or the execution. There, also, are statues of Apollo, Venus, Samson, Achilles, Jupiter, Mars and Hercules. Some of the oldest inscriptions to be found in the world are here. Many of those noble fragments were brought by the Turks from Athens, some from Tyre and Sidon, and many from Egypt. From the Museum we proceeded to the "Sublime Porte." This gate was erected by Mohammed II., and was the principal entrance through the wall into the

Seraglio. From this gate the capital of the Ottoman Empire derives its name.

That afternoon I spent in walking through the bazaars and side streets of Pera and Galata, and also on the **European.** "Grande Rue de Pera," the Fifth avenue of Constantinople. Standing at one corner, I counted forty-five pariah dogs, and it was not a very good corner for dogs, either. These citizens are the scavengers of the city, and resemble coyotes more than anything else that I have seen.

Nothing interested me more than the buffaloes and "cataloes," which they use as oxen. There is a fine strain of Arabian blood in the horses of the city.

In the evening we had another lecture on Constantinople, by Attorney Pens, the able historian. This was a masterful address, and was fully appreciated by all who had enjoyed the privilege of a visit to this great, historic city.

CHAPTER X.

SMYRNA AND EPHESUS.

THURSDAY morning we were off by seven o'clock sharp. We went up the Bosporus to the Black Sea. As we passed Robert College, both going and coming, all the faculty and students were out to greet us. The great flag on the mast at the College dipped in our honor, and our whistle blew three deafening blasts in response. All the American flags that we could command were put into use. Those who did not have flags used handkerchiefs; also, the College people waved everything from a handkerchief to a red blanket. It was a great ovation.

The sail through the Bosporus is interesting, from the points of view of natural beauty and history. The strait **A Trip to the Eusine.** is nineteen miles long; its greatest width is two and one-fifth miles; its narrowest, eight hundred and ten yards. The depth of water varies from twenty to sixty-six fathoms. Its direction is NN. E. to SS. W. The current sets steadily from the Black Sea to the Marmora, while an undercurrent is setting in the opposite direction. The average speed of the current is four knots an hour. Bosporus derives its name from a Greek term, meaning ox-passage. This had its origin in mythology, where Io, changed by Jupiter into a heifer, swam across these straits. The Bosporus is one of the most picturesque places in all Europe, and is a succession of woodland, hill and dale, covered with villages, reaching down to the water's edge, and dotted with white marble palaces, situated among groves of trees, and surrounded

with gardens. The most important of these palaces is the Yildiz Kiosk, where the present Sultan resides. This Kiosk is surrounded by barracks, where a large force of Imperial Guards are quartered. Just above Robert College is the place where Darius transported his forces into Europe on a pontoon bridge. We sailed for some distance into the Black Sea, but not far enough to be within range of the guns of the Russian fleet!

On returning to Constantinople, our guides bade us farewell and left the ship. The pilot had to stay on board while we were in the Marmora, and till we reached the fortifications in the Hellespont, where seven Turkish men-of-war lay at anchor. There Xerxes, in 480 B. C., put his army across into Europe, and Alexander the Great, in 334 B. C., his army into Asia, by means of pontoon bridges, reaching from Sestos, in Europe, to Abydos, on the Asiatic side. Here young Leander nightly swam across to visit Hero—a feat performed in modern times by Lord Byron for “glory.”

The Dardanelles is a narrow channel, separating Europe from Asia, and uniting the Sea of Marmora with the Grecian Archipelago. Its length is forty miles, and its breadth varies from one to four miles. From the Mar-

Strategic Pass. mora a strong current runs through the strait to the Archipelago. The Dardanelles is the key which the Turk holds against Russia and all the nations of Western Europe. The strait is strongly fortified, both on the European and Asiatic shores, with many guns of immense calibre. No vessel can pass this stronghold without the consent of the Sultan.

Just outside the Narrows, on the Asiatic side, is the site of ancient Troy. There, at “Troas,” Paul had the vision, and heard the voice calling him to go to Macedonia to preach the gospel to the Gentiles.

At 8:45, President McLaughlin, of the "International College" at Smyrna, addressed us on "The History of the Group of the Seven Churches in Asia," with special reference to the missionary work that is being done by himself and his colleagues in Asia Minor. This mission is a most successful one. A handsome offering was made by the cruisers in support of this work.

At seven the next morning we anchored in Smyrna harbor, and by nine we were seated in the tram-cars on the quay, for the Ottoman railway station, a mile away.

The Cayster Valley. About six hundred of the pilgrims took the side-trip to Ephesus, fifty miles distant. Soon we were on our way to the city of ancient Ephesus, on the south. The road is a most delightful one. Beautiful, rugged, abrupt mountains and fertile valleys are to be seen on each side of the railway. Hundreds of flocks of fat-tailed Syrian sheep, with their cloaked Arabian shepherds, were a source of constant pleasure. The black water-buffaloes, the camel trains, and the storks, were entirely new to us. The stork is white, except as to its wings, which are black. Its beak and legs are red and long. The fig and olive orchards, the ancient plow, with one handle, the oxen plowing—all pointed to the classic and historic past. Intensive farming is by no means a modern enterprise, for it was practiced in this fertile region millenniums ago, as is evinced by the history and poetry of the ancients. In the writings of Homer the Cayster Valley is mentioned.

We left the train at Ayasaluk, the modern name for Ephesus. This term is a Turkish translation of the Greek **The City of St. John.** *Hagios Theologos*, or "Holy Theologian," the name given to the Apostle John, who resided and preached in this ancient metropolis of Asia Minor.

With our guide we went first to the old aqueduct, magnificent in its ruins. Nothing remains standing but the great pillars and fragments of the channel that conveyed the water. Upon the tops of these ruins the storks have built their huge nests of sticks. These interesting birds stand, sometimes on one foot, sometimes on two, as sober, solemn sentinels. Next, we were shown one of the churches of St. John. There were several Christian organizations in the city, and the Epistle to the Ephesians was to the entire body of believers in that place. The ruins show the splendid character of the church, while evidences of earthquakes are abundant. Thence we walked to the Roman Citadel, on the Acropolis. A walk of a half mile led us to the ruins of the Mosque of Sultan Selim, where there are two columns from the Temple of Diana. A gigantic fig-tree fills one of the apartments, and stretches its long arms over the high walls. This is one of the historic places of worship of the Mohammedans, and has been in ruins about a thousand years. From there we went to visit an ancient Turkish bath.

Next we visited one of the "Seven Wonders of the Greatest Greek World," the Temple of Diana. The temple **Temple.** had one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, and was first destroyed in the year 658 B. C. Until recently it was buried some thirty feet below the surface by the accumulated *debris* of the centuries. The work of excavation is still being prosecuted. The incomparable splendor of this structure is revealed in the fluted columns of marble, the exquisitely carved capitals, architraves and pediments.

The Temple of Serapis was the next object of our sight-seeing. This shows the Egyptian origin of many of the ancient Ephesians. Near by is the sea-gate. Ephesus was built at the mouth of the river Cayster, and was

once the chief seaport of Asia Minor. By the silting of the Cayster the shore-line has been removed six miles to the west. You can hardly believe your eyes when you stand on the old quay, and look at the broad marsh, which was once the harbor of Ephesus. On the top of the sea-gate was the Roman palace. Close to this was the Stadium, and a little further on, the gate of the old city came into view. Then, away up to the west, was the prison of St. Paul, crowning the summit of the hill. We passed the Gymnasium and Baptistry on the way to the

Scene of Riot. Theatre of Ephesus. Here Paul encountered a tumult, which was raised by Demetrius, the contractor for silver shrines, or images of the moon-goddess, "which fell down from Jupiter." The statue of Diana stood in the great temple erected for her worship. The grasp which the worship of Diana had upon the Ephesians is manifested by the outcry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," which lasted for two hours. The Theatre is a wreck of extraordinary grandeur.

Two great roads run at right angles here, the main one leading up to the gate of the Theatre. Just outside the

Service in Theatre. Theatre, at their junction, lie the ruins of the ancient Forum. After lunching in the Forum, we attended a brief service, held in the Theatre. As you might anticipate, the principal part of that service was the reading of Acts xix. 21-41. No description could do justice to the glory of the ruins of these colossal structures of the ages long past.

Ephesus was the centre of apostolic influence and labor. Not only did St. John minister here, but also Paul, Timothy, and Apollos, a man of eloquence and mighty in the Scriptures, preached the gospel to the Ephesians. Here, also, Aquila and Priscilla lived, becoming the centre of a circle of Christian converts.

Ancient Theatre of Ephesus.



Tradition tells us that Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of Jesus, and John, the beloved disciple, ended their days there.

In 431 A. D. the Third Oecumenical Council of the Christian Church was held in Ephesus.

When we had exhausted our time we hurried to the station, where we took the cars for Smyrna. After a charming return trip we left the train at the **Citadel Ruins.** Caravan Bridge station, and began a terrific climb to the Acropolis, the summit of Mount Pagus. There are the ruins of the old Roman Fort. Under the citadel I explored the spacious tunnels and chambers, where the magazines and other military provisions were stored. Their system of water works was most complete.

From this height I had an ideal view of the city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, the fine harbor, and the mountains lying on the north, east and south. Thence we passed down the southwest slope to the tomb of Polycarp, a few hundred feet from the old Stadium. At this grave stands a tall cypress to keep guard over the dust of this venerable Christian hero, the first of the apostolic fathers, to give up his life rather than deny his Lord. In the Stadium, near at hand, when given his choice of recantation or death, he cheerfully chose the latter, with the triumphant words: "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never did me any harm. I therefore will not deny him now." Immediately the fires were lighted, and the faithful servant went to receive a martyr's crown. The time-honored proverb, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," is abundantly verified in the translation of this fearless witness.

From the Stadium we descended, passing by the Cemetery, and through the bazaars to the landing, where we boarded the tender for the ship.

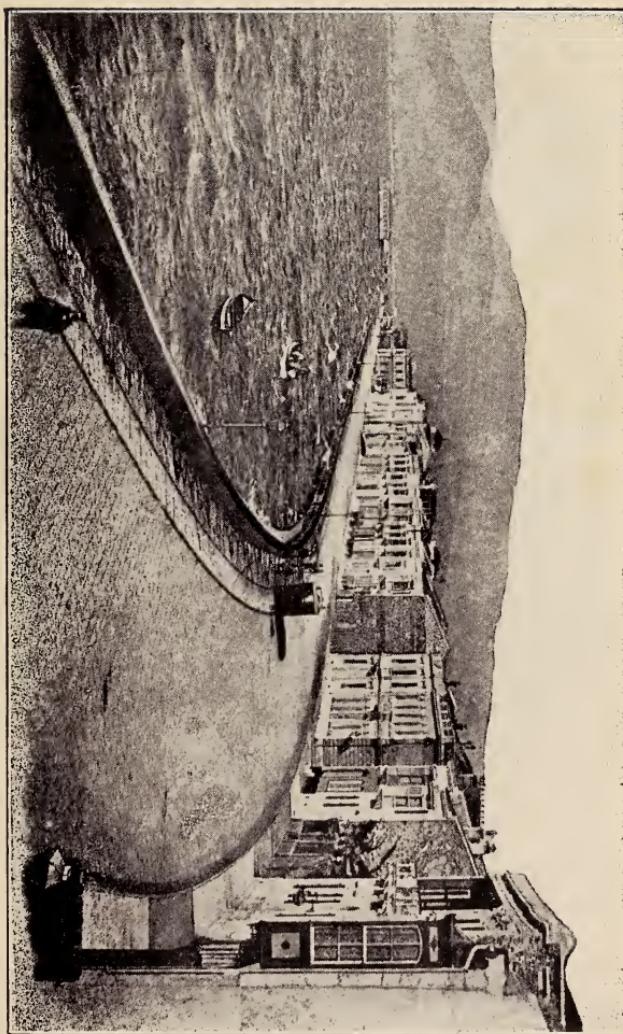
Smyrna, one of the most ancient and important cities of Asia Minor, is the only one of the Greek cities, on the western coast, which has retained its name and importance, to the present day. This city claims the honor of being the birthplace of Homer; and here a grotto is shown, near the source of the river Meles, where his poems are said to have been composed. The city has an excellent harbor, and from its admirable situation, has always been one of the most flourishing in the world.

In the early history of Christianity, Smyrna holds a important place as one of the seven churches addressed in the Apocalypse. One of the most distinguished citizens of its history was its first bishop, the sainted Polycarp, a pupil of John the Divine. Its population is composed of Turks, Greeks, Arabians, Hebrews, Armenians and

Religions. Franks. Each nationality occupies its own separate quarter. The Greeks, Armenians, Roman Catholics and Protestants, respectively, have important missions here, while the Mohammedan mosques number about forty. Smyrna's trade is chiefly with the Europeans and Americans. While we were there, representatives of American merchant princes were selecting and ordering shiploads of the world-renowned rugs, carpets, tapestries and silks.

It will no doubt be a matter of interest to learn that the weeping willow originally came from Asia Minor. The seed were first carried to England with the celebrated Smyrna figs, and thence to America, by British merchant-men. This modern metropolis is charmingly located on the Gulf of Smyrna, an inlet of the *Ægean* Sea.

Smyrna Harbor.



CHAPTER XI.

PATMOS, RHODES AND BAALBEK.

AT eleven o'clock that night we sailed out of the harbor, on our way to Syria. The next morning dawned auspiciously, and we found ourselves in the Gre-
cian Archipelago. About eight o'clock we sailed past the Isle of Patmos, to which the Beloved Disciple was ban-
ished for his loyalty to his Master. The
Where John
was in Exile. only place in Scripture where Patmos is mentioned is Rev. i. 9, "I John, who am also your brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the island that is called Patmos, for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." This small, rocky island is about thirty miles in circumference. It was there that the apostle had the Apocalyptic vision, a record of which gives us the Book of Revelation. This circumstance has invested this island with exceptional interest. Not only has it been for ages occupied by a colony of monks, but it has been much visited by travellers since the involuntary residence there of this distinguished exile.

Later in the afternoon we sighted the Island of Rhodes. This celebrated island of the Mediterranean is thirty-six miles long, from Cape San Antonio on the north to Cape Tranquillo on the south. A chain of hills runs the whole length of Rhodes, forming what might be called the "backbone" of the island. The capital is a city bearing the same name.

Ancient Rhodes boasted of a gigantic brazen statue of

Helios, seventy cubits high, known as the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the **Site of Colossus.** world. The colossus bestrode a deep-water channel, through which the largest sea-going vessels passed into and out of the harbor. Only the foundations upon which the Colossus stood remain to remind us of this prodigious figure, consecrated to the sun in 280 B. C.

Here the Knights of St. John battled with the Turks until they were driven to Malta, where, after the most desperate conflict, their triumph was so complete that to-day there is not a Mohammedan found on the island.

Our good captain sailed near to the city of Rhodes, and for an hour we had the very great pleasure of observing that historic spot. At this place our attention was divided, for while we were beckoned to by Rhodes on the right, the great snow-capped Taurus Mountains, in Asia Minor, lifted themselves, and lay, stretched for miles, on our left. The highest peaks of the Taurus range reach an elevation of ten to twelve thousand feet. This was a grand sight — one that will not soon be forgotten by any of us.

All day long we had been sailing through bewitching islands, some of which are very rocky and rugged, while others are green and fertile, with many inhabitants along the shores. I noticed that mosques and minarets were very numerous in the city of Rhodes. No Christian or Jew is allowed to spend the night there. There is a suburban quarter there which is occupied by non-Mohammedans. Saturday night an address on Beyrouth, Damascus and Baalbek was delivered by Dr. Hoskins, of the Syrian mission. This interesting and instructive discourse revealed the fact that Beyrouth is the sixth largest city in the Moslem world, and the most beautiful of the Mediterranean cities.

Damascus is the most beautiful city in the Levant, and boasts of forty centuries, while Baalbek **Syrian Religions.** dates two centuries further back still. The religions peculiar to Syria are the Maronite, the Ishmaelite, the Cyrenian, that of the Druses, and the ten sects of the Christian faith: Greek, Armenian, Chaldean, Syrian and Coptic — each of the above five having an Orthodox and a Catholic branch.

The Bible work of the Syrian mission is the principal feature of the Christian work there. They turn out one thousand copies per week, and have orders for two years ahead. Their immediate need was another press. An offering was made, amounting to the sum required to make the purchase. The Beyrouth mission, therefore, stands to-day on a very satisfactory footing.

From Madeira we had the privilege of observing Foreign Missions at close range. There is nothing like studying missions on mission ground. After all, the wants of men are one, and the one thing that the world needs, is the gospel.

The Sabbath dawned bright and glorious — an ideal Easter. We sailed leisurely on a perfectly quiet sea. At **Easter at Sea.** the hour for morning worship we listened to an excellent sermon by Dr. Allen, of Toledo. His text was 2 Tim. ii. 8. The Sabbath-school assembled at the usual hour in the afternoon. The subject was the "Resurrection of Christ."

During the afternoon we passed the island of Cyprus, on the left. Clad in snow, the elevated range of Olympus (the highest point of which is 7,000 feet) runs through the entire length of one hundred and forty miles. Cyprus was so celebrated for its copper mines, worked by Augustus and Herod, that it has given its name to that metal; *cuprum*, the Latin word for copper, being a corruption

of Cyprium. Cyprus was the native place of Barnabas. Christianity was first introduced into this island by those who went thither on account of the persecution which arose in Jerusalem about Stephen. Barnabas and Paul entered upon their missionary tour in Cyprus. The island was visited again by Barnabas, in company with Mark.

Easter night we listened to an address by the Rev. Dr. McNaughton, of Smyrna, on certain practical phrases of the mission work in Asia Minor not touched upon by former speakers. That Lord's day evening was one of phenomenal glory. The Easter moon bathed the Mediterranean in its silvery light, while the Great Sea was in its happiest mood. During the hour of service it was remarked that the surface was so unruffled that we could not tell but that we were worshipping in some attractive church at home.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive that the prophet-bard of Patmos found much of the matchless imagery embodied in the Book of Revelation in the transcendent beauties of the picturesque seas that were surrounding him during his exile. As I looked out upon the waters, reflecting the beams of the full moon, I was led to think of Rev. iv. 6, "And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal;" just as, a little while before, when witnessing the indescribable glory of the setting sun, I had been forcefully reminded of the second verse of the fifteenth chapter, "And I saw, as it were, a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory . . . stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

At 5 A. M., Monday, I arose to make preparations for landing, as I was one of the party bound for Baalbek and

*First Sight
of Syria.*

Damascus. It was inspiring, as I stood on the forward deck, to see the Lebanon range,

rising before us, covered with snow. Far down to the right lay ancient Tyre and Sidon. These locations were pointed out to me by Mr. Clark, United States Consul at Jerusalem. We were entering the harbor of Beyrouth. The first portion of the city to greet you is the American Presbyterian University, situated on a point of land jutting out into the sea from the foot of Lebanon.

At the quay we had to surrender our "tezkeras," or Turkish passports, as without this tezkerah no traveller can land in Syria. The only place visited, as we passed through the city, was the American University, comprising many substantial, beautiful stone buildings. The students number about eight hundred. The institution is for boys and men only.

At the appointed hour we left by rail for Baalbek and Damascus. That was a wonderful ride we had that day. The grades up the side of Lebanon are so steep that they have to use the "cog" system. On the way to the gap we had to "switch-back" (zigzag) twice and tunnel five times. From Beyrouth to Damascus the distance is ninety-one miles. We were in the clouds and snow as we approached the crests of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges. Within a few hours we had passed from palm groves and orange, lemon and fig orchards to the snow — a contrast difficult to realize. Where we crossed the range the elevation was nearly five thousand feet. Looking to the south, we enjoyed our first glimpse of Mount Hermon, clad in his mantle of snow.

We rapidly descended into the valley of Bukaa, ancient Coele-Syria, a most fertile plain, and one that would support tens of thousands, if properly cultivated. At Reyak Station, in this valley, we changed cars for Baalbek, or Heliopolis. There our company spent the night, taxing to their utmost capacity the three large hotels. I was

entertained at the Grand New Hotel, and was made most comfortable. I shall not soon forget the situation of this most ancient city. The sunset over the Lebanon range baffled description. Baalbek lies between the two great ranges of mountains, known as Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. At seven o'clock Tuesday morning, we were ready to follow our guide, Mr. Alouf, a native author. The ruins of the temples of Venus, Jupiter and the Sun were astonishing in their splendor and beauty. "Baalbek" means "City of the Sun," and has its literal translation in the Greek name, Heliopolis. The Temple of the Sun, like all places erected to the worship of Helios, is situated directly opposite a gap in the mountains, on the east. This was done in order that the first beams of the rising sun might kiss and bless the temple with its worshippers. Of all the ruins here, the Temple of the sun is the most imposing. This was a rectangular building, 310×148 feet, having its roof supported by a peristyle of Corinthian columns, fifty-four in number. These are twenty-two feet in circumference and sixty feet high. With pedestal, capital and entablature, the columns measure eighty-nine feet in height.

The most wonderful feature of the structure is the sizes of the stones used in the foundation. There are three of these stones that measure 64 , $63\frac{1}{2}$ and 63 by 14×14 feet, respectively. At the limestone *Great Stones.* quarry, whence the stones for the temples were taken, the largest of all lies, never having been used. It measures $71 \times 15 \times 14$ feet. These were the work of the Phoenicians, and antedate all other known products of architecture.

All structures built of large stones, both in Egypt and Syria, were polished after the blocks were placed in position in the walls. Only the under side was dressed before



Temple of the Sun, Baalbek.

the block was laid. Then the two ends were polished to form joints with neighboring stones. After this the top side was polished to receive the next layer. Thus, when the wall was built, the two rough sides had to be polished. This was done from the top, downward. The great stones in the Temple of the Sun were never polished, showing that the work of the Phoenicians was interrupted. No cement is used between the stones, and those cyclopean blocks were so perfectly fitted that it would be impossible to insert the point of the blade of a penknife between them. Mechanical engineers agree in the opinion that these stones were brought from the quarry on an inclined plane. The calculation is that it would require forty thousand men one hour to move the huge block one quarter of an inch.

The Temple of Jupiter is situated to the south of the Temple of the Sun. It is regarded as the finest and best preserved temple in Syria. It was surrounded by fifty marble columns, fourteen of which were fluted. The total height of these columns is sixty feet. Above these columns there is a richly decorated entablature, surmounted by the most magnificent cornices that I have ever seen. This temple measures one hundred and fifteen feet in length by sixty-eight and a half feet in width. The Temple of Venus is circular. It is well preserved, and though small, is a most perfect type of architecture.

While Damascus lays just claim to being the oldest city to have maintained a continuous existence, Baalbek was for many centuries the most important city in Syria. It now has a population of scarcely five thousand.

The Church of England has a flourishing mission at Baalbek. On the afternoon of our arrival there I was astonished at the little girls from the mission school, crowding around us and singing the hymns, in the Eng-

lish tongue, which are familiar to the Sunday-schools of our own country.

About noon our train left for Damascus. On leaving the station, to our right we looked upon that part of Lebanon where David and Solomon contracted with the kings of Tyre for the cedars of Lebanon to be used in the building of the palaces and the temple. Solomon employed thirty thousand men in the work of cutting and transporting these trees to the sea, on whose waters they were conveyed to Joppa, and thence to Jerusalem by land.

The Buka Valley was a scene of activity. The fellahin, or farmers, were busy plowing and planting. Only oxen are used in plowing. Donkeys and camels were everywhere to be seen, carrying burdens. It was there that I saw the first herd of camels browsing in the fields. At Reyak a fine lunch was served to us before we boarded the special train for Damascus, the "Pearl of the Orient." The Buka is fifty miles long, and averages three miles in width. From Reyak we began the ascent of Anti-Lebanon. This is made through a canon, affording most rugged scenery. The prevailing phases of grandeur were the rocky steeps and the rushing streams from the snow-mantled heights.

As we emerged from the gap, glorious Hermon burst into view. This is the Mount of Transfiguration, whither

"**The Holy Mount.**" Peter, James and John accompanied the Man of Nazareth, and on whose summit Moses and Elijah met with the Lord, and talked with him about his decease, which he should soon accomplish at Jerusalem. Here he was transfigured before them. I would not attempt to describe the impression made upon me by that sublime picture.

Mount Hermon is ten thousand feet above sea level, and is the highest elevation in Palestine. From almost

Cedars of Lebanon.



every mountain summit in the Holy Land you can see majestic Hermon, even as far down as the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea.

After crossing the Anti-Lebanon range we were in the Damascus Valley. Soon we discovered the head waters

Along the Abana. of the limpid, leaping Abana. This be-

witching river was our conductor, from its source in the Anti-Lebanon, to the city through which it flows, and whose population and gardens it so abundantly waters. The modern Arabic name for Abana is "Barada." At El Fidjeh I saw the main source of the Abana. Out from under some ancient masonry—a part of what is believed to have been a temple of the "River God"—bursts a mighty volume of water, which joins the Abana, and rushes like a cataract down the mountain gorge. How refreshing it was to look upon this clear, crystal stream, as it hurried to refresh and bless all the animal and vegetable life within its scope.

L. OF C.

CHAPTER XII.

DAMASCUS AND BEYROUT.

AFTER passing through gardens of blossoming apples, quinces and almonds, at length we were at the great and historic city, so intimately associated with the life of St. Paul. I was taken to the Victoria Hotel, near the bank of the Abana, as my place of sojourn for two nights. We had two hours for a walk through the bazaars, one of the chief attractions of Damascus.

As my hotel was crowded, I went down to the camp of the No. 3 Overland Section, and had my first taste of tent life in Syria. The tents were spread upon a green, close to the river, where I had the novel experience of being sung to sleep by the lullaby of the laughing waters of this world-famed stream.

I was much interested, in the morning, in seeing the Arabs breaking camp and packing, preparatory to loading the camels, donkeys and mules for the first link in the journey from Damascus to Jerusalem, by the old Caravan road. Bright and early I had risen to look upon the new and strange surroundings. This Oriental camp, with its unique environment, presented a beautiful and striking picture. All the forty overlanders were happy and expectant. There were only five ladies in the party. After saying good-bye to the pilgrims, till we should meet in Jerusalem, I went to the hotel for breakfast.

In carriages we spent the morning sight-seeing. The first place we visited was the house of a wealthy Hebrew,

Place of Paul's Escape, Damascus.



The Pearl of
the Orient.

who had thrown open his hospitable doors and invited us to see his splendid home.

This gave us an opportunity of seeing something of the lavish luxury of the private life of the rich Damascenes. Next we were conducted to the homes of Ananias and Judas, "in the street that is called Straight." Of the identity of this street there can be no doubt. As its name indicates, it is perfectly straight, and traverses the entire city, from east to west. The locations of the houses of Ananias and Judas are only traditional. We passed the old city wall, and were shown the window out of which Paul is said to have been let down in the basket by night, to escape death at the hands of his persecutors. Thence we were driven past the home of Naaman, the Syrian, where there is now a Lazaretto, or Lepers' Home. Not far from there we visited the Mosque of the Dervishes.

The Dervishes are divided into different brotherhoods and orders. The chief orders are the Mevlevi or Dancing Dervishes, and the Rufai or Howling Dervishes. Every member of the order of Dancing Dervishes has to perform a severe novitiate, lasting one thousand and one days, before final admittance. Their gyrating dance is intended to represent the planetary system revolving around the sun, and is supposed to be a survival of Hindoo mysteries. The Howling Dervishes, through violent physical exercises, work themselves into a frenzy, until, having lost all self-control, they gave vent to their nervous excitement through explosive groans, hence the term, Howling Dervishes. These exercises constitute their form of public worship, and are invariably performed in a room whose atmosphere is charged with carbonic acid gas. They sway their bodies to the time of weird music, apparently under the implicit control of

their leader. They evidently are under powerful mesmeric and hypnotic influences. It is well worth seeing once in a life-time, but few would care to repeat the experience. In witnessing these heathenish rites I was eloquently reminded of Paul's words to Timothy, "Exercise thyself unto godliness; for bodily exercise profiteth little: but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

From the mosque we drove through the Arabian cemetery. There we alighted and visited the tombs of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, and two of his favorite wives. From this place we went to the brass factories, where the skilled workmen were executing all sorts of designs, some of which were very handsome. It will be remembered that Damascus has been famous in history for the quality of its steel, and for its brass manufactories and processes of silver refining. It need hardly be said that all of this skilled labor is done by hand. Many of the ladies—and gentlemen, too—made purchases to take home to America. From the brass works we were carried to a height, where we had a magnificent view of the ancient city and its suburbs.

What a picture this city of one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants made, spread out in the rich valley, with the Barada, like a silver ribbon, flowing through the midst of it, while encircling mountains formed its most appropriate frame! Far to the south we could see the mountains of Gilboa. On the old road to Jerusalem, beyond the handle of the spoon (for Damascus is in the shape of a spoon), in the plain, we saw the traditional site of the vision of Saul of Tarsus. There Saul, armed with letters of authority from Jerusalem to stamp out the religion of the Galilean, was suddenly arrested and converted to the faith of which he was the chief opposer.

After dinner I went to visit the Grand Mosque. This edifice has a peculiar history. It was first built for a pagan temple, having been erected several centuries before Christ. In 323 A. D., Constantine established the Christian religion in Damascus, and converted the temple into a church, dedicated to John the Baptist. In 634 the city was taken by the Moslems, and the church was divided into two parts. The Moslems occupied the eastern and the Christians the western half, both entering by the same door. In 705, Khalif el-Walid seized the whole building, pulled it down, and erected a mosque upon the site, retaining portions of the outer walls. The inside measurement is 455 x 123 feet. On each side of the great transept there are three aisles of equal width and one hundred and eighty-five feet long. The floor of the mosque is of Syrian marble, and is covered with beautiful rugs of great value. The head of John the Baptist is said to be buried, in this building, and over the spot stands a gilded wooden-domed vault. A fine mausoleum here contains the body of Saladin, the great Saracen general. The Khalif el-Walid brought skilled workmen from Persia, India, Western Africa and Byzantium, and expended the whole revenue of Syria for seven years in its construction. In addition, he used eighteen ship-loads of gold and silver, which he brought from Cyprus.

Not far from the mosque is the silver workers' quarter. I was rewarded by seeing the "refiner and purifier of silver" sit by the crucible, till he could see his image in the molten metal. As never before I realized the beauty of the passage of Scripture, "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." I was particularly interested in this, because I had tried to preach from this text, using the same illustration.

Most of the streets of Damascus are narrow, dark and

very picturesque. The bazaars are a network of lanes and alleys, connected by dark passages, **Finest Bazaars in the World.** some of which are so narrow that two people can pass each other with difficulty.

A guide is hardly necessary in the bazaars, as the visitor prefers to give himself up to the unrestrained enjoyment of the novel scene, while he drifts along, in the current of humanity, from one display to another. The bazaars of Damascus and Cairo are the finest in the world. The dwelling-houses are very irregular in size and architecture. The inner courts are paved with marble and adorned with fountains, fruit trees and flowers. In many of these private residences, there is a wealth of decoration in gold and silver, sandal-wood and ebony, mother-of-pearl and mosaic. One of the most striking features in Damascus is the variety of costumes and types which crowd the streets and bazaars. The trains of laden camels, the dromedary with gaudy trappings, the Circassian, the Anatolian, the wild Bedouin Sheikh, the wide-awake Jew, the savage-looking Druse, the rough Kûrd, the Christian, the grave Moslem, the self-possessed Persian, the stoical Turk, the quiet Afghan, the dark Algerian—all are found in one living, moving drama. Every costume of Asia, every sect of religion, every tongue, every race, is represented in the jostling throng.

Damascus is the political capital of Syria. It is the headquarters of the Syrian army, and the commander-in-chief is called "Seraskier." A part of his duty is to superintend the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. Hence, he is styled the Prince of the Pilgrimage. Damascus was the home of Eleazer, Abraham's trusted steward. David conquered the city and placed a garrison there. It was the constant rival and enemy of Jerusalem, and afterwards of Samaria.

In 1860 a terrible massacre occurred, in which five thousand Christians were murdered in cold blood during the ninth, tenth and eleventh of July. Many thousands more, who escaped the sword, afterwards perished from the effects of famine and privation. The massacre was perpetrated by the Moslems. Since that time the intervention of European powers has caused to prevail a quieter state of affairs.

McLaurin and I closed the busy day with a delightful walk around, passing the public green, where ten thousand people were assembled to enjoy one of their favorite field sports. Crossing the beautiful, welcome Abana, we made our way back to the hotel, satisfied with our eventful visit to Syria's capital.

On the morning of the seventh of April we were called at six, for we were scheduled to leave for Beyrouth at 7:30. At the station we had a fine view of Mount Hermon, standing out, the monarch of the Anti-Lebanon Mountains.

From Damascus the journey was no less enjoyable than it was in going down. The river, the gardens, with their endless variety of flowers and vegetables, the orchards with their rich promise of abundant fruits, and the rugged, rocky mountain gorge, spread for us a panorama of beauty and grandeur difficult to surpass.

At noon we arrived at the Baalbek Junction, where again we were refreshed with an excellent lunch. After crossing the rich vale of Cœle-Syria, we were detained at Mallakah on account of a **Wreck on the Lebanon.** wreck not far from Beyrouth. The accident was caused by the breaking of the coupling, as the train was making a very steep grade. At the first switch-back the four passenger cars ran into the rocky side of the mountain and were completely shivered. There were eight passen-

gers killed, and many others were severely wounded. It was an awful scene, as we viewed the wreck on our way down. We were unutterably grateful that we had been allowed to pass that same way in safety, less than three days before. Doubtless it was in answer to the prayers of the great multitude in the home land who were interested in our daily itinerary. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much"; but how much, none can fully appreciate.

We slowly descended the western slope of Lebanon to the city in comfort, and embarked, to find a splendid supper awaiting us.

The trip to Baalbek and Damascus could not be dismissed, without a word about the perfect system of terracing, irrigation and cultivation which obtains in all this densely populated country. Grapes, mulberries, figs, olives and oranges, with barley, clover and beans, are the prevailing crops. From the vast mulberry acreage, the great silk industry is suggested, Beyrouth being the centre of the silk interests of Syria. Along the way I saw the old threshing floors, like those of Gideon and Araunah, while on all hands the oxen were plowing on the hillside, where it was difficult for them to stand or walk.

The next morning I was up before six, busy arranging and readjusting for the overland trip and for the stay in Jerusalem. During the day, with a party, I visited the

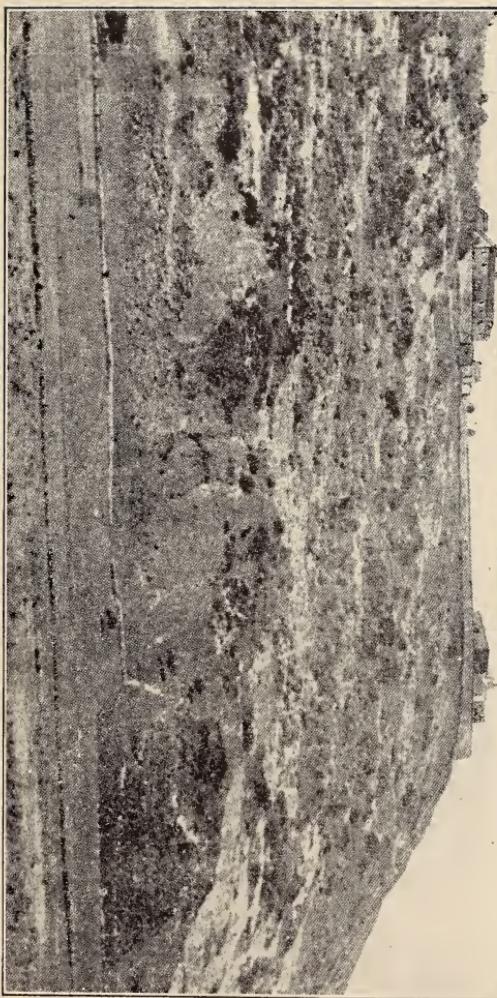
Beyrouth American Press, the American Church,
Mission. School for Girls, the Sabbath-school room, and the cemetery where lies the dust of the lamented Cornelius Van Allen Van Dyke, the noble veteran who labored here five and fifty years for the salvation of Syria. His greatest work was the translation of the Bible into the Arabic tongue. I was shown the room where this great work was done. The translation was begun in 1848

and completed in 1864. I was shown around by Ibrahim, the twelve-year-old son of the native pastor of the church, of which Dr. Jessup was for thirty years pastor. This is an enduring monument which those men were, and are, erecting to their own memories, while thinking only of the glory of him whom they worship and delight always to honor. Surely their works will live after them.

The Girls' School in Beyrouth was the first one ever established in Syria for the education of women. The Only Sunday-School in Syria. Presbyterian Sabbath-school of the Beyrouth mission is the only one Syria has ever known! This Sabbath-school is to the children and youth of Beyrouth what our Sabbath-schools are to the children and youth in our own homes. After profitable visits to these important institutions, I went down to the bazaars to procure some things needed on the pilgrimage to Jerusalem from Haifa. When this expedition was over I returned to the landing, and took a skiff for the *Kurfuerst*. All the delinquents of our party having arrived from Damascus, we were completing our plans to sail at 11 o'clock P. M.

Beyrouth is the Berothai or Berothah of the Old Testament, and the Berytus of the Romans. It is a flourishing commercial city, with a population of one hundred and thirty thousand, and is situated in a most picturesque position on the coast of Syria, at the foot of Lebanon. It is the chief seaport, market-place and emporium of all trade with the shores of Syria, Palestine and Cilicia. A considerable increase in population is due to the settlement, in 1860, of numbers of Christian refugees from Damascus. The climate during the winter and spring months is delightful. During the summer it is very hot; but being so near to the Lebanon Mountains, those who can afford to do so spend the heated term at an elevation

of some four thousand feet, where the summer climate is all that could be desired. But a small percentage of the population of Beyrouth are Mohammedans. The natives are less Oriental in their modes of living than any other town in Syria. English, French and Italian are all spoken. Formerly French was the prevailing European language, but, chiefly on account of the work of the American College, English is rapidly becoming the dominant European tongue.



Mt. Carmel. By the Sea.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAIFA TO SEA OF GALILEE.

BEFORE sailing I wrote up my journal for the day. About daylight, April 9th, I arose and made for the deck, to find that we were in full view of Haifa and Mount Carmel. There stood the promontory, as it reaches out into the sea, with the Carmelite monastery on the traditional site of the contest of Elijah with the prophets of Baal. At six o'clock we had breakfast, and at once went ashore, where carriages were in waiting for us. At eight we were on our way to Nazareth.

The term Haifa means a sheltered place. It well deserves the name, as it stands on the most sheltered side of the only natural harbor, on the coast of Palestine. There is little of interest in Haifa to the traveller. I would mention only the Jewish Cemetery, some ruins of the ancient town, and the splendid palm grove by the sea-shore, said to be the finest in Palestine. On the way we crossed the plain of Acre.

The first place of interest on the road was the brook Kishon, where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal and of the Grove. A little further on, to the left, we passed the ruins of Harosheth, of the Gentiles, the home of Sisera, the captain of Jabin, whom Jael slew with a tent-pin.

Every step of the way was interesting: the town of Haifa, the harbor, the plain between Carmel and the sea, the mountains forming a semi-circle from the sea on the

north to the sea on the south. It was a constantly changing landscape, with carpets of green velvet, trees and wild flowers in the greatest profusion.

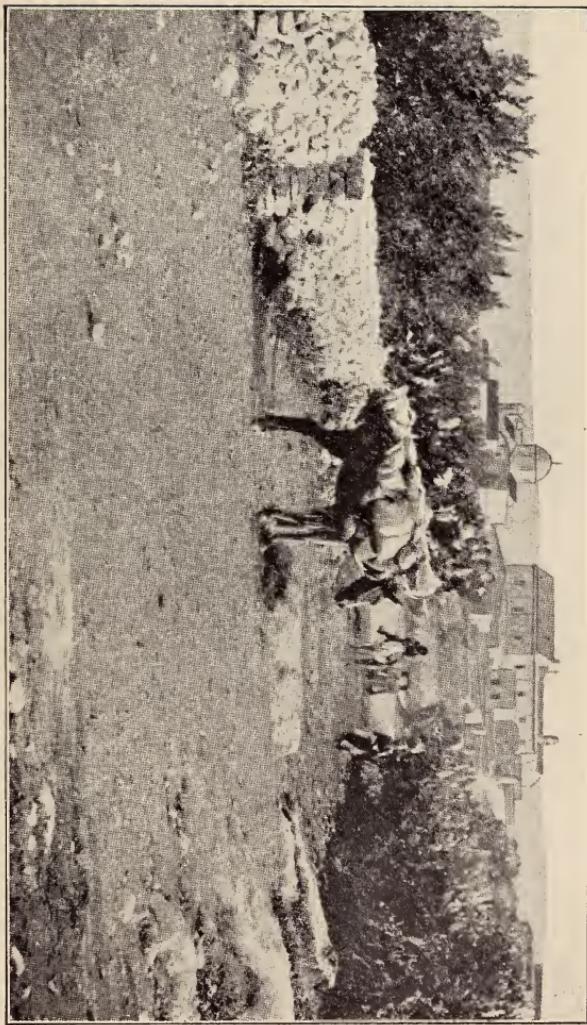
At length we enter the wonderful plain of Esdraelon, with its broad acres, stretching as far as the eye can reach. Nothing in Palestine surpasses this ^{Plain of} ~~Jezeel.~~ plain for beauty and fertility. After traversing the plain for miles, we ascended the rugged hill west of Nazareth. The view from this point was a dream of glory. A few minutes more, and we were at the brow of the hill, overlooking the city of Nazareth.

No words can begin to express my feelings as I first looked upon the city, where the feet of the childhood of ^{Home of the} Jesus played. Sacred and tender are the ^{Holy Family.} associations that gather about the place. I knew that I was on the ground that was once so familiar to him, and that I was looking upon the scenes upon which he so often looked. It was here that he spent his childhood, youth and young manhood until he "began to be about thirty years of age."

The city is built on the slopes of a natural basin formed by fourteen hills. It has a population of twelve thousand, nine thousand of whom are Christian and three thousand Mohammedans. There is not a single Hebrew resident in Nazareth. There was not a Christian inhabitant there, before the time of Constantine.

We had lunch at the Casa Nuova Hospice, and were off by 2:30 for Tiberias, where we were to spend the Sabbath. About nine miles from Nazareth we passed the birth and burial-place of the prophet Jonah; and a little further on we reached the city of Cana, of Galilee, where "the conscious water saw its God and blushed." Along the entire journey we enjoyed a splendid view of the country. The Horns of Hattin, and the historic battlefield

Cana of Galilee.



where the Crusaders fought their last battle with the invincible Saladin, were prominent objects of interest. From the summit of Hattin, all the way across the plain to Lubieh, could be seen the heaps of stones that served as breastworks during the decisive battle of July 5, 1187.

The grandest sight I ever beheld was that which I had as we were descending to the lake, that Saturday afternoon, at 6:30 o'clock. The sun was setting behind Hattin; the sky overhead was a perfect blue; the nearer and more distant mountains were encircling the caravan; the grass was luxuriant, an infinite variety of wild flowers greeted the eye on all sides, while the balmy atmosphere was laden with their fragrance. The clouds were gathering as a canopy over the heads of Hermon and other lofty peaks toward the northwest; the gorges of the Jordan above and below the sea, and in the centre of Blue

The Sacred Sea. Galilee made a picture that left nothing whatever to be desired. I shall always be grateful for the privilege of approaching this hallowed spot under such favorable auspices.

The sea of Galilee is thirteen miles in length and nine miles in width. In shape it suggests a harp, with the wider end toward the north. This fact caused the ancients to give it the name of Cinnereth. The surface of the lake is six hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the greatest depth is one hundred and sixty feet. The Jordan river forms both the inlet and the outlet of Galilee. The waters are as clear as crystal, and reflect every mood of cloud and sky. From this it necessarily follows that the color of Gennesaret varies, according to the different lights and shadows which fall upon its surface.

Our objective point was the city of Tiberias, where we found accommodation at the Latin Convent, near the

seaside. I could look out at the hall window directly upon the beautiful sheet of water.

The Sabbath dawned bright and glorious. After breakfast, McLaurin and I started to the service that was to be held at 9:30 near the shore. On the way thither we rested on the pebbly beach and looked over the placid bosom of the blue lake, and gathered up some of the little shells that are found by the million, intermingled with the smooth, water-worn stones.

The topic of the meeting was, "Lessons in the Life of our Lord as it Related to the Galilee Region." I shall always remember with peculiar pleasure, that Sabbath on the Sea of Tiberias. While we were at the service, Mount Hermon stood before us, a splendid inspiration. I could easily imagine that the clouds which were hovering over the summit were such as were present at the time of the Transfiguration. The sea, the mountains, the ruins of

^{Words and} Magdala, Capernaum and the two Beth-
^{Works of Jesus.} saidas, all eloquently reminded us of him who spent so large a part of his public ministry in the Galilee country. I was almost overwhelmed by the peculiar environment. I could see the footprints of our Lord wherever I looked. All the experiences narrated in the gospels were vividly pictured to my mind in the midst of my surroundings. There are the disciples crossing the sea by night. The Lord is asleep in the hinder part of the boat. A storm suddenly bursts upon them. They are terrified, and arouse the Master with the question, "Carest thou not that we perish?" He rebukes the winds and the waves with the divine command, "Peace, be still!" And immediately there is a great calm. The disciples, filled with wonder, exclaim, "Even the winds and the sea obeyed him."

Again they are crossing the lake. The ship is now in

the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, for the wind is contrary. Toward morning Jesus comes to them, walking on the waves. The disciples see him and are troubled. Thinking it to be an apparition, they cry out for fear. Straightway he speaks, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." He comes into the ship. The wind ceases, and the disciples worship, with the confession, "Of a truth thou art the Son of God!" Look across to the country of the Gadarenes, on the east. Having crossed the lake, Jesus disembarks. The demoniac from the tombs meets him. He recognizes the Son of the Most High. The legion of demons is cast out, and enters into a herd of swine, feeding on the hillside nearby. They run violently down the steep hill, and are choked in the sea. Such were the pictures that came to me that holy day, spent on the shore of Galilee.

"O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!"

"Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace."

In the afternoon I took a walk down the lake to the outlet. This is a delightful sight, as the Jordan breaks out in his majesty and begins his tortuous course toward the Dead Sea. Though the season was early for bathing, I could not resist, for the sake of sentiment, a plunge into the blue waters of the sacred lake.

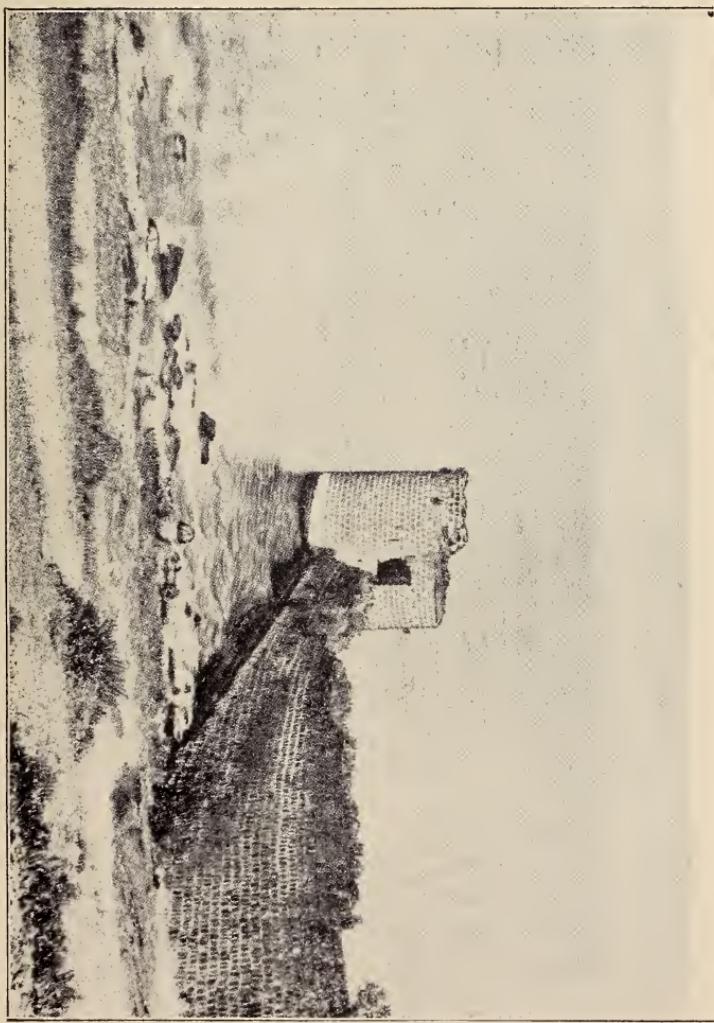
Monday morning by seven we were in fishing boats, pushing off from the shore. We sailed about ten in a

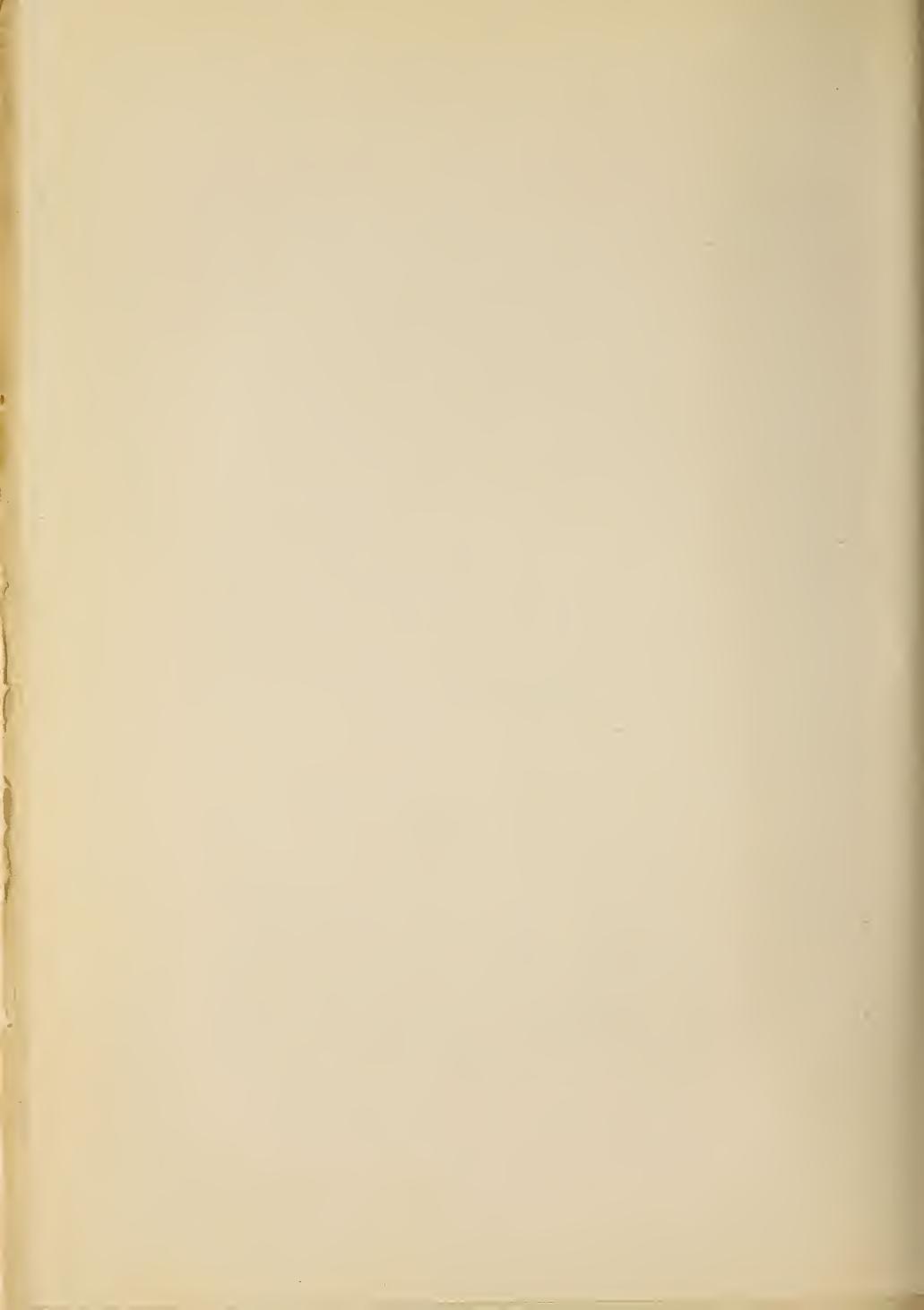
boat. The fleet passed the site of Magdala, the home of Mary, to whom Jesus first showed himself after the resurrection. Some distance from the shore, as you look toward the north, on a rocky terrace, are the extensive ruins of Chorazin; a little farther on, and we came within sight of Bethsaida. This was the home of Peter, Andrew, James, John and Philip. Bethsaida means the "house of fish." The bay is sheltered by hills and projecting bluffs, and seems well adapted for a fishing town. Another half hour's sail along the north shore and we reached Capernaum.

After his rejection at Nazareth, our Lord chose this His Own City. city as his temporary home. Here, finding Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom, he called him to be his follower. We visited the ruins of the old synagogue where Christ preached on the Sabbath days. I saw among the splendid ruins a lintel, with a carved representation of a pot of manna and David's seal. Here, while looking toward this door, the Master declared, "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead," and proclaimed himself the Living Bread, which came down from heaven, which, if a man eat, he shall live forever. Not far from the synagogue stood the house where Christ healed Peter's wife's mother, who lay sick of a fever. In "his own city," four men carried to him the paralytic, and let him down through the roof. Jesus looked upon him, and said, "Arise, take up thy bed and go into thine house." And he arose and glorified God.

This city was the scene of many of his wonderful works. Here the ruler's daughter was restored to life, the two blind men received sight, the dumb were made to speak, and the Centurion's servant was healed. I walked on the shore where Peter cast in the hook and

Tiberias, on Sea of Galilee.





caught the fish in whose mouth was the coin, with which he was to pay tribute for himself and his Master. On the shore James and John were with Zebedee, their father, when they were called to be fishers of men. Near Bethsaida, from a boat, he taught the multitude in parables. While sailing on the sea, the traditional place was pointed out to us, near Capernaum, where the five thousand were miraculously fed. Capernaum is a short distance west of where the Jordan flows into Galilee, while Bethsaida Julias lies a little to the east of the inlet.

Leaving Capernaum, we sailed directly across the lake to Tiberias. A storm overtook us on the way, which made the sea quite rough. This circumstance brought us into closer sympathy with the inspired record of the thrilling experiences of the disciples.

During this sail I looked upon the shore, and thought of the visit of the Lord after his resurrection. The disciples had been fishing all night, and had caught nothing. In the morning Jesus stood on the shore, and directed them to cast the net on the right side of the ship. They obeyed, and were not able to draw the net for the miraculous multitude of fishes. He then called them to the shore, where he bade them partake of the bread and fish he had prepared for them. Then followed the thrice repeated question of the Master to Peter, "Lovest thou me?" with the command to shepherd his flock.

About noon we landed at Tiberias. This was one of the four cities sacred to the Jews. Here the Sanhedrim

City of Tiberias. sat, after the destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70 A. D. It is a city of five thousand inhabitants, four thousand of whom are Hebrews, three hundred Christians, and the remainder Mohammedans.

Tiberias is the only one of the once populous cities on

the shores of Galilee which can boast of being anything of a city at the present day. The others mentioned are a mass of ruins, with only a few humble dwellings and wretched huts. The streets of Tiberias are narrow, crooked and filthy. It is neither attractive nor healthy to foreigners. The city is infested with fleas. These are of unusual size, and as persistent as large. The Arabs, who are not prejudiced in favor of the place, have a saying that the "king of the fleas" has his royal residence there!

The Free Church of Scotland has a mission here, divided into three apartments, educational, medical and evangelistic. The Rev. W. Ewing, Dr. Torrance and Miss Fenton are doing a noble work in Tiberias.

At the Southern limit, near the shore, are the four Thermal Springs, the temperature of whose waters is 144° Fahrenheit. Aside from a section of well-preserved mosaic pavement in Herod's palace, and the foundations of the old city walls, there are but few traces of the ancient capital of Galilee.

After lunch we took our carriages for the return trip to Nazareth. The retrospect, as we slowly climbed the steep mountain side, was simply glorious.

On the way we halted at the base of Hattin, and about a dozen of us struggled to the summit. There we had a magnificent view of Hermon, the Sea of Galilee, the plain of Hattin, and the grand panorama of mountains, silhouetted against the sky. While we were on the mountain we read the Beatitudes and sang "Coronation." We were standing on the Mount of Beatitudes, where our Lord delivered the Sermon on the Mount. Looking to the northwest, we saw Safed, a prosperous city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, charmingly situated on the moun-

tain side. This was the only city in sight of the Mount of Beatitudes, and so, undoubtedly, was the place to which the Great Teacher referred in the words, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

CHAPTER XIV.

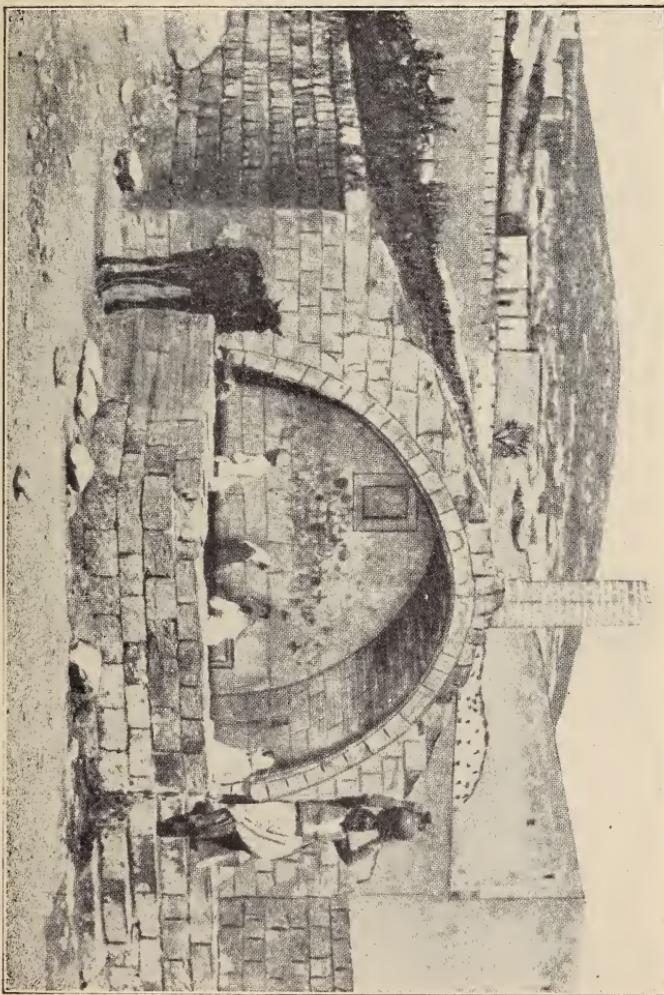
CANA, NAZARETH AND SAMARIA.

WE drove rapidly to Cana of Galilee, where we visited the Latin Church, built upon the site of the house where the marriage took place, and where Jesus performed his first miracle, of turning the water into The First Miracle. wine. Over the main altar there are two hands clasped, with these words, in Latin, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Two or three hundred yards from there is the Greek Orthodox Church, where we witnessed an Easter Monday service, their Easter being a week later than ours. There were shown two old water pots, said to have held the water turned into wine at the wedding feast. On the side of the road, just west of the town, is a public well, at which the stock are watered and the women do their washing — a place of great filth and wretchedness.

After a beautiful drive, we arrived at Nazareth about the setting of the sun. At once we repaired to the Casa Nuova, where we found dinner in readiness for us.

The next day six of us employed a special guide, that we might see the city to the best possible advantage. We first visited the site of Mary's kitchen, over which a church is now built, and close by the workshop of Joseph. Next we went to the Church of Mensa Christi, or Table of Christ. Also, we were taken to the synagogue in which Christ preached, and where he was rejected. From thence to the Hill of Precipitation: "And all they in the



The Fountain of the Virgin.

synagogue, when they had heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong."

The Fountain of the Virgin, or Mary's Well, was the place of chief interest, because its identity is unquestionable. I stood and looked at the women of the town, coming, as is their custom, with their water pots, to the well. There they engage in friendly gossip, while they leisurely fill their water pots. Then they hoist them upon their heads, and turn to give place to others. This being the only public fountain in Nazareth, the humbler people frequent the place for their water supply. I saw mothers with their little children hanging on their skirts, and pic-

The Child Jesus. tured in my mind another mother, accompanied by her child, as she came daily to this well. This scene brought me sacredly near to the daily life of him whose feet so often pressed the ground upon which I was then standing. As I drank at that fountain I thought of how often, in maturer years, he had come to that well to quench his thirst with its pure, sweet waters!

During the day we paid a visit to the Italian School for Boys and to the Orphanage for Girls. This latter institution was founded by the Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East. Our guide led us to the mountain summit behind Nazareth, on the north. On that height we enjoyed a most extensive view. We saw Hermon, the Mediterranean, the Valley of Acre, Haifa, Carmel, the plain of Esdraelon, the gorge of the Jordan, Mount Tabor, Little Hermon, the mountains of Gilboa, the mountains of Gilead, the mountains of Ephraim, and, far to the south, the mountains round about Jerusalem. Our fine view included also the historic cities of Jezreel, Nain, Endor and Engannim.

After the view in the morning, when the atmosphere was not quite clear, McLaurin and I went up again in the afternoon. From that point of vantage we studied the topography, geography and history of that most wonderful country. We were rewarded by a most glorious sunset. No artist could put upon canvas, nor could pen describe, the splendor of the sun sinking into the great western sea, behind the rugged ridge of Carmel.

April 13th, bright and early, we left for Shunem. We arrived at this wretched village in time for lunch, which

Shunem. was carried with us. This was our first picnic dinner, served in an orchard, under large fig-trees. Before lunch was spread I found a quiet spot among the orange trees, and read the account of the Shunamite and her hospitality toward the prophet of God. The picture of the young son with his father in the harvest field, the sunstroke, his death on his mother's lap at noon, the mother's ride across the plain of Jezreel to Mount Carmel to see Elisha in her distress, the prophet's return with her, and his raising her son to life, was very vivid in its details.

Near the garden there was a fellah plowing. I went through the hedge to where he was at work, and asked him to let me take a hand in plowing. This he did most cheerfully. A few furrows with the oxen and the one-handed plow sufficed to give him a little rest, and me the novel experience of turning the soil of Palestine. He gave me to understand that I did good work.

There are no distinct landmarks in Shunem. The ruins of the ancient, historic city lie buried under the rubbish of fifty generations. The modern town is built upon mounds of *debris*, which point to heaps of old ruins. The houses are without floors and chimneys, and are flat-roofed. The earth, with an old rug, serves as a floor. A

hole in the mud roof does duty as a chimney, while the most palatial of their dwellings are guiltless of windows. At every turn I was met by numbers of poor little begging children, about whose faces the flies were swarming. The village is well-watered with perennial springs, and is comparatively prosperous.

Shunem was the place where the Philistines encamped while Saul gathered all Israel together in Mount Gilboa, the night before the fatal battle. Endor, where Saul consulted the witch, is near to this place. Two miles from Endor, on the northeast side of Little Hermon, lies the little town of Nain, where Jesus raised from the dead a young man, who was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." A small mosque stands on the site of a Christian chapel, built over the place where the miracle was performed.

We dismissed the carriages at Shunem, and began our camp life in earnest. We were provided with Arabian

Camp Life horses, while our baggage, tents, provisions
Begins. and culinary outfit were loaded on camels, donkeys and mules. Then and there began some original experiences. I had a bit of amusing experience before the start was made. I was intent on watching the riders choose and mount their horses. All seemed so eager to start that I waited until all had made their selections. The dragoman had miscalculated, for the number of horses turned out to be one less than the number of riders. It looked like I was going to have to make the pilgrimage on foot, but "fortune favors the brave"—for when the dragoman saw my plight, he gave me his own Arab steed, which proved to be the best horse in the caravan.

At the given signal the diversified column began to move. I cannot say much for the graceful attitude of some of the equestrian train, but, by persistent effort,

they improved daily, so that, by the end of the journey, the appearance of the party was that of a cohort of veterans! Our road was not a highway, but a Bedouin trail, which led us first to Gideon's Fountain. There the test was made which resulted in the choice of the three hundred, who, with Gideon, were to surprise the camp of the Midianites and Amelekites, spread out in the valley toward the Jordan, "like grasshoppers for multitude." This fountain is an immense spring, bursting out from a limestone cave, at the base of Mount Gilboa. The spring occupies a circular basin, about two hundred feet in diameter. Of course, we were subjected to the test, and drank of the fountain, "putting the hand to the mouth."

Our path from there to Jezreel lay through barley fields. About the identity of Jezreel there has never existed any doubt. Jezreel is principally noted in connection with the history of Ahab, "who did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel, his wife, stirred up."

Although the capital of Israel was at Samaria, Ahab had a palace also at Jezreel. There now stands a high tower, said to be the famous watch-tower in Jezreel, and a part of Ahab's palace. From this tower the watchman discovered the approach of Jehu, the reformer, at whose command the wicked queen was thrown from a window, and dashed to death at his feet. "Hard by the palace," on the brow of the hill, I saw the plot of ground where a number of rock-cut wine-presses still exist. That is, unquestionably, the location of the coveted vineyard of Naboth. The modern village is occupied by fellahin. As I rode through the narrow, crooked streets, among the hovels, I was made unutterably sad at the thought of the wickedness

of Ahab and Jezebel, which thought is inseparable from the history of ancient Jezreel.

After riding through green fields, across the plain of Esraelon, just as the sun was setting, we rode into the **Border City, "Fountain Gardens."** pretty city of Engannim, through an avenue of giant cactus trees. The situation of this city is beautiful. It is well watered, its name signifying fountain gardens. The population is about six thousand. Our tents were pitched on the public threshing floor, to the west of the town. Engannim was on the border line, between the provinces of Galilee and Samaria, and also divided the tribes of Issachar and Manasseh.

That night our camp was guarded by a company of Turkish soldiers, on account of the frequent Bedouin raids from the mountains. As often as we waked during the night, we could hear the signals between the sentinels, and the hideous concert of the hyenas, wolves and jackals around the camp. Our tents were arranged in a circle, within which the camp gathered after supper for worship before retiring. This service, under the skies of Palestine, was a novel experience to the No. 7 Overland Party.

I shall never forget the sunset, the afterglow and the starlight of Engannim.

We were called to breakfast at 5:30 the next morning, and a little after six we were mounted and ready to start. I was greatly annoyed, every morning, by one of our Bedouin muleteers hiding my horse, and then demanding backsheesh for his return. It is hardly necessary to say that I saw that my horse was brought back to me on each occasion without backsheesh.

The ride that day was rough, but delightful. We traversed the rich plain till we came to Dothan, where the sons of Jacob were pasturing the flocks when Joseph

came to visit them. On the hillside there are still many **Joseph Sold to Caravan.** jug-shaped cisterns, cut out of solid rock. We were shown one, in which Joseph is said to have been put by his brethren before he was sold to the Ishmaelites and carried to Egypt. Dothan is of special interest to us, also, because of the incident recorded in 2 Kings vi. 8-23. There Elisha, surrounded by the Syrian hosts, prayed that they might be smitten with temporary blindness, with the result that the prayer was heard, and the prophet's life saved.

At noon, we halted for lunch at the village of Silet edh Dhahr, in a beautiful olive garden. After a rest of an hour and a half, we were off for the long, hard ride to Shechem.

The view on the top of the mountain, as we looked back, toward the plain of Dothan, over the road by which the Syrians traveled when they went to capture Elisha, was sublime. I was astonished to find that the feature of chief prominence in this retrospect was the Mount of Transfiguration.

The next place of historic interest was Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel. Here Elisha had his home, when Naaman, the Syrian leper, came to be healed.

Samaria is situated on a commanding hill, which rises abruptly to a height of from four hundred to five hundred feet, out of the centre of a basin five miles in diameter. On the plateau the capital city was built. Its steep, rocky sides formed a natural wall of defence. From the western gate we were greeted with a landscape reaching to the Mediterranean, one of the richest in the Holy Land.

Here the kings of Israel from the time of Omri were buried, but the royal tombs have never been excavated.

There John the Baptist's body was said to be buried, and the Crusader's Church of St. John stands over the

Tombs of Prophets. grave. We were conducted into the crypt by a flight of thirty-one steps, to see the tombs of John, Elisha and Obadiah. The Great Colonade, commencing on the west, runs eastward one thousand feet in a straight line, thence northward to the brow of the hill. Eighty columns of that royal road are standing, all with capitals broken off and partly sunken. Many others are lying on the terraces and among the olive trees. There were two rows, fifty feet apart, extending three thousand feet. On the north side there is a large amphitheatre, which seems to have been excavated by human labor. The modern village consists of a large number of mud-huts, huddled together.

Leaving Samaria, we descended toward the south, in the valley that leads up to Shechem, passing, at the foot of the Hill of Samaria, a spring of good water, with old ruins beside it. This is pointed out as the Pool of Samaria, in which Ahab's blood-stained chariot was washed.

The rich wheat and barley fields, the beautiful terraces, the splendid Roman road, the olive, orange and fig groves, and the old aqueducts, afforded us a panorama of pleasure in the light of the clear afternoon. About an hour before sundown, we rode into our camp at Shechem.

CHAPTER XV.

SHECHEM, JACOB'S WELL, TO HOLY CITY.

THE tents were already pitched, and we had time to visit the only Samaritan synagogue in the world. The congregation numbers three hundred people. The son of the high priest cordially welcomed us, and showed us the ancient manuscript of the Pentateuch, the Samaritan Bible. This document dates back three thousand five hundred and seventy-six years.

After returning to our tents, our supper was delayed for some time on account of the belated camel train. The sights and sounds were extremely Oriental, as, by starlight, the camels came into the camp, with stately tread to the music of the bells around their necks, and knelt to be relieved of their burdens.

Shechem boasts of a continuous history reaching back at least four thousand years. It was one of the cities of refuge, and was possessed by the Levites. **City of Refuge.** Here Jacob hid the idolatrous ornaments of his followers under the oak which is by Shechem, and in its neighborhood his flocks were pastured by his sons. Here Joshua assembled the tribes and made a covenant with them before his death. Rehoboam was appointed king in Shechem. Here the ten tribes revolted and crowned Jeroboam their first king. This place then became the temporary capital of the kingdom. Our camp was strongly guarded, as at Engannim, with a body of soldiers detailed for that purpose.

By seven o'clock Friday morning we had broken camp

and were in the saddle. We rode through the principal street of the city, whose population is thirty thousand. Of these, three hundred are Samaritans, six hundred Christians, two hundred Hebrews, and the rest Mohammedans. It is one of the most fanatical Moslem cities in Palestine.

The city lies between the two historic mountains, Ebal and Gerizim. I had strange feelings, as I passed between these mountains, with the picture of the **The Law Read.** children of Israel standing in the valley, with the ark of God in the midst of them, to hear the reading of the law — the blessings from Gerizim, on the south, and the cursings from Ebal, on the north. This position was eminently favorable for that purpose. These mountains formed a natural amphitheatre, from which the voice of the readers could be distinctly heard by the vast assembly in the valley between. I noticed a significant fact: on the Mount of Cursing there were barren rock, cacti and thorns, while the Mount of Blessing was clothed with grass and flowers.

On the summit of Gerizim is an altar, where the Samaritans still observe the feast of the Passover. Surrounded by olive groves, orchards and gardens, and watered by a hundred springs, Shechem has a situation which, for natural scenery and advantages, combined with sacred and historic associations, is second to none in the Holy Land. In the early dawn of the patriarchal age,

First Altar to Jehovah. Abraham, coming over Jordan, rested in the place of Shechem, and there built the first altar to God that the Holy Land had ever known. By the Israelites it was regarded as a holy place before they entered the Promised Land; for then and there God had promised Abraham, "Unto thy seed will I give this land."

Passing to the eastward, the Vale of Shechem opened

out before us, with Jacob's Well in full view below the hill. The well, with the gardens, belongs to the Greek Church. The grounds are enclosed with a rock wall. In the fourth century a church was built over the well, upon whose curbing the Messiah sat during his memorable interview with the woman of Samaria. Standing outside of the church, I could see Sychar, one mile distant, whither the disciples had, in the meantime, gone to buy meat.

As I looked up to the southwest I could see, on Mount Gerizim, the place of the Samaritan altar. I pictured the woman pointing to Gerizim as she said, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain."

The identity of Jacob's Well is beyond dispute, being recognized by Christians, Jews, Samaritans and Moslems alike. The well is seventy-five feet deep, and seven feet and six inches in diameter. The mouth is formed of a massive stone, eighteen inches thick, with a circular opening two feet seven inches in diameter. This well was dug by Jacob when he pitched his tent there, and "bought a parcel of a field" from Hamor, the father of Shechem. There he erected an altar, and called it "el-Elohe-Israel." About six hundred paces northward, toward Sychar, is Joseph's tomb, where his bones, after forty years' wandering, found a place of final repose.

Thence we rode for thirteen miles along the new road toward the Holy City, up the Valley of Shechem, from whence Joseph was sent by his father to inquire after the welfare of his brothers, whom he found in Dothan. On our left we passed the tomb of Eleazer, the son of Aaron. As we ascended the long slope, and looked back over the plain of Shechem, we were again delighted with an exquisite landscape.

Soon we arrived at the Khan of Lebonah, where we

lunched on the hillside, not far from the spring, in the open sunlight. An unhappy episode occurred while we were at lunch. Two of our muleteers came to blows, and the dragoman made peace by vigorously applying a driver's whip which he carried in his hand. Lebonah is mentioned only once in the Scriptures: the Benjamites were at war with their brethren, who had sworn not to give them wives of their daughters. The elders of the congregation commanded the Benjamites to hide themselves in the vineyards south of Lebonah, **Fair Captives.** and capture themselves wives of the daughters of Shiloh, who came out to celebrate the yearly feast of the Lord in Shiloh.

A very amusing incident occurred, to make monotony impossible, at that lunch hour. I confess to have laughed till almost breathless at the ludicrous spectacle of the dignified editor of the *World Evangel* scampering up the hillside on all fours, to get out of the way of the baggage train, as it turned aside a little to where that gentleman was sitting on the grass and shielding himself from the sun by his umbrella. There are some pictures that one cannot forget!

Just after leaving Lebonah we were indebted to one of the fair members of our party for a very unique performance. Not satisfied with the accomplishments of the ordinary equestrian, she volunteered to entertain us with an unusual feat; for while we were merrily riding across a plowed field, we were astonished, on looking back, to see both horse and rider testing the softness of the freshly broken soil.

The bridle path to Shiloh led us up a wild canon. On this ride I dismounted and plucked several fine specimens of the black calla-lily, with which this part of Palestine abounds. Shiloh occupies a position where three canons

meet. There was no place more sacred to the people of God than Shiloh. In Shiloh the whole congregation assembled, and set up the Tabernacle. There

Place of the Tabernacle. the Ark of the Covenant remained for four hundred years. The exact location of the tabernacle was pointed out to us. The rock terrace upon which the tabernacle rested is four hundred and twelve feet long by seventy-seven feet wide. Shiloh is chiefly memorable for its association with the house of God, though it is also distinguished as the place where Joshua completed the allotments of the tribes.

A great annual festival in honor of the ark, at which it was the custom for the maidens to dance, **Asked of God.** was held at Shiloh. In this tabernacle the child Samuel was "lent unto the Lord." There he had his early vision, and grew up in the service of the Lord's house.

The glory of Shiloh departed on the day when the ark was taken in battle by the Philistines. One of the most pathetic tragedies in sacred history is that of Eli, the aged high priest, sitting in the gate, awaiting tidings from the battle-field. Upon hearing that the ark of God was taken, he fell from his seat, backward, and died. He was ninety and eight, and had judged Israel forty years.

The destruction of the ancient Shiloh is so complete that, apart from the foundations of the tabernacle and the city wall, it is a mass of shapeless ruins.

From Shiloh we rode down the mountain side into the valley below, and up to the camping ground at Sinjil. The name, Sinjil, is a contraction for Saint Giles, Count of Toulouse, who established his camp there on his way to Jerusalem. This camping ground is at the end of the new carriage road from Jerusalem. Our tents were ready by the time we arrived, and we had five o'clock tea, pre-

paratory to the taking of the photographs of the party. The photographer had come out from Jerusalem for that purpose.

There we were surprised and delighted by our first mail in Palestine. None but those who have had the experience can fully realize what it meant to us to receive letters from home, in a foreign country, under such peculiar circumstances. We had no mail since we left Constanti-nople, more than two weeks before. One thing should be mentioned here, the pilgrimage of the Russian Orthodox Pilgrims, whom we met on their way from the Easter festival at Jerusalem. They were going to visit Nazareth, and return to Jerusalem by Ascension Sunday.

Saturday morning, April 16th, we rose early, and were off at six o'clock for the Holy City. We had the fine government road upon which to ride all the way. The fresh morning air was bracing and delightful. The stillness of the early hours was eloquent. The only living creatures we saw were the birds on the mountains on our right and left; the only sounds were the carolling of these sweet songsters and the howling of the foxes and jackals among the rocks, in search of their morning prey. The temperature made overcoats and gloves most comfortable.

On the way, in a deep ravine, we passed the historic Robbers' Fountain, where the Bedouins used to relieve travellers of their surplus belongings. Only a short time ago travellers without an armed escort never passed the Robbers' Fountain with their life and property. We continued our ride for several miles, till we came to a dim Bedouin trail, which led to Bethel, on the east of the king's highway.

Bethel is situated on a rocky ridge, lying between two valleys that meet just below. There Abraham pitched his **Bethel.** tent, and erected an altar, on leaving

Shechem. After his visit to Egypt he returned to Bethel, unto the place of the altar, and called on the name of the Lord. In that place Jacob, the grandson of Abraham, spent a night on his way to Padan-Aram. There he had his remarkable dream of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, on which the angels of God were ascending and descending. In commemoration of this vision Jacob erected a pillar out of the stones used for his pillow the night before. This he called Bethel, but "Luz was the name of the city at the first." On his return from Haran, more than twenty years later, with his family, servants, flocks and herds, he encamped at Bethel, and rebuilt the altar of Abraham. Then Jehovah appeared a second time unto him, and reaffirmed the promise which he had made with Abraham. During this interview the Lord confirmed the change of Jacob's name to Israel. Beneath Bethel, under an oak, Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, was buried. During the period of the war between the Benjamites and the other tribes the tabernacle was at Bethel. Within that time all Israel went to ask counsel of God.

Bethel was one of the four cities on the circuit of the prophet Samuel, where he went to judge Israel from year to year. There was one of the most noted of the theological seminaries, known as the "schools of the prophets." The prophet Elijah paid a visit to this school on the day of his translation. A large tower and the ruins of a church of the crusaders are all that is left of that First Sight of
Holy City. world-renowned city. From the top of the tower we had our first glimpse of Olivet and Jerusalem. There is a small group of humble houses at Bethel, with little to commend them to the traveller. The appearance of the whole site of this historic city is rocky and barren. Except for the marks left upon the stones by the ancient stone-cutters, the ruins of Bethel

would not be distinguishable from any other shapeless mass of broken rock, on the mountain side.

Only a part of our company made the detour to Bethel. The rest went directly *via* Beeroth to Ramah, where we were to take lunch. From Bethel we rode to Ramah, leaving Beeroth on the right. On the way we passed some old pools, threshing floors and wine presses. At a natural stone spring I stopped to water my horse and gather some maiden-hair ferns.

Beeroth is an attractive village, finely located, with something over one thousand inhabitants. This is one of the four cities of the Gibeonites, who, by a strategem, secured a league with Joshua after the capture of the city of Ai. At noon we joined forces at Ramah, where we lunched under the blossoming apple-trees.

Ramah is a large village, altogether Christian. About two-thirds of the population are Greek Orthodox, the other third being divided between the Romanists and Protestants. There is a successful Protestant mission,

Mission at Ramah. including a good school, in Ramah. The situation of Ramah is conspicuous, and commands a wide prospect. This was one of the court cities where Samuel judged Israel. At Ramah the prophet Jeremiah was imprisoned, at the time of the captivity, and held in chains, till his release and return to the governor at Mizpeh. Elkanah and Hannah had their home here; and it was the place of the birth, residence, death and burial of Samuel. As I walked across an orchard I noticed many large squared stones and broken columns, indicating that there had once been buildings of great importance on that site.

There was no time lost in getting started after lunch.

Every one's face was eagerly turned toward Jerusalem. So we urged our horses to a quickened pace, entering the

city by the Damascus road. One has strange impressions on the occasion of one's first sight of the Holy City. A flood of memories comes rushing over you until you are overwhelmed, and the inclination is to pass the time in silence.

On our right as we approached the city we saw Mizpeh, the place where Saul was chosen and crowned first king of Israel. On our left was Gibeah, the birthplace of Saul. A little further on, to the right, was the city of Nob, where David ate the shewbread and secured Goliath's sword, as he fled from the face of Saul. On we passed, by the tombs of the kings, and through the modern city, outside of the walls.

McLaurin and I were assigned to the Hotel Central, **Within the** inside of the old city, and passed in, through **City Walls.** the Joppa Gate, by the Tower of David. A detailed account of our visit will be postponed till our return from the Jordan Valley.

CHAPTER XVI.

JERICHO AND GILGAL.

MONDAY, April 18th, at five o'clock in the morning, we took carriages for our journey to the Dead Sea, Jordan and Jericho. The new carriage road is a splendid one from Jerusalem to Jericho. The distance is twenty miles. In places it is very dangerous for wheeled vehicles, because the descent is so great. The highest point in Jerusalem is about twenty-six hundred feet above sea level, while the surface of the Dead Sea is a little over thirteen hundred feet below the level of the sea. This makes a total descent of thirty-nine hundred feet from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea. The overturning of carriages is a frequent occurrence on the trip.

We were escorted by two armed Bedouin guides. These joined us at Bethphage, and continued with us throughout the Jordan trip. For a distance of about seven miles from Jerusalem there was a great variety of wild flowers. After that the country became more and more dreary and barren. We passed through the heart of the wilderness of Judea.

It would be difficult to conceive of any region more desolate than that through which we passed, and into which Jesus was led of the Spirit to be tempted of the devil. The awful character of the temptation of our Lord makes its impression here as it could under no other circumstances, as you look upon the wild, forsaken hills, where for a period of forty days and forty nights the Master was alone with the wild

Scene of

Temptation.

beasts, as he wrestled with the Evil One in his fiercest assaults. The mount which tradition has settled upon as the scene of the temptation was pointed out to us. A circular high stone wall encloses the summit and marks the place.

On the wayside a camel caravan from the land of Moab, east of the Jordan, was resting on the journey. The heavy sacks of grain were lying upon the ground, while the tired beasts of burden were scattered over the neighboring hills, some of them lying prostrate, others browsing upon the cacti, thorns and scant dead grass.

After a three hours' ride, we halted for a rest to the horses at the Inn of the Good Samaritan. This khan is built upon the supposed site of the inn to which the traveller who fell among thieves was brought by the Good Samaritan. This part of the wilderness of Judea has always had the reputation of being infested with outlaws from the Moab country. Indeed, it would be worth a man's life to travel through that district unprotected.

While the horses were resting at the Good Samaritan Inn, I climbed to the summit of a mountain near by, and explored the extensive ruins of an old Roman watch tower. This tower was placed here to protect the lives of travellers along this, the most dangerous road in all of Palestine. From that tower we had our last view of Mount Hermon, one hundred and ten miles distant as the crow flies.

On leaving the khan a great prospect opened before us. The mountains of Moab and Gilead stretched from north to south, beyond the Jordan Valley, as far as the eye could reach. Of course, the most interesting peak of the Nebo range was Mount Pisgah, on whose summit Moses talked with God as a man talketh with his friend. From that lofty height the

Burial of Moses.

great leader and law-giver of Israel viewed the Land of Promise, into which he was not permitted to lead the children of Israel because he had spoken unadvisedly with his lips. There God kissed away his breath, and with his own hand buried him; "and no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Several miles further on we reached one of the grandest canons in the Holy Land. It was the brook Cherith,

Fed by the Ravens. where Elijah was fed by the ravens during the first months of the three and a half years' famine in the land. This ravine, at its greatest depth, is more than five hundred feet. It is so narrow that there is barely room for the brook to run in the channel which it has cut through the rock. The Greek Monastery of St. George is built upon the site of the cave of Elijah. This monastery literally clings to the side of a perpendicular precipice, and is peculiarly wild and picturesque. It is approached by a footpath from the mouth of the glen, where it opens into the valley of Jericho. Hermits still occupy this place. I was informed that it was used as a kind of house of correction, where refractory monks would have time to meditate and to mend their ways.

Along this ravine for the next five miles the descent of the road is nearly fourteen hundred feet. We entered the plain by two old ruined towers, which were used to defend the Jericho Valley against the Bedouin bandits, who dwelt in the fastnesses of the hill country. These towers of defence guarded the mountain pass which led from the plain westward toward the Mediterranean.

There were three Jerichos of history: the one of Joshua's time, the one of the time of our Lord, and the

The Three Jerichos. modern city by that name. The Jericho of Herod lay directly to the east of this great

military gate, and very near to it. This city, standing as it did at the entrance of the wilderness of Judea, commanded the strongest position, as none could pass either east or west by any other road. The ruins of the system of aqueducts, the reservoir, and some public buildings, all point to a prosperous city which occupied this site two millenniums ago.

The Jericho of the time of Joshua was called in Old Testament history the City of Palm Trees. Likewise, the Jericho of the New Testament was so styled. Antony gave this city to Cleopatra, who sold it to Herod the Great. The most prosperous period of the history of the place was after it came into the possession of Herod, who fortified the city, adorned it with a palace, and made it his winter home. This was one of the cities visited by our Lord. Here Zacchæus the Publican lived. At his house Jesus was a guest on one occasion. At the gate of this city blind Bartimæus sat by the wayside begging. As we passed in and out through this gate we could easily picture the meeting of the Great Physician with the blind man, whose sight he gave back to him. No less than seven times is the Jericho of this period mentioned in the New Testament. It was destroyed by Titus, the Roman general, in 70 A. D.

Before lunch we drove to the site of ancient Jericho. This was the first city of the Canaanites conquered by Joshua on entering the Promised Land. One of the thrilling incidents in the history of the old city was the visit of the two men sent from Shittim by Joshua to spy out the land secretly. The spies sought lodging at the house of Rahab, an innkeeper, as the Hebrew word "Zona" indicates. The king, upon hearing of the presence of the strangers in the city, traced them to Rahab's house, upon the wall, intent upon putting them to death. With

Rahab's kindness and the success of her scheme for their deliverance, all are perfectly familiar. In the fall of Jericho, Rahab was rewarded for this act by her life and the lives of her relatives being spared. This Canaanitish woman became the wife of Salmon, a prince of Judah, and the mother of Boaz, of whose line, out of the stem of Jesse, sprang David's Greater Son.

There are in the ruins of Jericho many traces of the splendor of the city of those very early times. It was situated at the base of the Judean hills, not more than six miles from the fords of the Jordan, and eight from the

Elisha's Fountain. Dead Sea. The most interesting feature of the site is Elisha's Fountain, into which the prophet cast the salt and cleansed its deadly waters. I drank of the spring, out of a cup borrowed from an Arab who kept a refreshment stand near by. I can, therefore, testify that the waters are "healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha, which he spake." The spring measures twenty-four by forty feet, with a depth of about six feet. It is enclosed with a rock and cement wall. The water is conducted, by means of a canal walled up after the same fashion, to an old grist mill, not one hundred yards away. This old mill is running at the present day, and looks like it might have been in operation for ages. After the water has accomplished this purpose, it is conveyed in several smaller ditches, and made to do the work of irrigating the fields and gardens.

Josephus, the Jewish historian, called the plain of Jericho the most fertile tract of Judea. He declared that Elisha's fountain watered a tract of land measuring two and a half miles wide by eight miles long, "covered with luxuriant gardens and palm groves."

Of all this former productiveness but few traces remain. I saw not a single palm tree on the entire plain. The

beautiful oleanders and roses, with the abundant products of the vegetable gardens, convinced me that, with proper care, this region would yet blossom as a garden of roses. The deep depression of the plain renders the climate tropical. The thermometer in the summer time ranges from 100 to 118 degrees Fahrenheit. The secret of its phenomenal yield was water and cultivation. About the site of the old city are to be seen a few scattered mud-huts, not at all attractive to the visitor, nor such as he would care to remember.

Universal interest attaches to the historic record of the unique attack upon Jericho by the Israelites under the leadership of Joshua. The simple story of the children of Israel, at the command of Jehovah, marching around the walls of the fortified city for seven successive days, and its final overthrow, became very vivid as I stood and surveyed it on the ground. This city was rebuilt during Ahab's reign by Hiel the Bethelite. He "laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his firstborn, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua, the son of Nun." In this restored city there existed one of the schools of the prophets. Ancient Jericho commanded the pass which led up to Bethel, only a few miles to the north.

From Elisha's Fountain we drove to the place of our sojourn, Gilgal Hotel, in modern Jericho. There is nothing in this place worthy of special mention. There is a considerable number of wretched hovels, built of mud and straw, interspersed with dark, dingy Bedouin Arab tents. This constitutes the residence portion of the village. Our hotel was a stone building, and very clean and comfortable. This and three other hotels, with the Russian convent, are the only buildings of any importance there. The inhabitants are far from prepossessing, being

of a very degraded type of Arabians. Throughout this place are found impenetrable thorn hedges. Bananas, oranges, figs; all tropical fruits flourish here.

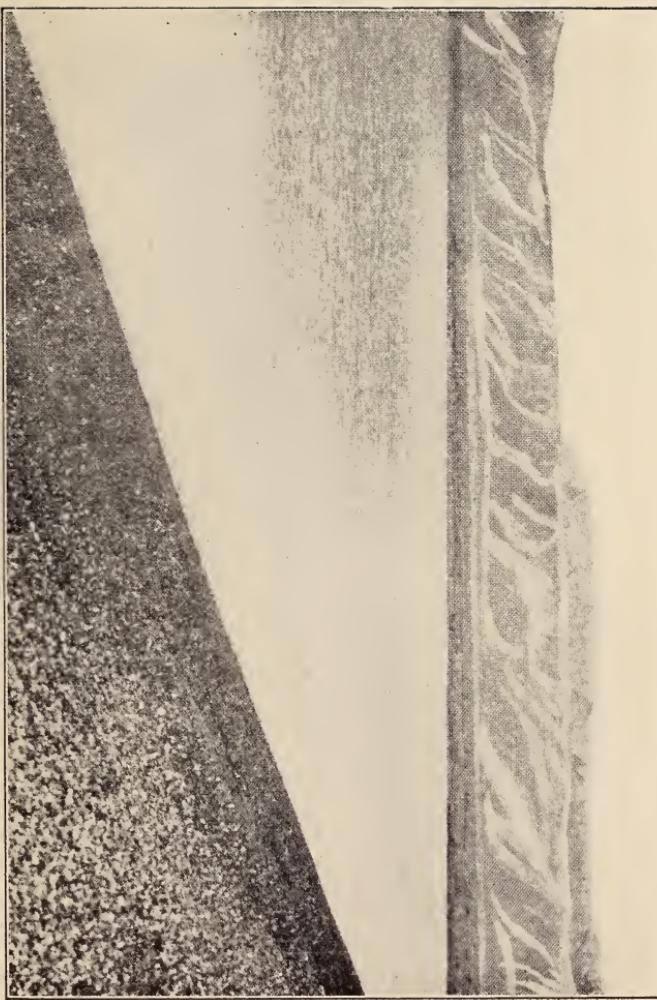
After the destruction of the Herodian Jericho it was rebuilt on the same site by Justinian, and again destroyed by the Arabs. Mediæval Jericho was built by the Crusaders, on the site of the poor village now bearing the name of Modern Jericho. This town is near the place where the ancient city of Gilgal stood.

We passed through Gilgal on the way to the Dead Sea and on returning from the Ford of Jordan. The identity of the site is unquestioned. There are a few traces of antiquity here, among which are fragments of red granite and fountains of unhewn stones. This was the place of

The Promised Land. Joshua's first encampment after the children of Israel had crossed the Jordan. The Israelites pitched their tents here three days before the Passover. The name Gilgal signifies "rolling away," for here God rolled away the reproach of Egypt from them, on the occasion of their rendering obedience to the divine command, neglected for so long a time. "And the children of Israel encamped in Gilgal, and kept the passover on the fourteenth day of the month, at even in the plains of Jericho. And they did eat of the old corn of the land on the morrow after the passover, unleavened cakes and parched corn in the self-same day. And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land; neither had the children of Israel manna any more; but did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year." This was their first Passover in the Promised Land. They set up the tabernacle in Gilgal, where it rested during the long wars with the seven heathen nations of Palestine, till its removal to Shiloh.

From Gilgal the hosts of Israel made their successful

attack upon Jericho. The proclamation of Saul, as king of Israel, was ratified at Gilgal; and here the first king of Israel incurred the divine displeasure in offering sacrifices before the arrival of Samuel. There, too, he received the sentence of his rejection for disobeying the express command of Jehovah in sparing the king of the Amalekites and the best of their cattle. At God's order, Samuel hewed the king, Agag, in pieces before the Lord, with the awful sentence, "As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women." This was one of the cities on the circuit of Samuel where he annually judged the people.



The Dead Sea and Moab Mountains.

CHAPTER XVII.

DEAD SEA AND JORDAN.

AFTER leaving Gilgal, we drove directly across the Vale of Siddim, over the supposed site of Sodom and Gomorrah, to the Dead Sea. There are several names by which this body of water has been known in history. The Hebrews called it the "Sea of Salt," the "Sea of the Plain" and the "East Sea"; the Greeks styled it "Lake Asphaltites," the Romans gave it the name of the "Dead Sea," while the Arabs of to-day call it "Bahr Lut," or the "Sea of Lot."

Between Jericho and the Dead Sea the road traverses a barren waste. The surface is diversified with hillocks and corresponding depressions, which irregularity renders driving over the plain quite difficult. The scriptural record states that the Vale of Siddim was full of

Sodom and Gomorrah. slime pits. An able author states that any

Gomorrah. one who has ridden from Jericho to the Dead Sea after rainy weather would know how exactly that district answers to the above description. The Dead Sea is the most remarkable sheet of water in the world. Its surface is the lowest depression upon the face of the globe. It is 1,312 feet below sea level, with a depth of 1,308 feet. Its length is fifty-three miles, while its greatest breadth is ten miles. The average depth of the southern portion is fifteen feet, and the greatest depth is toward the north end.

I approached the Dead Sea with breathless interest. I had expected to find a very unattractive lake, whose

waters were thick, slimy, and covered with an oily scum. Imagine my delight when I looked upon the beautiful mirror, as it stretched beyond the limit of vision to the southward. Its waters were clear and inviting, and its clearness proved irresistible. I walked for some distance on the north shore toward the mouth of the Jordan. I have never seen a more beautiful beach, strewn as it was with millions of tons of small, water-worn stones.

I greatly enjoyed a bath in the sea. The sensation was peculiar when I found myself unable to sink below the surface. The specific gravity of the water is so great that the human body must float. Drowning would be entirely possible in the Dead Sea, on account of the great disparity between the weights of the head and of the body. The process then would be by strangulation, and could take place only when the subject was unable to control the position of the head. When maintaining an upright position about two-fifths of the body would stand above the surface. I found it exceedingly difficult to swim; but with the greatest ease I floated far out and back several times, using my hands and arms as oars. More than once I filled my mouth with the sea water to test its saltiness. I found it disagreeably bitter and pungent. It produces a sharp, stinging effect upon the skin, and most bathers carry with them a supply of fresh water with which to get rid of the somewhat unpleasant irritation. The water is strongly impregnated with magnesium and soda salts. Its specific gravity reaches 1227, as compared with pure water at 1000. It contains eight times as much salt as ordinary sea water. Any three pounds of this liquid will yield one pound of solid salts.

The Dead Sea has no outlet, and is fed by the Jordan and innumerable brooks and springs from the rugged, mountainous shores, both on the east and west. The ex-

treme saltiness of the Dead Sea is due chiefly to the phenomenally rapid evaporation. Great deposits of pure asphalt are found at the bottom of the sea; hence the name "Lacus Asphaltites." Thick layers of salt are found distributed along the coast, particularly toward the south. Every stick of drift-wood and stone on the beach is heavily incrusted with a salt formation. I gathered a pocketful of little, smooth stones from the beach, to find, after reaching home, that the salt could be detected with both the senses of touch and taste.

The coast line is very irregular, ragged, wild and precipitous. The limestone and chalk cliffs rise perpendicularly to a height of more than a thousand feet on the west and two thousand feet on the east. The shape of the Dead Sea is that of an irregular oval. No living creature can exist in this water, which phenomenon gave to the Dead Sea its popular name. However, the current belief that it is enveloped with a deadly atmosphere is entirely erroneous; for animals live near its shore with comfort, while birds fly over it, and even float upon its bosom with impunity.

The level of the surface of the Dead Sea varies slightly with the seasons, depending both upon the rainfall in the entire Jordan basin and the temperature, which controls the evaporation.

The Ford of the river Jordan was the next place visited. This is about six miles from where it empties into the Dead Sea, and, because of its direction from **Jordan Passed.** Jericho; is definitely located as the place where the Israelites crossed. "And it came to pass, when the people removed from their tents to pass over Jordan, and the priests bearing the Ark of the Covenant before the people; and as they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were

dipped in the brim of the water, (for the Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest,) that the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon a heap very far from the city of Adam, that is beside Zaretan: and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the Salt Sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho. And the priests that bare the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground until all the people were passed clean over Jordan."

The Jordan crossing is about six miles due east from ancient Jericho. At the ford the river is not over two hundred feet wide. At the deepest place in this crossing it is about twenty-five feet, the current being very swift. Part of our company went boat-riding in the skiffs kept at the landing, and used as ferry and pleasure boats.

Some of us wended our way through the tamarisk (or salt cedar) trees and oleanders, to a point some distance up the river. There we plunged into the rapid, muddy stream for a vigorous swim. There were two of us that had the temerity to swim to the opposite bank. The Kansas and Texas representatives met on the Moab border. The swiftness of the current made it necessary for us to allow for being carried several yards down stream by the time we had reached the other side. The waters were a reddish brown, due to the extreme muddiness at that season, it being a little after harvest time. I was surprised to find that I could not see my hand more than six inches under the surface.

While I stood under the spreading willows on the bank of the sacred river, and thought of the passage of God's chosen people through it into the Land of Promise, I was deeply impressed with the beauty and forcefulness of their

The Ford of the Jordan.



crossing as an illustration of the translation of the spiritual Israel through the valley of the shadow of death to the shores of the heavenly Canaan.

The Jordan river is the largest and most celebrated stream in Palestine. It rises in the Anti-Lebanon range, **World's Greatest Spring.** from four main sources, the chief of which is near Cæsarea Philippi. This is said to be the largest spring in the world. Dan, the most northerly city of the tribes of Israel, was situated near this spring. Between this and the Waters of Merom the river descends 1,434 feet. The "Waters of Merom" is the smallest and first of three lakes supplied by the waters of the Jordan. For the next nine miles the fall is 867 feet, a veritable cataract, till it rests in the Sea of Galilee. From the Sea of Tiberias to its destination in the Dead Sea the descent is more than seven hundred feet.

While a direct line between Galilee and the Dead Sea would measure about sixty-five miles, the course of the Jordan is so serpentine that its actual length is two hundred miles. Thus, in a direct course of one hundred and thirty-six miles, this wonderful river has a fall of three thousand feet. The Jordan river traverses the entire length of Palestine, from the northern to the southern boundaries.

The valley drained by the Jordan is the most remarkable on the earth's surface. There is nothing like it anywhere else. No language could so well describe the unparalleled character of this valley as the simple statement that between the summit of Hermon and the bottom of the Dead Sea there is a difference of more than twelve thousand six hundred feet. From this fact it will appear that the climate ranges from snow in early summer to the heat of the tropics.

Near the ford is a wide border of willows, oleanders

and tamarisks. There is a perfect jungle of canes and underbrush.

In this entangled thicket, so conveniently planted near the cooling stream, and removed from the habitations of men, the wild boar, the leopard, the hyena and the Bedouin robber find a congenial lurking place. Formerly the Arabian lion had his lair there. This circumstance gave occasion for the beautiful allusion of the prophet Jeremiah: "He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan, against the habitation of the strong." This figure is highly poetical and striking. It would not be easy to present to the mind an image more terrible than that of a lion, roused from his den by the roar of the swelling river, and chafed and irritated by its rapid and successive encroachments, quitting his chosen haunts. Forced to leave his last retreat, he ascends to the higher grounds of the open country, and turns the fierceness of his rage against the helpless sheepcotes or unsuspecting villagers.

A destroyer equally fierce, cruel and irresistible, the devoted Edomites were to find in Nebuchadnezzar and his armies. One thing that surprised and delighted me was the sweet chorus of the birds, whose notes are as captivating in the Jordan Valley as anywhere in our own beloved Southland.

On our drive back to Jericho, a short distance above the ford we passed the church and monastery of St. John the Baptist. These institutions belong to the Greek Church, and are intended to mark the place where Jesus was baptized of John. On the front of the main edifice there is a large picture of the baptism.

About the same distance below the ford is the place made memorable by the parting of the waters to allow Elijah and Elisha to cross to the land of Moab, and again,

on the same day, to permit Elisha to return to the sons of the prophets at Jericho.

Within sight of the Jordan Fords the great royal battle was fought, in which nine kings took part, in the Vale of Siddim. In this terrible conflict Lot was taken prisoner and carried away to the city of Dan. Abram, the Hebrew, pursued unto Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus, and rescued his brother's son, bringing him back with his goods.

On the way back to the hotel we saw the moon, about three days' old. I think I never saw a more delightful picture than that produced by the purplish blue of the mountains and the lighting up of the highlands of Judea in the glory of the setting sun. As far as the eye could see, from north to south, and on each side of the river, there were the glorious mountains everywhere. The effect was sublime. As we had to rise at 3:30 in the morning, we felt the necessity of retiring as early as circumstances would admit of. From first to last I was agreeably surprised by my visit to this unique portion of the Holy Land.

The next morning we were up on schedule time for an early start to Jerusalem. The morning air was delicious. The mountains, in the morning twilight, were indescribably grand. The light was so subdued and sweet. We had to walk for considerable distances at two different times on account of the very steep grade. This we quite enjoyed. The sunrise over the Moab mountains was an inspiration. Our dragoman took great pains in leading us to the head of the canon, where we could see the Monastery of St. George, built over the Cave of Elijah.

At the Inn of the Good Samaritan we stopped again, to rest and feed our horses. There our Bedouin escort bade us farewell. This hour and a half I spent profitably

in examining the many strange and interesting curios on exhibition and for sale in the reception room of the khan. I also greatly enjoyed a stroll over the hills in the neighborhood, gathering wild flowers, which grow there in the greatest profusion. At eleven o'clock that morning we arrived at the Holy City.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOLY CITY.

JERUSALEM, the Habitation of Peace, has been generally identified with Salem, the city of which Melchizedek was king. Here, in the Valley of Shaveh, the king's dale, Abraham, returning from the rescue of Lot, was met and blessed by the priest of the most high God. Five and twenty years later Abraham again visited this sacred spot. At the command of Jehovah, he left Beersheba on a mission that was to prove the supreme trial of his faith. "Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I shall tell thee of." With implicit obedience, Abraham made ready for the three days' journey. On the third day he lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off. Leaving his two servants at the base of the mountain, he climbed to the summit with his beloved child. With what infinite pathos does the interview between father and son proceed, as they approach the appointed place of sacrifice! "My father, behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for the burnt offering? My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering; so they went both of them together." For this act of unqualified obedience Abraham was rewarded by being named of God the father of the faithful.

Eight hundred and forty-four years afterward David captured the "Castle of Zion," destined henceforward to occupy the most important place in the history of the

world. The monarch minstrel of Israel built his palace on the site of the royal residence of the king of the Jebusites. Zion from that date was called the City of David. Jerusalem enjoyed its highest prosperity in the reign of Solomon. It suffered great loss in the revolt of the ten tribes, under Jeroboam, the son of Nebat; but continued to be the capital of Judah under Rehoboam.

In 588 B. C. the city was utterly devastated by Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Assyria, and the **Assyrian Captivity.** inhabitants were carried captives to Babylon. After seventy years' exile, Nehemiah and Ezra were permitted to return to Jerusalem. The walls were rebuilt, the temple was restored, and Jehovah was again worshipped on Mount Moriah.

In the year 70 A. D. Jerusalem was again destroyed, by Titus, the Roman general, when more than a million **Roman Domination.** Jews were put to the sword, and not one stone of the temple was left upon another. The city remained in the hands of the Pagan Romans till the year 325 A. D., when Christianity was established under the Emperor Constantine.

In 636 A. D. the Mohammedans, under Khalif Omar, captured the city, and laid the foundations for a mosque **Moslem Rule.** on the sacred site of Mount Moriah. For nearly thirteen hundred years the Holy City has been in the hands of the Moslems.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the Great King." Jerusalem stands on a ridge between two deep valleys, Jehoshaphat on the east and Hinnom on the west and south. The city is divided by the Tyropœon Valley, which runs in the general direction of northwest and southeast. It is built upon five hills: Mount Zion on the southwest, Akra on the northwest, Bezetha on the

northeast, Ophel on the southeast, and Mount Moriah on the east, between Ophel and Bezetha.

Jerusalem, from the first, existed as a walled city. The first wall was built around Mount Zion; the second enclosed Akra; while the third encircled Bezetha. As to the exact lines followed by these ancient walls opinions greatly differ. Practically, however, the present wall follows the outside line of the three old enclosures. Owing to the irregular contour of the Jerusalem site, the outline of the modern wall is likewise somewhat irregular; yet it maintains substantially the form of a quadrangle, facing to the four points of the compass.

This wall was built by Sultan Suleiman in the year 1542, on the foundation of the mediæval wall. The material used was that of the ruins of the old walls. The average height is about forty feet. The length of the foundation is two and a half miles. Parts of the south and east sides belong to the original walls. The highest point in the wall is at the southeast corner, where, from the base to the capstone, it measures 160 feet. About this corner, in the foundations, there are stones more than twenty by seven by six feet in dimensions.

In the Book of Nehemiah we have the most accurate description of the ancient wall. He makes mention of **Ancient Gates.** the Sheep Gate, the Fish Gate, the Old Gate, the Valley Gate, the Dung Gate, the Fountain Gate, the Water Gate, the Horse Gate, the Gate of Miphkad, the Prison Gate, and the Gate of Ephraim. The St. Stephen's Gate stands in the present wall where the Sheep Gate stood. The Water Gate, Horse Gate and Gate Miphkad were in the east wall, and opened into the temple area, just overlooking the valley of the Kedron. The Valley Gate stood where the Joppa Gate now stands. The Gate of Ephraim and the Gate of Benjamin opened

toward the north, and were one and the same, and situated where the Great Damascus Gate is now.

The modern gates number only six. First is the Damascus Gate, or the Gate of the Column. It opens at the northern end of the Damascus street, Modern Gates. into the great highway leading to Shechem, Galilee and Damascus. This is the most highly ornamented, picturesque and imposing of all the gates.

The second is St. Stephen's Gate, or the Gate of the Tribes. This is situated on the east side, near the northeast corner, and opens upon the road that leads down into the Kedron Valley and over to the Mount of Olives, Bethany and Jericho.

Third, the Dung Gate, or the Gate of the Moors, is on the south side, not far from the southeast corner, from which a winding path leads to the Pool of Siloam.

The fourth is the Zion Gate, or the Gate of the Prophet David. This gate is situated in the south wall, on the crest of the ridge of Mount Zion.

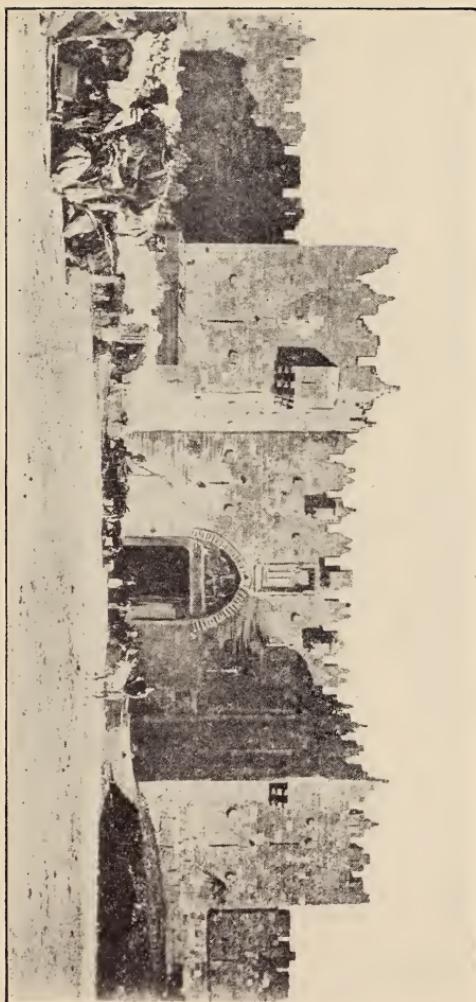
The fifth is the Jaffa Gate, or the Gate of Hebron. This opens into the great street of David. Through this gate all travellers from the south and west pass into the city.

The last is the New Gate, near the northwest angle of the city wall.

Thus it will be seen that the Damascus Gate is on the north, St. Stephen's Gate on the east, the Dung Gate and the Gate of Zion on the south, and the Jaffa Gate and New Gate on the west.

Besides these, there are two gates walled up: the one on the north, east of the Damascus Gate, called Herod's Gate, or the Gate of Flowers; the other, the Great Golden Gate, on the east. This is the only double gate in the city wall. It opened directly opposite the "Beautiful Gate of

The Damascus Gate, Jerusalem.





the Temple." In this gate the Mohammedans believe the world will be judged at the last day.

Of the five hills of Jerusalem, Mount Zion was the ancient stronghold of the Jebusites. This fortress was ^{Built on} first scaled by Joab, the intrepid commander ^{Five Hills.} of David's armies. Here David and Solomon, and the kings of Judah, had their palaces. On Mount Zion was the royal cemetery, in which David and his successors were buried. The tomb of David was shown to us, and there, too, we saw the house of Caiaphas and the Coenaculum, or upper room, which is said to be the place where the last supper was held. In the upper room are shown the table and the seats used at the institution of the Lord's Supper. Not far from this place is the Armenian convent, which we visited.

Mount Zion was the first part of Jerusalem upon which houses were built. It was called the Upper City, and was the last hill of Jerusalem to succumb to the attacks of the Roman army under Titus. From the brow of Mount Zion we had a splendid view of the valleys of Hinnom and Kedron, or Jehoshaphat. From that point the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Offence, and Hill of Evil Counsel, were in full view. We could also see Tophet, Aceldema, or the Field of Blood, and the Hill of Judas. Tophet was that part of the Vale of Hinnom in which the horrible rites of the worship of Moloch were performed; where little children, as devoted victims, were laid in the arms of the red-hot statue of Moloch, and thus offered. On this account, King Josiah defiled the place by making it the ground upon which the refuse of the city was thrown. For the consumption of this, continual fires were kept burning; hence, Tophet, or the Vale of Hinnom, became a type of hell.

Aceldema was the potter's field, bought with the thirty

pieces of silver, accursed, as the price for which Judas betrayed his Master. On the Hill of Judas stands a weird, twisted, leafless tree, whose shrivelled arms stretch out toward Tophet. This attitude is given it by the southwest wind, which affects the tree peculiarly, owing to its solitary position; for this old tree stands alone on the brow of the hill, a perfect picture of desolation. Upon this tree, tradition tells us, Judas hanged himself.

Mount Zion is elevated three hundred feet above the Vale of Hinnom, and five hundred feet higher than the place where the Kedron and Hinnom join. The city of David is bounded on the north by David street, which lies above the ancient course of the Tyropœon valley.

The hill of Akra was called the Lower City, to distinguish it from Mount Zion. It lies north of the Tyropœon and west of Moriah. It embraces the present Christian quarter, as Zion, the Armenian.

The hill of Bezetha extends from the temple area to the north wall, and from Damascus street to the wall on the east. This is an irregular ridge, included in the Mohammedan quarter.

The hill of Ophel lies to the south of Moriah. It occupies a terrace, whose north end drops fifty feet below the summit of Moriah, and falls rapidly till it ends in a cliff just above Siloam. This entire hill is under cultivation, being covered with gardens, olives and other fruit trees. After the captivity, Nehemiah apportioned Ophel to those who were engaged in temple service. Like Mount Zion, Ophel is only partly included within the present city wall.

Mount Moriah lies between Bezetha and Ophel, and is the most sacred part of the Holy City. Upon its summit was the threshing-floor of Araunah, which David bought for the place of the altar of burnt offerings. After-

ward the temple of Solomon was erected on the same ground. King David, when he was dwelling in his house of cedar, and God had given him rest from all his enemies, conceived the idea of building a temple, in which the ark of God might be placed, instead of being held within curtains. In this design he was discouraged by the prophet Nathan, because he had been a man of war; but it was promised, at the same time, that his son and successor should build a house unto the Lord.

While David was prohibited from building the temple, he nevertheless made preparations for it. David originated the plans of the temple and collected much of the materials for its construction. Solomon executed his father's designs. The timbers and the workmen employed in the building of the temple were, for the most part, obtained from the kings of Tyre.

The erection was begun in the second month of the fourth year of Solomon's reign, and finished in the eighth month of the eleventh year of his reign.

Temple of Solomon. Therefore, it was seven years and six months from the laying of the foundation to the completion of Solomon's temple. The temple was mainly constructed after the pattern of the tabernacle. It was to be an enlarged and fixed place of worship instead of a movable tent. The stones for the temple were hewn and shaped in Solomon's Quarries, underneath the temple area. "And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone, made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." The temple proper was sixty cubits in length, twenty cubits in width, and thirty cubits in height. The structure was roofed and ceiled with cedar. The apartments of the temple were the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies. The

Sanctum Sanctorum formed a cube of twenty cubits. In it was the Ark of the Covenant. The main building was surrounded on all sides by a range of porticoes, or cloisters, above which were apartments, supported by monolith pillars of white marble, twenty-five cubits high. The chief of these was Solomon's porch, which stood on an artificial terrace. This piazza remained in the second temple, and retained the name of that illustrious king in the time of our Lord. The first, or outer court, which encompassed the temple and the other courts, was named the Court of the Gentiles, because the nations were allowed to enter it, but were prohibited from advancing farther. Within the Court of the Gentiles stood the Court of the Israelites. This was divided into two parts. The outer was assigned to the women; the inner, to the men. Within the Court of the Israelites was the Court of the Priests. This enclosure surrounded the altar of burnt offerings, and to it the people brought oblations and sacrifices; but the priests alone were permitted to enter it. In this court was the brazen laver. Twelve steps led up from the court of the priests to the Holy Place, in which was the altar of incense, the table of shewbread and the golden candlestick. The Holy of Holies was separated from the Holy Place by the exquisite veil of the temple. Into the holiest of all only the high priests could enter, and that only once a year, on "Yom Kippur," or the Day of Atonement, to offer for the sins of the people. The entire temple area covered about one-sixth of the area of the city, or thirty-five acres.

The chief designer and director of the ornamental metal work was Hiram, the Tyrian. This skilled artificer superintended the casting of all the brazen decorations and utensils. These ornaments and utensils are minutely specified, and were at once costly, massive and magnifi-

cent. The furniture and fittings of gold were rich and precious. Gold was lavishly employed in the internal decorations. The completed temple, with its towers, its porch, its colonnades and its cloisters, all executed in the highest style of ancient art, and adorned with lavish profusion, must have been indeed a noble object. The cost of the building of the temple was fabulous. When the house of God was finished and furnished it was dedicated by a solemn service and prayer. "Then Solomon assembled the elders of Israel, and all the heads of the tribes, the chief of the fathers of the children of Israel, unto King Solomon in Jerusalem, that they might bring up the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord out of the City of David, which is Zion." Then the priests brought up the ark and all the holy vessels that were in the tabernacle. The vessels they placed in the temple. The Ark of the Covenant they brought into its place, under the wings of the cherubim, in the Holy of Holies. Then the king and the whole congregation sacrificed sheep and oxen that could not be numbered for multitude. "Then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

Then Solomon blessed the people, and offered the prayer of dedication. When the prayer was ended, fire
Temple Dedicated. came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices.

This famous building suffered many vicissitudes till the time of its destruction by the Assyrians, who plundered and burnt it to the ground. When Cyrus issued his decree for the rebuilding of the temple, he ascribed it to Divine admonition, and committed the undertaking to Nehemiah.

The second temple was repaired and beautified by Herod, and stood till the destruction of the city by the Romans. This temple differed from the first in five particulars: in the absence of the ark; the shekinah; the fire from heaven; the Urim the Thummim; and the Spirit of Prophecy. But the latter surpassed the former in glory by the frequent visible presence of him, the temple of whose body was raised again on the third day after it had been destroyed.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOLY CITY—CONTINUED.

ANCIENT Jerusalem was peculiar in its water supply; for not a single spring was to be found within the walls of the city. It was supplied by cisterns and pools. These reservoirs were filled with water from ^{Pools and} Solomon's Pools, the two Pools of Gihon, ^{Cisterns.} and the water that fell upon the temple area during the rainy season. The cisterns were vast in number and capacity. The results of exploration show that underneath nearly the whole of the temple area were subterranean cisterns. Between thirty-five and forty of these cisterns have been located and explored. The largest of these held more than two million gallons. From these cisterns the water supply for the temple services was obtained. Inside the city walls was the Pool of Hezekiah, situated not far from the Jaffa Gate, just north of David street. This pool is about two hundred and forty feet in length by one hundred and forty-four in width. It was fed through an aqueduct from the Upper Pool of Gihon, outside the city walls. The eastern door of our hotel dining-room opened immediately upon this pool.

Under the Coptic Convent is Helena's Pool, so named in honor of the mother of Constantine. The Pool of Bethesda is a large reservoir adjoining the Haram, or temple area, near St. Stephen's Gate. It is about three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and thirty broad and seventy deep. This was the pool where miraculous healing took place at the troubling of the water by

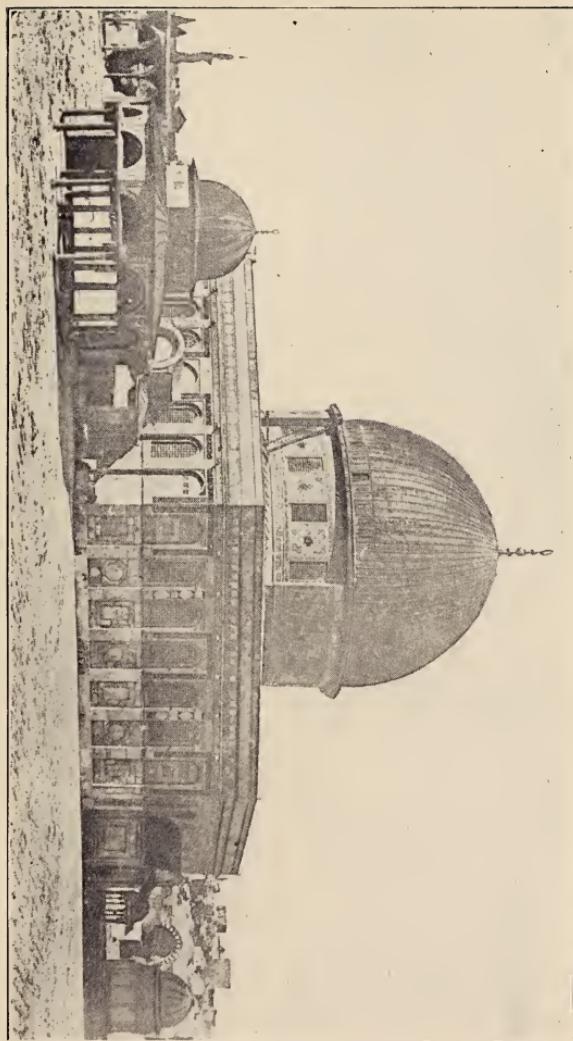
the angel. In spite of the great accumulation of rubbish, there is still much water in this pool. We approached this reservoir by descending several flights of steep rock steps. There were five porches to this pool, where, doubtless, the sick and afflicted waited till their opportunity for healing arrived.

There are many other cisterns and pools within the city walls, but the principal ones are those named above, which are, beyond all question, the remains of the ancient and biblical Jerusalem.

Outside the walls were the Upper Pool of Gihon, the Lower Pool of Gihon, the Pool of Siloam, and the Pools of Solomon. The Upper Pool of Gihon lies to the northwest of the city, and still supplies Hezekiah's Pool. The Lower Pool of Gihon is situated just west of the city wall, to the south of the Jaffa Gate. Over the breast of this the carriage road to Bethlehem and Hebron leads. The Pool of Siloam lies to the southeast of Jerusalem. It now measures not more than fifteen by eighteen feet, with an average depth of twenty feet. Formerly it was a great deal larger, but has been filled in with rubbish. It was cut out of solid rock, and supplied by a tunnel cut through the rock from the Fountain of the Virgin, in the valley of the Kedron. This aqueduct is 1,708 feet in length. To this pool the man born blind was sent to wash. "He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing." To the north of Siloam, about one-third of a mile, is the Virgin's Fountain, as intimated.

This is identical with En-rogel, where Jonathan and Ahimaaz, David's messengers, waited for David the king, when he fled from his unnatural son, Absalom. At En-rogel, Adonijah, David's eldest son, slew sheep and oxen and fat cattle by the stone Zoheleth, and called all the king's sons, except Solomon, to the feast. This stone

Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem



has recently been recovered and positively identified by the inscription upon its face.

By far the most important of the aqueducts about Jerusalem was that which conveyed the water from the Pools of Solomon, several miles outside the city, beyond Bethlehem. These royal pools supplied water for the temple and the palace of Solomon. To this day, between the mosques of Omar and Aksa is a fountain fed from that ancient source.

On the site of the temple stands by far the most magnificent and important edifice in the Holy City. The ^{Mosque of} Arabic name for this building is Kubbet ^{Omar.} es-Sakhrah, the meaning of which is the Dome of the Rock. It is so called because its dome is immediately over the great rock upon which the altar of burnt offerings was erected.

The popular name of this most interesting of all the Mohammedan places of worship is the Mosque of Omar. Its foundations were laid by Khalif Omar in 636 A. D. It was completed fifty years later. The form of the building is octagonal, every side of which measures sixty-seven feet. Each of these sides has seven stained glass windows, of most brilliant colors. The great dome is covered with lead. The mosque is entered by four doors, facing to the north, east, south and west. The south portal is the principal entrance. The north entrance is called the Door of Paradise, while that on the east is known to-day as the Door of the Chain. The latter is so named on account of the Dome of the Chain, which stands directly east of the entrance, and between it and the Golden Gate of the city wall. It is also called the Dome of Judgment, or Solomon's Judgment Seat.

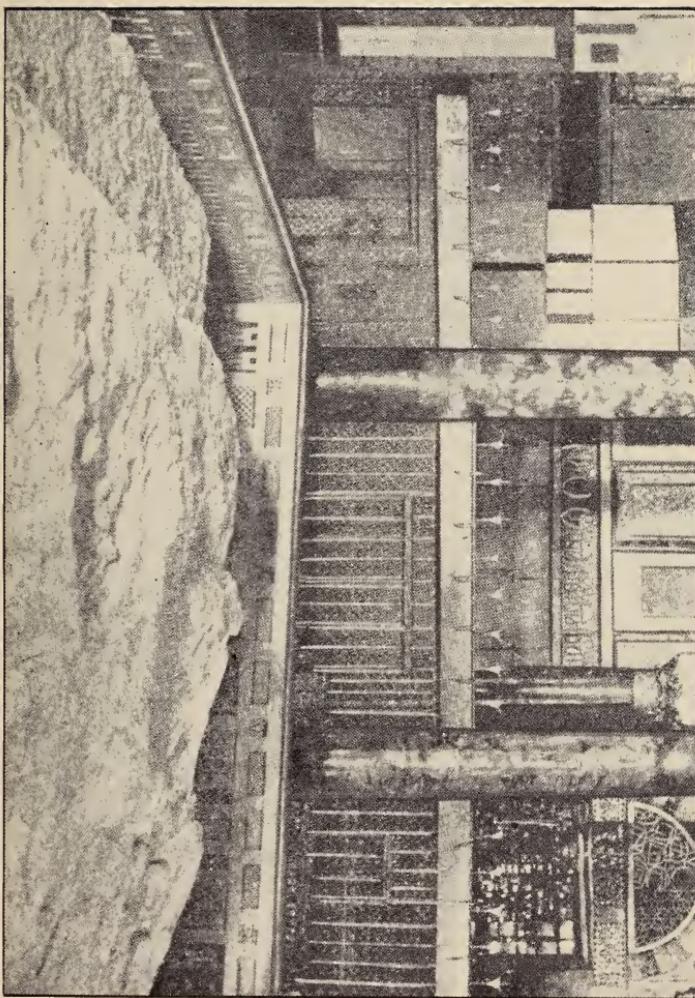
This dome is one-third of the size of the Dome of the Rock, and, like it, is eight-sided. It takes its name from

the following Mohammedan myth: Over this place a chain from heaven was suspended. This chain served as a test of evidence. A witness in court laid hold of the chain with his right hand. If he told the truth, nothing whatever happened. If he was guilty of perjury, a link dropped from the chain. On one occasion a Mohammedan accused a Hebrew of owing him a certain amount of money. The Jew handed the Moslem a staff and took hold of the chain, while he protested that he did not owe the debt. The Moslem returned the staff to the Jew, and in turn took hold of the chain. He affirmed that he had not received the money. At once the chain disappeared and was taken up to heaven, to be seen no more. The money had been concealed within the staff. So the Hebrew, intending to deceive, had literally told the truth, while the Moslem, though believing he had sworn truly, had given false evidence upon oath. The moral was that even a heaven-sent test was powerless to discriminate between truth and falsehood.

The diameter of the interior measures one hundred and forty-eight feet, and a corridor thirteen feet wide runs entirely around it. On the inside of the corridor there are eight piers and sixteen marble Corinthian columns. Within these columns is another corridor, thirty feet wide, with four piers and twelve larger Corinthian columns. This system of piers supports the great dome, which is sixty-six feet in diameter.

Directly underneath the dome is the Holy Rock. Its surface is bare and rugged. The dark rock is sixty feet long and forty-five feet wide, and stands from two to six feet above the pavement of the mosque.

This was the most sacred spot on Mount Moriah, because it was chosen of God as the place of the offering of the sacrifices that were typical of the one great Anti-



The Holy Rock, Mt. Moriah.

type, who gave his life a ransom for many. I was weighed down with a sense of the burden of human guilt as I stood there looking upon the place where the blood of so many countless thousands of victims had been shed to atone for the sins of mankind.

The great rock is pierced with a perpendicular cylindrical opening, reaching from the top to a chamber underneath. This aperture was used to convey **The Pierced Rock.** the blood and ashes from the altar to the cave beneath. In the pavement of this chamber is a square piece of marble, covering the passage that led into the valley below. An aqueduct from the Pools of Solomon furnished water for the cleansing of this altar and the flushing of the channels.

The Mohammedans claim that the cave was a place of prayer for Abraham, David, Solomon and Jesus of Nazareth. Here, also, Ornan and his four sons are said to have hidden themselves from the destroying angel, who met David on the threshing-floor. Inside the cave are three altars, dedicated to David, Solomon and Elijah, respectively.

Here it may be mentioned that the Moslems greatly revere every Scriptural prophet. To illustrate this fact, a missionary, who was on the cruise with us, gave us this bit of his own experience: On one occasion, as he was approaching a village in Syria, he saw a poor wretch with his arms and feet pinioned, lying face downward, while the officer of the law was unmercifully beating him, in the presence of many witnesses. Upon inquiry, he found that the man had been heard to blaspheme the name of Christ. He was not punished because they were followers of the Great Teacher, but simply because they regarded him as a prophet.

Among the Mohammedans, the most sacred of their

shrines, after the Ka'aba at Mecca, is the Mosque of Aksa. It is built upon the site of the Church of St. Mary, erected ^{Captured by} by Justinian in the sixth century. When ^{Crusaders.} the Crusaders captured the Holy City, this mosque again became a Christian church. After the defeat of the Crusaders, in 1187, by Saladin, it reverted ^{Retaken by} once more to the Moslems, and has been ^{Moslems.} used ever since as a mosque. It stands upon the ancient site of Solomon's Palace.

El Aksa measures two hundred and seventy-two feet in length by two hundred in width. The chief objects of Moslem reverence in this mosque are the tomb of the sons of Aaron, the magnificent pulpit of Omar, brought from Damascus, the Mihrab (prayer shrine) of Moses, the Mihrab of John and Zechariah, the Mosque of the Forty Martyrs, and the foot-print of Jesus.

These places of special sacredness to the Mohammedans are given here to show the conglomerate character of the Moslem religion. I observed among them this universal principle: they scrupulously preserve everything that is sacred to the peoples conquered by them. As a result, their creed of religious practices is a rather grotesque combination of Jewish, Christian and Pagan systems of faith and living. Therefore, we need not be surprised to see that their architectural products are also without definite character. The only characteristic feature of this architecture is the crude commingling of the purer styles of the countries where they have, by force of arms, established the crescent and the star. This statement applies to both the material and form of their public structures.

As examples of this principle, I need only to refer to three mosques: the great mosque at Damascus preserves the materials and architecture of the pagan temple and

the Christian church in its present colossal structure; the Mosque of Omar exhibits some of the great marble pillars and other parts of the temple of Solomon; and the Mosque of Aksa, where I saw portions of the original buildings of the palace of Solomon and the churches of Justinian and the Crusaders.

Immediately under the Mosque of Aksa is a great vaulted chamber, three hundred feet from east to west, Solomon's Stables. by two hundred from north to south. The height of this chamber is forty feet. This is the famous Stable of Solomon, one section of which is capable of stabling two thousand horses: "Solomon had four thousand stalls for horses and chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen." McLaurin and I found our way to these stables by a long rock stairway. It seemed strange indeed to find the holes drilled through the corners of the pillars, through which the halters of the horses had so many centuries ago been passed.

Solomon's horses were taken in and out through the Horse Gate.

On one side of the stable there is the foundation of the old city wall, and on the other, the wall of Solomon's Temple. I chipped some fragments from the huge blocks of limestone that constituted those historic foundations.

At the southeast angle of the temple area the corner-stone weighs over one hundred tons, and is the heaviest stone in the sanctuary wall. The corner-stone at the southwest angle of this wall is thirty-eight feet and nine inches long and ten feet wide. It weighs eighty tons, and is the longest stone yet found in the walls.

Little can be said in praise of the streets of Jerusalem. For the most part they are quite narrow, and irregularly paved with flag and cobble-stones. The sanitary condition of these streets is not the best, as the inhabitants

of the city do not observe the laws of cleanliness as the ancient Hebrews did.

The principal thoroughfares of the city are David street, running from Jaffa Gate to the temple area, and Streets. Damascus, or Zion street, leading from Damascus Gate to the south wall. These intersect each other at right angles about the centre of the city, thus dividing it into four quarters.

The street scenes of Jerusalem are most unique. The entire business portion of the city is a bazaar. The stiff military troops, with their graceless manœuvring, the trains of laden donkeys and camels, the herds of goats and sheep, the army of street venders, the robed merchants and money-changers, the veiled Mohammedan women, vividly contrasting with the happy crowds of Jewish maids and matrons — all combined to make a scene peculiarly picturesque.

There is nothing in the Occidental world that can rival the street sprinkler of Jerusalem. He presents a picture extremely Oriental. He needs no horses or water-cart, as he supplies the place of both by carrying upon his back a goatskin filled with water. The sprinkling is done by means of a contrivance somewhat resembling an ordinary faucet. With this heavy burden he patiently trudges along from one end of the street to the other. Having once looked upon that picture, it would be impossible ever to forget it.

In the shops of the city nearly everything imaginable can be found. What distinguishes the Jerusalem bazaars from those of other Eastern cities is the great number and variety of articles made of olive wood. All the way from a laden camel to a paper cutter these articles are to be had by the thousands. There, too, the beautiful

pressed wild flowers of Palestine are found on sale, attractively mounted.

As in Damascus and Constantinople, the narrow streets and great crowds render progress difficult. The people of Jerusalem maintain their ancient habits of dress and living. There is no evidence of a change of fashion for several millenniums. The Hebrew women dress very simply, not unlike Americans. The men have long hair, and wear flowing robes, girded about the waist with a cord, much like our bath-robies. There is nothing about the dress of the children to attract a stranger's attention.

There are many evidences of great poverty and wretchedness in this once wealthy and royal city. Many men,

Habits of Dress. women and children are very poorly clad, and look as if their hunger was not often satisfied. It distressed me to see little children picking up and eating the meagre crusts found lying in the street. The poor have no cisterns, and therefore must buy water to drink. This explains the pitiful sight of the poor waifs stooping to drink the water collected in the hollows of the unevenly paved streets, as the street-sprinkler goes his rounds. I was told by a missionary that there were many people in that country who had never known what it meant to have enough to eat for a single day of their lives.

CHAPTER XX.

OLIVET AND CALVARY.

NOT for one moment could any student of history fail to attach the highest importance to the Holy City; but to the devout follower of the Man of Galilee the most sacred places are outside the city walls. The spots most tenderly associated with the public ministry of him who spake as never man spake are Bethany, Olivet, Gethsemane, the valley and brook Kedron, Calvary and the Garden Tomb. This is true for the most obvious of reasons.

The modern name for Bethany is el-Azariyeh, the Arabic form of the proper noun Lazarus. It is situated on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, fifteen furlongs, or not quite two miles, from ^{Bethany.} Jerusalem, on the old Jericho caravan road. To-day Bethany is a poor Mohammedan village, full of wretched beggars. But, unattractive as it is to the traveller, there is no town in Palestine that is quite so intimately associated with the life of our Lord as the village where Martha and Mary and Lazarus had their hospitable home. That house was the home of Jesus during his frequent visits to Jerusalem, especially in the last days of his earthly ministry. What Capernaum was to the region of the Sea of Galilee, Bethany was to Jerusalem and its environments.

The Master was in the country beyond the Jordan Valley, Arabia Petrea, when a messenger brought the sad news of the alarming illness of his friend Lazarus. The

message was peculiarly tender: "He whom thou lovest is sick." After two days Jesus begins the weary journey. At length he arrives at Bethany; but, in the meanwhile, Lazarus had died, and his body was entombed. He is met on the outskirt of the village, first by Martha and then by her sister, with the pitiful cry, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died."

It was at this juncture that the sympathy of the man Christ Jesus was manifested in a most striking manner, for when he saw the heart-broken sisters weeping over the loss of their only brother, "Jesus wept." It was a sublime spectacle. He had so often enjoyed their hospitality, and shared their comforts and their joys; now he shares with them their sorrow. "Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him." He is directed by them to the grave of his friend. "It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it." Behold the divine majesty of the Prince of Life, as he commands the bystanders to take away the

^{Raised to} stone. Then, after a brief prayer of thanks-

^{Life.} giving to his Father, he utters the almighty summons, "Lazarus, come forth!" "And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes." "Loose him and let him go," said Jesus, and he restored the beloved Lazarus to his devoted sisters.

You search in vain for a more unmistakable exhibition of the union of the divine and human natures in the theanthropic person of the Friend of Sinners.

Bethany was the home of Simon the leper, and Jesus was his guest on one occasion, when a woman came and anointed his head with an alabaster box of precious ointment. She was rebuked by the disciples, but commended by the Master. "Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my

burial. Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also, this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

The day before the triumphal entry into Jerusalem Jesus came to Bethany from Jericho. That memorable ^{Triumphal} procession began at Bethany. It was at the ^{Entry.} time of the Passover. He sent two of his followers to Bethphage, a small village across a ravine, only a short distance to the south. "Go your way into the village over against you: and as soon as ye be entered into it ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him, and bring him." "And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him; and he sat upon him. And many spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them in the way. And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest!"

While we were at Bethany we were shown only three places of special interest: the tomb of Lazarus, a deep vault, excavated in the rock, near the centre of the village; the home of Lazarus and his sisters; and the house of Simon the leper. This tomb is sacred alike to the Christians and the Mohammedans, and the identity of the sepulchre is beyond reasonable doubt.

The modern name for the Mount of Olives is *Jebel-et-Tur*, or Mount of Light. It stands directly east of Jerusalem, and towers two hundred feet above the summit of Mount Moriah. It owes its name to the olive trees, which flourished upon it in very ancient times, some venerable specimens of which remain to this day upon its western slope. The first mention of Olivet is in the affecting nar-

rative of David's retirement from Jerusalem, as he fled from Absalom, his rebellious son: "And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went." Only one other time is this mount referred to in the Old Testament. This time it is in a prophecy of the coming of the Messiah and the graces of his kingdom: "And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east."

Olivet is more of a ridge than a mountain. It runs parallel to Mount Moriah, from which it is separated by the valley of the Kedron, and is divided into four distinct elevations, although the intervening depressions are slight. The most southerly of these crests is called the "Mount of Offence," because there Solomon set up the idol worship to please his heathen wives. Just north of this is the "Mount of the Prophets," so called from a catacomb known as the "Tombs of the Prophets." The next, north, is the "Mount of Ascension," exactly opposite the Golden Gate of the city, and properly called the "Mount of Olives." The summit is called "Viri Galilæi" ("Ye men of Galilee"), because there, tradition tells us, the angels addressed the gazing disciples: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"

Bleak as the mountain ridge is at present, only a few scattered olive trees being left to justify its name, the Mount was once covered with olives, myrtles, thorns, pines and palms; and a little care and cultivation would restore its beauty.

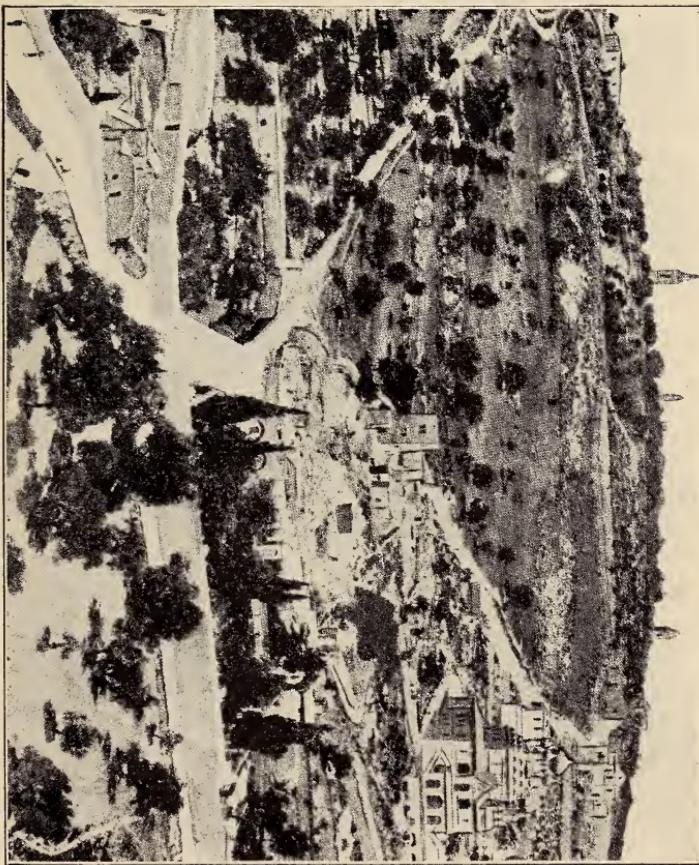
My first visit to the Mount of Olives was in the early morning of the Sabbath, with my friend from Carolina. As we stood in the doorway of the Hotel Central, we wit-

nessed a glorious scene. Just behind the summit of Olivet the sun was rising in his majesty. I can never forget that picture! At once we were on our way to this place, so sacredly associated with the life of our Lord. Our purpose was to read together the passages of Scripture recording the history of Olivet as it referred to the Master.

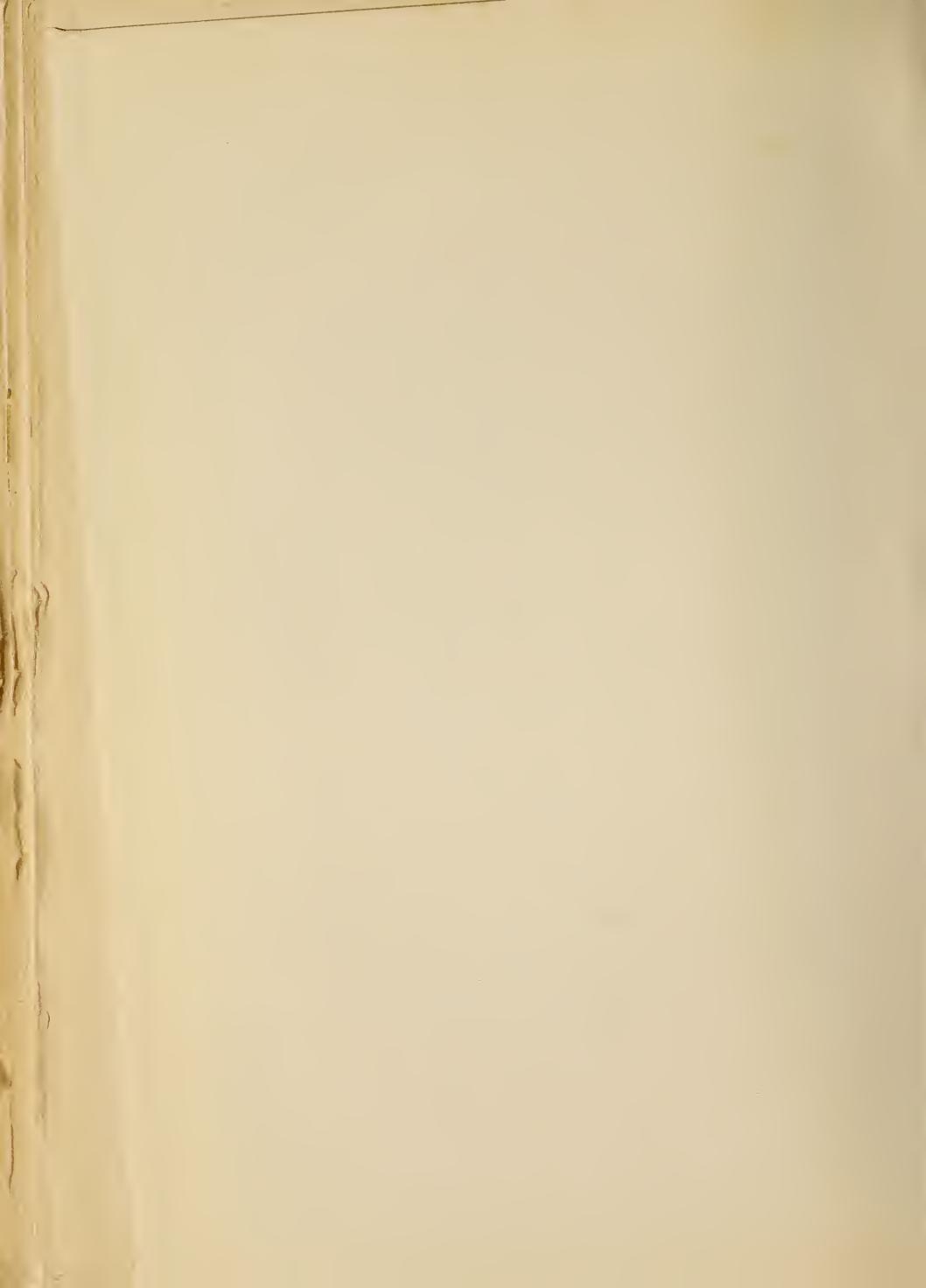
We walked down David street, through the Street of the Cotton Merchants, and out through St. Stephen's Gate, which marks the place where Stephen suffered martyrdom. Thence we continued down the steep hill-side into the Kedron valley. We were tracing the footsteps of the Galilean, and the solemnity of the thought was overwhelming. On our left was the tomb of Mary, the mother of Jesus, over which a chapel has been erected. Immediately in front of us, a little way up the side of Olivet, stood the golden-domed Russian Church of Mary Magdalene.

After we had gone a few rods from the caravan bridge that spans the brook Kedron, we came to the gate of the stone wall which encloses the Garden of **Gethsemane**. Gethsemane, or the Garden of the Oil Press. We entered in silence. There were the great gnarled trunks of the olive trees that have witnessed the march of the centuries since the time when the world's greatest conflict was waged and its greatest victory gained. In this garden, on that memorable night, the Saviour three times prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." To this garden gate Judas, the traitor, led the multitude, and there he betrayed the Son of man with a kiss!

The real struggle of Jesus was not on Calvary, but in Gethsemane; for there the question was forever settled. The trial and the crucifixion were but the carrying out of



Olivet and Gethsemane.



that for which he had gained his full consent. It would be impossible to convey to the mind of another, by means of any language at my command, the impressions borne in upon heart and mind in the midst of those sacred surroundings. The place whereon we were standing was holy ground. Within the garden, around the entire wall, are prayer stations, fourteen in number. These mark the various stages from the "Agony in the Garden" to the "Descent from the Cross."

There are three roads that converge at Gethsemane: the one farthest south is the great caravan highway, leading to Jericho *via* Bethphage and Bethany; the middle road is a rugged, fatiguing one, but the more direct route to the village of Bethany, and was the one most frequently travelled by the Master and his disciples; while the third is the steepest and roughest of the three, and leads to the summit of Olivet.

We made the ascent by the last-named road, and descended by the one referred to as the favorite of our Lord. As we sat upon the rock ledge, on the brow overlooking the temple area, we read the narrative of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and how he wept over the ungrateful city and foretold her impending doom.

While we sat there we read, among other passages, the parable of the ten virgins, the parable of the talents and the prophetic description of the last judgment: "And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."

All about us on the rocky terraces were clumps of thorns, known as the "Zizyphus spina Christi." From this scrubby thorn the crown of thorns was woven for the Sufferer's brow.

How intimately, nay inseparably, was the Mount of Olives connected with the last days of Jesus upon earth! Olivet was a favorite resort of our Lord for rest, meditation and prayer after the exhausting ministry of the day: "In the day-time he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out and abode in the mount that is called the Mount of Olives."

From this mount, also, he ascended on the fortieth day after the resurrection: "And he led them out as far as

Ascension. to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." "And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven, as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, . . . This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

My second visit to this sacred mountain was on the following Wednesday morning. We drove, with a special guide, over the Kaiser's carriage road to the summit of Olivet. We alighted and passed through the gate toward the Russian Tower.

On our way we passed the Church of the Ascension, and discerning that they were engaged in morning worship, we went in. There we heard as sweet music as I ever hope to hear on earth. The chanting was by female voices alone. The rendition was literally by the "choir invisible," as we could not see the forms, but could only hear the voices of the singers. This church is built upon the traditional spot from which the ascension took place.

From there we walked to the four-storied tower, and

began the fatiguing ascent by the long flights of spiral stairs. At each landing we halted and walked around the banistered platform on the outside. As we ascended our horizon was enlarged till the view was indescribably grand. What a prospect! It was the choicest hour of the morning, for it was early enough for the valleys to be in shadow and the hills and mountains to be thrown into bold relief.

Olivet lay spread out at our feet. We could look down into the valleys of the Kedron and Hinnom. Absalom's Place, Siloam and the Moslem and Jewish cemeteries were in full view. We had a commanding survey of the Holy City. It was easy to locate the five hills of Jerusalem. We could distinguish clearly between Bezetha, Ophel and Moriah on the east, and Mount Zion and Akra on the west. The city walls were clearly defined, while we could comfortably outline the various quarters of Jerusalem. The whole temple area was within the scope of our vision. As I looked upon the splendid Haram and pictured the magnificent white temple and palace of Solomon, I thought of One greater than Solomon, as he "walked in the temple in Solomon's Porch," one winter day, at the feast of the dedication, and delivered to the people his matchless discourse upon himself as the Good Shepherd.

How often, from the time of his presentation in the temple at the age of eight days till the passion week, had he frequented those sacred precincts!

The farther view commanded every point of the compass. There were the mountains of Hermon, Samaria, Ephraim and Benjamin, the ancient cities of Bethel and Ramah, and the vale of Shechem, on the north; the highlands of Judea, the mountains of Gilead and Moab, the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, on the east; the

wilderness of Judea, the historic cities of Hebron and Bethlehem, the plain of the shepherds, the field of Boaz and Rachel's tomb, on the south; and the battle-field of Rephaim, or the Field of the Giants, Mizpeh, the Valley of Roses, the Valley of Aijalon, the Valley of Sorek, the Plain of Sharon and the Great Sea, on the west. Practically, the vast field of vision extends from Dan to Beer-sheba, and from the Moab country to the Mediterranean. Such a glorious panorama would be richly worth travelling around the whole world to behold.

On the way, about the city walls, and especially on the road from Jerusalem to the Mount of Olives, we were

Lepers. constantly met with the poor, pitiful lepers, sitting on the ground, on each side of the way, begging. It is a sight that makes the heart sick, as the wretched sufferers utter the helpless cry, "Librus! librus! librus!" at the same time exhibiting the awful deformity of their limbs to elicit the sympathy of the passers by.

Here I had an indelible impression made upon my heart and mind: how very vividly does the loathsome disease of leprosy illustrate sin! First, it is incurable but by divine power; and, also, it poisons, distorts and dismembers the body; then, it separates from the society of the healthy and the clean; at last, it makes the destruction of the body certain and complete. So it is with the disease of sin: it can be healed by the Great Physician alone; it poisons, distorts, disintegrates and dismembers the life, physically, morally and spiritually; it separates from the society of the clean, pure and holy, both in this life and in the world to come; it, too, if left to do its work, will render the destruction of both body and soul absolute.

Universal interest centres in two sacred places about

the Holy City: Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. Calvary is a distinct ridge, of the form of an oval, a few hundred feet from the Damascus Gate. Almost the entire area is occupied by a Mohammedan cemetery. It is fenced and guarded by the Moslems, so that you are not allowed to enter. But you can, from a distance, and from a nearer point of view, look upon the place where the cruel cross was erected, and where "he bore our sins in his own body upon the tree." The scene of the crucifixion was outside the city walls, nigh unto Jerusalem, in a place where the throng could witness the awful spectacle. This was done in order that the execution of the condemned might impress the public with the extreme horror of that particular form of punishment.

What a faithful description of the sufferings and death of the man Christ Jesus we have in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: "Surely, he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. He was taken from prison and from judgment: he was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

"And after this Joseph of Arimathea besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came, therefore, and took the body of Jesus. And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of

myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight. Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes, with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man laid. There laid they Jesus, therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand."

The garden of Joseph is walled in on one side by the abrupt ending of Golgotha. In the face of this natural
The Holy Sepulchre wall is a rock-hewn chamber, with two apartments. The chamber would measure twelve feet in width by fourteen in length by eight in height. There are three sepulchres in the chamber, one the full length of a man, another not quite so long, and a third apparently cut for a body much smaller. The two last had never been completed. There were unmistakable evidences that this burial chamber belonged to a person of wealth.

In the finished sepulchre Joseph laid the body of our Lord. Then a stone was rolled to the door of the chamber and sealed with the seal of Pilate, while a Roman guard was placed before it, to prevent any one from entering the sepulchre. There the body lay till the third day, when "the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men." Then the heavenly messenger announced that he who could not be holden of the tomb had burst the bars of death, had conquered death in death's dominions, and was alive for evermore! The angel addressed the women and said, "He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

The chamber stands practically intact. The great circular stone which closed the door has been taken away, but the distinct groove in which it revolved is there as it was nearly nineteen hundred years ago. As I stood with uncovered head in that sacred place, I was impressed with the unspeakable love of God as I had never been before. Then there was a thrill of unutterable gratitude for the scriptural, steadfast hope, begotten by the knowledge of the fact that he who had died for our sins had also risen for our justification. He had brought life and immortality to light in the gospel. From that chamber I emerged with a renewed determination to proclaim to my fellow-men the unsearchable riches of Christ with an increasing devotion and with untiring energy and faithfulness.

CHAPTER XXI.

WORLD'S FOURTH SABBATH-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

THE First World's Sabbath-School Convention was held in London, England, July the first, through the sixth, 1889. About three hundred and fifty delegates were in attendance from America. The convention met in Congregational Memorial Hall and City Temple. There were representatives from America, England, Ireland, Nova Scotia, India, Australia, West Indies, China, Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Italy and Sweden.

The Second Convention met at St. Louis, September the third, through the sixth, 1893. Addresses were made at this gathering by delegates from England, Scotland, Germany, Sweden, India, Holland, Italy, France, Norway, Switzerland, Denmark and Japan.

The Third Convention was held in London, July the eleventh, through the sixteenth, 1898. More than two hundred and fifty American delegates were there. The following countries were represented at that convention: England, Ireland, Newfoundland, Australia, India, Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Japan, Hawaii, South Africa, Canada and the United States.

The Fourth Convention was held in Jerusalem, April the seventeenth, through the nineteenth, 1904. The
*In Calvary's
Shadow* convention met in an immense tent, pitched near the Calvary ridge. The first session was held on Sabbath morning. The platform was deco-

rated with more than twenty flags of the foremost nations of the world. Sitting in that assembly were patriarchs of the Greek Church, monks of the Franciscan Order, the Sultan's press censor for Palestine, the Samaritan high priest and his son, from Shechem—all in their official dress. There were Mohammedans, Coptics, Greeks, Arabians, Romanists, Armenians, Syrian Christians, Christian Jews, Polish, Aleppo and Spanish Hebrews, while Christian missionaries, fresh from the field of service, were gladdened by the sight of this cosmopolitan assembly. The universal interest illustrated the influence and power of the Christian religion in a most graphic manner. Three-quarters of an hour before the appointed time for service the singing of hymns began. The first song was "Blue Galilee." It had a new meaning to the hundreds who had looked into the face, trodden the shores and sailed upon the bosom of the lake within the preceding fortnight. "Love Divine, all Love Excelling," was the last hymn rendered, just before the formal opening of the convention by Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, of Boston, chairman of the International Committee.

"By the good providence of our Heavenly Father, we have reached the goal of our cruise," were the happy words with which he began his brief address.

Prayer, hymn and Scripture reading followed, in which the great throng, gathered from all nations on the face of the earth, lifted their hearts in devout worship of the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob. I could but think of what an inspiration and comfort it would have been to the college of apostles, if they could have looked, with prophetic eye, down the vista of the centuries, and witnessed this assembly of worshippers, representing every kindred and people and clime, hard by the place where they crucified him.

The convention sermon was delivered by William Mac-Donald Sinclair, Archdeacon of London. His theme was "The Children's Charter," and the text Matt. xxi. 15.

The most memorable service of the convention was the celebration of the Lord's Supper at four o'clock in the afternoon. More than one thousand followers of Jesus, of nearly every name, tongue and nation, sat together at that communion table. It was a wonderful service, held within so short a distance from where the memorial feast was instituted, nearer still to Gethsemane, and under the very shadow of Calvary.

It was not so surprising that a venerable Armenian Christian at the service should exclaim, "This is heaven; I am now ready to die," reminding us of the aged Simeon, as he took the Holy Child into his arms in the temple and pronounced the words of the "Nunc Dimittis," "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

At the evening session there were appropriate addresses of welcome by representatives of Jerusalem, and appreciative responses from the cruise by chosen members.

There were three full sessions held on Monday and Tuesday, morning, afternoon and night, at which topics of great importance to the Sabbath-school were ably discussed.

The last session was of the nature of a consecration service. No meeting of the convention was more distinctly typical of its spirit and purpose than the last. During that session Ismael Bey, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Jerusalem, and press censor for Palestine, was introduced. He had been present at every meeting

Moslem Speaks. to see that nothing unlawful was done by the convention, and addressed the great assembly with these words: "I wish first of all to thank

you for the invitation of the committee to attend the meetings of this convention, also for your kind introduction of me to this great audience, and for your expression to our honored Governor of Jerusalem, Kazzim Bey. I had the honor to convey to his Excellency your action of last Sunday, and I now have the honor of bringing to you his thanks for the same. In my official position I can sympathize with every effort to elevate the young. Should you ever again hold your convention in Jerusalem you may be sure of my welcome, and of my doing all in my power to help it on. I sincerely wish that the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon you as you leave this sacred city and return to your great Anglo-Saxon lands in the West."

A trusted general of his Majesty, king of kings, Menelik of Abyssinia, was in the Holy City on a mission for the crown. He was a gray-bearded, ebony-hued man. He spoke, through an interpreter, these words: "I am very much pleased to be here to witness the proceedings of this meeting; and it shall not only benefit me, but it shall also benefit his Majesty, the King. We are born into this world to study, and especially to learn about the Bible and ancient things. I hold that Christianity is to be the light of the world, and to proceed for ever and ever."

This central African officer contributed four of the one hundred dollars offered as a birthday gift to the youngest member of the international family of Sunday-school associations. The vigorous, promising infant was born that very day in the city of Jerusalem, and named "The Sunday-School Association of Palestine."

Near the close of the session a dignified old gentleman tottered to his feet and asked to be heard. His name was Joseph Pasha, ex-Mayor of Jerusalem and a member of

the Peace Conference that met in Berlin. His words were: "I thank you from my heart, because I believe you have come to our country in peace. Thanks to God, you have been good, reasonable people. I beg you to read with me the nineteenth Psalm." And then the aged man read aloud to the convention, with the genuine feeling and deep impressiveness of the true Oriental, that matchless hymn of David. This act was so unexpected that it had the force of a decided sensation upon the audience.

In the convention there were twenty-five countries represented by one thousand five hundred and twenty-six delegates: The United States, Jerusalem, other sections of Palestine, England, Canada, Scotland, Turkey in Asia, Ireland, Japan, Wales, India, Mexico, Bulgaria, Egypt, Russia, Switzerland, Denmark, Turkey in Europe, Australia, West Indies, Austria, Germany, Madeira, South Africa, New Zealand, Newfoundland.

The Forces of the Gentiles.

The three countries with the largest representation were: United States, 701; Palestine, 449; England, 206. In our ship's company there were twenty-seven denominations represented.

The three having the largest delegations being: Presbyterian, 175; Methodist, 151; Baptist, 120.

There were two hymns sung in closing: "Blest be the Tie that Binds" and "God be with You Till We Meet Again."

The Jerusalem Convention had as its keynote the spread of the gospel to the ends of the earth. From this gathering of the servants of Christ from all quarters of the globe we have a right to expect great results.

In the vote suggesting the place for the Fifth World's Sabbath-School Convention there were 814 votes cast,

seventy-seven places voted for, in twenty-six different countries. Toronto received the highest vote, 133. The selection of a place will be left to the Executive Committee.

The convention dissolved with the apostolic benediction.

The delegates were never to meet again till they meet with the blood-washed throng around the great white throne, in the New Jerusalem, the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

CHAPTER XXII.

BETHLEHEM AND JOPPA.

OUR visit to Bethlehem was a delight. At the Jaffa Gate we took a carriage and drove down by the Lower Pool of Gihon, crossing the gorge upon the embankment of the pool. Thence we went southward, passing the Rothschild Addition, on the right, and the Hill of Evil Counsel, Aceldema, the Vale of Hinnom and Judas' Tree, on our left. The road is a fine one, following the watershed nearly all the way. It is six miles to "David's Town." Every step of the way is historic.

Along this road Abraham journeyed with Isaac. In after years Isaac and Rebekah passed this way. Later still, when Jacob returned from Padan-Aram, he travelled this very road with his beloved Rachel. The original name for Bethlehem was Ephrath or Ephratah. "And they journeyed from Bethel; and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath. . . . And Rachel died, and Rachel's Tomb. was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set up a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." There, on the west side of the highway, is the tomb of Rachel, which no one can visit without being touched with the memory of the pathetic record of the infinitely sad providence referred to above.

Spreading out toward the west was the plain of Rephaim, or the Field of the Giants, the scene of the many conflicts between the Israelites and the Philistines. It was there that David met and slew Goliath, the giant

of Gath. "And he took his staff in his hand, and chose five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine. . . . Then David said to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. . . . And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. . . . And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armor in his tent."

To the east, before we reached Bethlehem, we passed the field of Boaz, where Ruth toiled among the gleaners in support of Naomi, her mother-in-law, whom she loved.

A little further on was the village of the shepherds, where they watched their flocks by night, when the heavenly messenger appeared and announced the birth of Jesus. "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

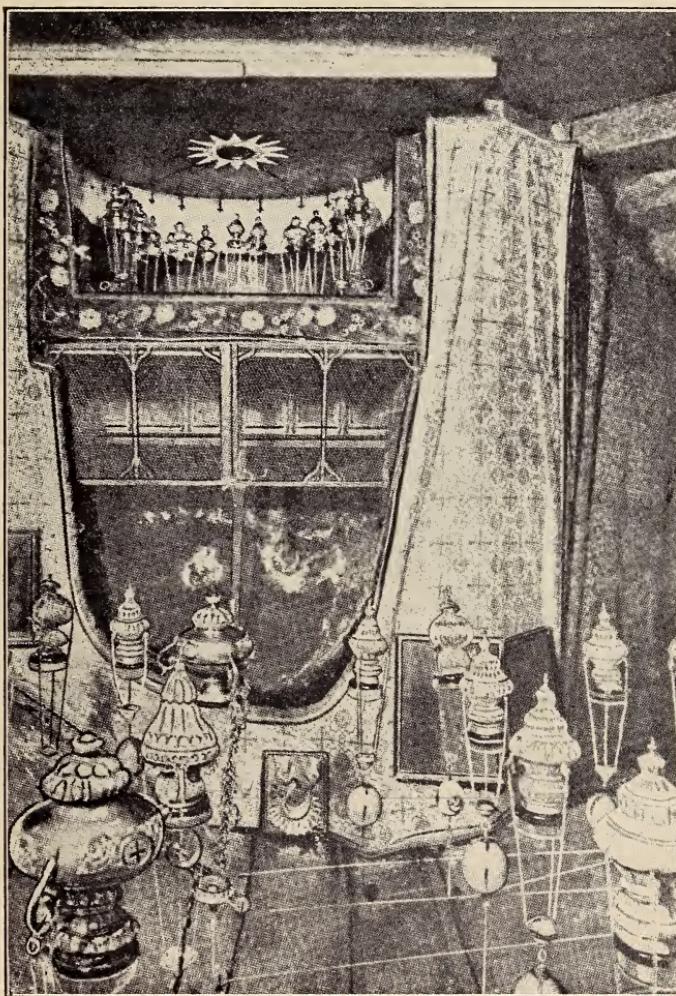
As we were entering the city we came to a gate in the wall, on our left, opening upon a court, in which was

David's Well. the Well of David. This is the well at the gate, for a drink of whose water King David longed while in the hold of the Cave of Adullam. "Now three of the thirty captains went down to the rock to David, into the cave of Adullam; and the host of the Philistines encamped in the valley of Rephaim. And David was then in the hold, and the Philistines' garrison was then at Bethlehem. And David longed, and said, O that one would give me a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate. And the three broke through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it and brought it to David: but David would not drink it, but poured it out to the Lord."

The spot where all interest is concentrated in Bethlehem is the Church of the Nativity, for this sanctuary is built over the site of the Bethlehem Caravanserai. The streets through which we were led to this church were narrow, crooked and unevenly paved. There is great satisfaction in visiting Bethlehem, because there exists no doubt as to the identity of the spot where the Prince of Peace was born.

The Church of the Nativity stands within the walls of a monastery. The basilica was built in the year 327 A. D., by the Emperor Constantine, and it is the only one of the churches now remaining in Palestine erected by that Christian ruler. The door by which we entered was hardly four feet high. After walking through a dark vestibule we were inside the sacred edifice.

The Latin, Greek and Armenian Christians jointly own the monastery. All three of these denominations worship in the church, each having its own section, altar and order of worship. A flight of steps leads down to the Grotto of the Nativity, for the ancient khan was



The Place of the Manger.

hewn out of the natural rock. There we saw the tomb of Eusebias, and the study and tomb of the great Jerome. Here this wonderful historian and scholar performed his best services, and here his ashes rest. There, too, we saw the "Altar of the Innocents," which marks the place where twenty thousand children, under two years of age, slaughtered by the brutal Herod, found a place of burial.

The Chapel of the Nativity is eleven feet wide by thirty-eight long. At the east end a marble slab in the floor, ^{The Place of His Birth.} with a silver star in the centre, bears these words: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est*"—"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Here we saw the place of the manger. A marble trough represents the real *præsepium* or manger, which was taken to Rome and placed in the great Church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

How wonderful does it all seem as you stand there and try to realize where you are, and that you are standing on the very ground where the eternal Son of God humbled himself to be born of a woman, and to be enrobed in human form—God incarnate! "And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

The name Bethlehem is a pure Hebrew word, and means House of Bread. How divinely appropriate is it that it should be the birthplace of him who has declared himself to be the Bread of Life!

Bethlehem is an attractive town of about eight thousand inhabitants—all Christians. Nearly one-half are ^{Modern Bethlehem.} Romanists, about three thousand Greek Catholics, and the rest Armenians. The city is clean and healthy, and the people are industrious and thrifty. Bethlehem was the home of Jesse, the de-

scendant of Boaz, being in the direct ancestral line of him who was of the stem of Jesse. This was also the birthplace of the illustrious David, and hence Bethlehem is called the City of David.

We visited the pretty little shops of the city, and were soon on our way back to Jerusalem. On the return trip we stopped for a cup of water at Elijah's Well, on the east side of the road. There Elijah is said to have rested on his way to Beersheba, as he fled from the face of the wicked Jezebel. We went back to Jerusalem that evening, thanking God for the inexpressible privileges that had been ours that day.

It was with great reluctance that we left the most interesting city in all the world and drove to the station to take the train for the ancient seaport of Joppa. On our left we passed the thriving German colony, beyond which lay the Bukeia, or Plain of Rephaim. Further on to the left we passed Ain el-Haniyeh, or Philip's Fountain, the traditional place of the baptism of the eunuch of Ethiopia by Philip. There we entered the Valley of Roses, so named from the wild roses that bloom in such profusion in that sweet vale.

I was delighted, when looking out on each side, to see the beautiful pink and white wild roses greeting us at every turn of the winding road, and filling the air with their delicious fragrance. Picturesquely situated at the head of the great mountain gorge is the village of Bittir, or Bether of the Song of Solomon: "My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the Mountains of Bether." Thence we made a very rapid descent through the wild, rugged canon, passing the Rock Etam, or Cave of Samson, where the son of Manoah dwelt, after

the slaughter of the Philistines. A little farther down we came in sight of the ruins of Bethshemesh, on the top of the ridge to the right.

After the capture of the ark by the Philistines, and the death of Eli, the ark of the Lord was brought from Ebenezer to Ashdod, and placed in the house of Dagon, ^{their god.} The next day they found Dagon ~~Bethshemesh.~~ prostrated and broken on the floor. They then sent the ark to Ekron, but the Ekroneites cried out for fear, till "the cry of the city went up to heaven." They built a new cart, and yoked two milch kine to the cart, while they confined their calves at home. "They laid the ark of the Lord upon the cart, and the kine took the straight way to the way of Bethshemesh. And the Levites took down the ark of the Lord, and the men of Bethshemesh offered burnt offerings and sacrificed sacrifices the same day unto the Lord."

As we sped along we were carried through the Valley of Sorek, so inseparably interwoven with the downfall of Samson. There he is enticed, he is shorn of his strength, he is bereft of his eyes, he is made to grind in the mill at Gaza, and his last day is spent in making sport for his enemies, the lords of the Philistines, when they had assembled to offer sacrifice to Dagon in praise for his having delivered into their hands Samson, their most dreaded foe.

On our way to Joppa we passed through the most fertile region in all of Palestine. Ekron, Ashdod and Ramleh lay in ruins to the south of the road, in plain view.

To the north we could see the ruins of Gezer, where the work of excavation is being vigorously pushed. The discoveries at Gezer are of great interest to the historian and archaeologist; for Pharaoh captured this city and gave it for a present to his daughter, Solomon's wife.

Situated on the highway between Syria and Egypt, Solomon wisely rebuilt and fortified Gezer.

Between Ramleh and the mouth of the great canon we passed through the valley of Aijalon, where Joshua defeated the Amorites. It is still more notable as the place where the sun and the moon stood still till the destruction of the enemies of Israel was complete. "Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the Valley of Aijalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."

The railroad passed through Lydda, only twelve miles from the city of Joppa.

The Plain of Sharon stretches from Mount Carmel on the north to Gaza on the south, and from the Great Sea to the hills. This plain is from eight to twelve miles wide and forty-four long. *Plain of Sharon.* Here the blue iris, the "lily of the valley," and the white narcissus, the "rose of Sharon," abound. Gardens and corn-fields fill the plain, while orchards of pomegranates, fields of melons, groves of oranges, lemons, citrons, figs and apples, interspersed with scarlet poppies and tulips, make a scene of endless glory, above which wave the groves of graceful palms. Butterflies, bees and birds fill the air, and a soft haze enhances its beauty.

As we rode through the wheat and barley fields the fellahin were harvesting the grain with the antiquated sickle. The crude plow, the wooden fork and the threshing floors are much as they were several millenniums ago.

Passing through the orange groves, we were greeted with the welcome sight of the fragrant blossoms, the green, half-grown fruit and the golden, ripe oranges —

all on the same trees at the same time. The Joppa oranges have a reputation all over Syria and Palestine.

Up the coast is the desolate and deserted site of Cæsarea, where the first Gentile convert to Christianity was baptized, whither Paul was brought from Jerusalem, and where he lived for two years.

Through the Plain of Sharon lay the great historical highway between Asia and Africa. Along this caravan

Historic Highway. road marched the armies of the ancient world — Thotmes, Rameses, Shalmaneser, Sargon, Sennacherib, Necho, Cambyses, Alexander, Pompey and Vespasian. Through this plain, Napoleon Bonaparte hurried his forces to meet Abdullah's Turks.

Joppa is one of the oldest known cities of the world. Pliny says it existed before the flood, and Josephus tells us that the Phoenicians built the city. It has always been the port of Jerusalem, and to it was brought the timbers for the first and second temples. From it Jonah took passage for Tarshish when he was trying to flee from the presence of the Lord. "But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord."

Joppa was the home of Dorcas, whom the Apostle Peter restored to life, having been summoned, after her death, from Lydda, which is nigh to Joppa.

Here Simon the tanner lived, at whose house Peter tarried for many days. We were shown the traditional **Peter's Vision.** house, and taken to the flat roof, where Peter at noon saw the vision of the sheet let down from heaven, knit at the four corners. While Peter was attempting to interpret the vision, three messengers, sent by Cornelius the centurion from Cæsarea,

arrived. They explained that the captain of the Italian band had also seen a vision. The outcome of this interview was that Peter went to Caesarea, and Cornelius and all the other Gentile converts were baptized.

Joppa has a population of more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The old walls have been removed, and new suburbs, with excellent houses and splendid gardens, are springing up on all sides. The present importance of Joppa arises from the great number of pilgrims that pass through every year on their way to Jerusalem. The city is built upon a fine elevation, which gives it an attractive appearance from the sea, though the streets are narrow and far from cleanly, and the inhabitants are by no means prepossessing to the visitor.

Adieu to Palestine. At the appointed hour we stepped from the quay to the row-boats, which tossed like corks upon the choppy sea of the inhospitable harbor till we embarked, and were once more at home on the *Grosser Kurfuerst*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO.

AT 4:30 that afternoon we weighed anchor and put out to sea, expecting to arrive at Alexandria the next day about noon.

On the morning of the 21st of April I went on deck at seven, to find that we had sailed by the entrance to the Suez Canal between midnight and day. We were, however, too far from land to see the outline of the coast, even if we had passed in the daytime. We could see the low, sandy shore, and from the houses we judged that the country was thickly settled. One city could be seen, which had several thousand inhabitants. We sailed swiftly, and dropped anchor in the west harbor at Alexandria at 10:30 A. M.

We had early lunch, and the passengers were landed in small row-boats. At 4:30 the two special trains for Cairo were filled and on their way up the Nile. Mr. McLaurin and I remained in Alexandria till the next morning. In this way we got to see something of this historic city. This was our first opportunity to see anything of Egyptian life. Alexandria is a beautiful city, with elegant, clean streets. It numbers among its inhabitants many Europeans, and its stores would do credit to any American city.

Alexandria was founded in the year 332 B. C. by Alexander the Great, whose name it bears. It has a **Second City in Africa.** population of four hundred thousand, and is the second largest city in Africa. It was the Greek capital of Egypt.

The city stands on the west side of the Delta of the Nile, about twelve miles from the mouth of the left branch of the river. It was built upon a stretch of land lying between the Mediterranean and Lake Mareotis. An artificial dyke, known as the "Heptastadia," or seven-furlong mole, connects it with the small island of Pharos.

On the east end of this island Sostratos erected the famous lighthouse, which was one of the seven wonders of the world. It stood five hundred and ninety feet in height, and conferred the name "pharos" upon all lighthouses afterwards constructed. It was destroyed by an earthquake in the fourteenth century, and since the fifteenth century the site has been occupied by a military stronghold, "Fort du Phare."

Nine years after founding the city, Alexander died at Babylon, and his remains were taken to Alexandria in a golden casket, upon a splendid car, and placed in a temple dedicated to his memory.

This city boasts of one of the finest harbors in the world—indeed, it was possessed of two, known as Port Est and Port Ouest. The port is visited every year by an average of twenty-five hundred freighting steamers, more than half of which fly the English Jack. During its entire history it has been the principal port through which commerce between Egypt and the rest of the world was carried on. The chief exports are cotton, grain, cotton seed, beans, rice, sugar, onions, dates.

The principal object of interest in Alexandria is Pompey's Pillar. This monument stands on the site of the ancient Serapeum, or Temple of Serapis. It is of red granite from Assuan, in Upper Egypt. The height of the column is eighty-nine feet. The round, slightly tapering shaft, exclusive of its foundation and Corinthian capital, is a monolith sixty-nine feet high. Its diameter at the

base is nine feet, while it is eight at the top. The pillar was erected as a landmark to sailors, and afterwards was surmounted by a statue of the Emperor Diocletian. The name of Pompey's Pillar is given to it because it is supposed to occupy the site of the tomb of Pompey the Great.

There are two of the famous obelisks that will always be associated with Alexandria. They are called Cleopatra's Needles, because they were transported from Heliopolis to Alexandria and set up there for her glory. One of these the Khedive presented to the United States, and the other he gave to the good Queen Victoria. The former stands on a commanding site in Central Park, New York; the latter on the Thames Embankment, just above the Waterloo Bridge, on the left bank of the Thames, in London.

But great as Alexandria was in other respects, its chief glory was its institutions of learning. From the time

Centre of Learning. of Ptolemy Soter there was a splendid college there. Through these schools the city became the most renowned seat of learning in all the branches of science and literature, and the learned flocked thither from all the countries of the world. Among her instructors and pupils she had the honor of enrolling the illustrious names of Apollonius, Aristarchus, Aristophanes, Athanasius, Callimachus, Clement, Euclid, Origin, and a host of others that have influenced the world.

What is of still greater interest to the student of biblical history is that it was at Alexandria, and for the use of its University, that the celebrated Greek First Translation of Scriptures. translation of the Old Testament Scriptures was made, which is known as the Septuagint Version, or the translation by the committee of seventy. Its schools of learning, first pagan, then Jewish and lastly Christian, maintained their reputation till the

city was taken by Khalif Omar. Her conquerors were astonished at the greatness and splendor of their prize.

We spent the night at the Grand Abbat Hotel, where we were cared for in the best possible manner. The next morning we were up at five, and moving out from the station toward Cairo by seven.

The distance between the two cities is one hundred and twenty-nine miles. A more enjoyable ride I never had than that one up through the Delta. It was an unbroken land of plenty all the way. I never saw such productive soil. There is nothing like it in the world. Everywhere I was reminded of the Scripture statement that during the seven years of plenty the earth brought forth by handfuls. We first crossed the Rosetta, and then the Damietta branch of the Nile, before reaching Cairo. The abundant yields of wheat, barley, oats, clover, beans, rice, corn, sugar cane, sorghum, cotton, oranges, figs, bananas, apricots, peaches, lemons, dates—all bore eloquent testimony to the phenomenal fertility of the soil.

The land is well tilled, but their farming implements are of the most primitive sort. The ancient one-handled plow, seen throughout Syria and Palestine, is universally used in Egypt. The water-buffaloes are, for the most part, employed in drawing the plows.

All the land is irrigated by means of steam pumps, water-wheels, sweeps or chadoufs, inclined hand pumps and Archimedean cylinders. The water is lifted from canals and wells all over the Delta. Hundreds of these institutions we saw in operation on the way to the metropolis.

One of the staple productions of the Delta is rice, the culture of which is most interesting and extensive. The fellahin were planting the rice in the mud and water, and trampling and harrowing it in with the buffaloes, while

they were wading in the mud, sometimes up to their knees. The barley and wheat fields were ripening for the sickle; and it is the literal sickle by which the grain is harvested.

The cotton is planted once in two years. In August of the second year the cotton is pruned for the maturing of a second crop. The rows are about eighteen inches wide, and the stalks from ten to twelve inches apart in the row. The plant grows to a height of seven feet, but it does not branch out as our cotton in the American Southland does. The bolls are much smaller than ours, having only three pods, instead of four and five, as with us. The staple is not so white, but yellowish, resembling what is known as "Nankeen" cotton. The seed is not so large, but of the same shape as the American species. All over the country are ginneries, and cotton-seed oil mills are seen at every important town. The boll weevil has not made his appearance in Egypt.

Egypt has never failed in history, except by miracle, in the time of Joseph, to produce a crop, although it seldom rains.

The incredible richness of the soil is due to the annual overflow of the Nile. This overflow begins by the middle of June, and continues till the middle of October, attaining its maximum height the last of September. The lowest water mark is reached in the last of May. The main difference between the maximum and minimum at Cairo is twenty-five feet.

The annual overflow of the Nile is caused by the great rainfall near the Equator and the melting of the snow on the Abyssinian Mountains. The yearly crops are assured, because of their perfect system of irrigation. The most expert civil engineers are employed in the great work of locating the network of

canals throughout the arable part of Egypt. Of course, it is a desert land beyond the territory inundated by the Nile.

The cultivable land is divided by nature into two parts. The one will produce a crop without artificial flooding, while the other must be irrigated. As a rule, rice is cultivated on the former and cotton on the latter. The country of Egypt extends from the Mediterranean on the north to the first Cataract on the south, and from the Arabian Desert on the east to the Libyan Desert on the west. The arable territory of Egypt is estimated at about thirteen thousand square miles, depending upon the height to which Father Nile rises.

The Nile is one of the three longest rivers in the world, measuring four thousand miles in length. It rises three degrees south of the Equator, and empties into the Great Sources of the Nile. Sea at $31^{\circ} 36'$ north latitude. This great river is formed by the confluence of the White and the Blue Niles at the city of Khartoum.

The White Nile rises in the Great African Lakes, and is thrice the size of the Blue Nile, which finds its source in the mountains of Abyssinia.

The White Nile is so called from the clearness of its waters, while the Blue takes its name from the dark appearance of its muddy waters, bearing their burden of rich soil, washed down from the mountain sides.

It will thus be seen that Egypt owes its unparalleled fertility to the latter, while the system of irrigation is dependent upon the more abundant supply of water from the former.

The Nile runs in a single channel for a distance of thirteen hundred and fifty miles, from the junction of the two Niles at Khartoum to the point twelve miles north of Cairo. There the Nile divides its waters into the Dam-i-

etta and Rosetta branches, the one running to the north-east and the other in a northwesterly direction.

Nearly the entire length of the Nile is navigable, it having only two great cataracts to interrupt navigation from its sources to its mouths. At no place is the river very wide, measuring as it does only eleven hundred yards at each of its three widest points, near Khartoum, Minyeh and Cairo; though the White Nile is considerably broader throughout a great part of its course south of Khartoum.

The breadth of the Nile Valley is from six to ten miles in Nubia, and from fifteen to thirty-five in Egypt. The alluvial deposit of the Delta averages from thirty-five to fifty feet, the average deposit within the past three thousand years being six inches to the century.

There are two great dams, called barrages, at Assuan, and just below where the Nile separates into the Damietta

Barrages. and Rosetta branches. The purpose of those barrages is to conserve and control the waters of the river for the great irrigation enterprises. The flow of the waters is gauged by a perfect system of iron sluice gates. The breast of the dam at Assuan is one mile and a quarter long, one hundred feet high and eighty-eight feet thick at the base. The water in the dam is sixty-five feet deep. The dam is built of solid granite masonry. There were ten thousand men employed in the construction of this dam, which occupied nearly five years for its completion. The cost was above ten millions, but it is estimated that the gain to Egypt, through the irrigation of lands reclaimed from the desert, will annually equal the cost of the building of the dam.

From time immemorial Egypt has been divided into two unequal parts, known as Upper and Lower Egypt. The terms "Upper" and "Lower" have reference to the direction of the current of the river, hence Upper Egypt

lies south of Cairo, while the Delta is embraced in Lower Egypt. The dividing line between the two sections runs a little to the south of Cairo.

The Nile is one of the very few great rivers on the globe flowing north. Its channel is deep, as is shown by the high mud banks at low-water mark, these being twenty-five feet in Upper Egypt and fourteen feet at Cairo.

Egypt is called the "Gift of the Nile," and it is true that no other country has been so influenced by a river as Egypt by her great river. This unusual dependence of Egypt upon the Nile is due to the fact that practically no rain falls, and also that the dry winds from the desert readily absorb whatever of moisture there is in the Nile Valley.

The annual inundation of the River of Egypt was the occasion of the ancient people of Northeastern Africa studying the science of river engineering and land surveying. The necessity for controlling and utilizing the water forced them to consider such problems and to solve them.

The system of astrology also had its beginning in that same country. The Egyptians learned to observe the same features in the face of the heavens about the time that the waters began to rise and when they began to recede. This came about in the most natural way. And as astrology is the mother of astronomy, this latter perfected science may be regarded as owing a great deal to this fertile district.

The yearly flood blotted out all lines that marked the boundaries between neighboring estates, so that it became necessary for a record of land controlled by each proprietor to be kept. It would be difficult to exaggerate the

influence of the periodic tides of the Nile upon the establishment of social and political economy.

This river was also the great highway by which the people travelled and transported their belongings from place to place within their own borders. Also, when the time came for the building of their great temples and monuments, the Nile offered the only possible channel by which materials from Upper and Lower Egypt could have been carried for those structures, that have outlived so many centuries. Within the historic period no noticeable change has taken place in the Nile.

One thing in connection with the whole subject of the Nile and its influence upon the world that interested

Nilometer. me specially was the "Nilometer." This consists of a graduated stone pillar, set in the water of the river, as a guage to its height. It has been used from the earliest periods of human history. There is one of those invaluable instruments in the great Museum in Cairo. It is of a single piece, and bears upon its sides the marks that are noted in Egyptian characters. At Assuan and Cairo they are still in use.

The Nilometer controls the price of all products that spring from the soil — indeed, it regulates the price of everything that is bought and sold in Egypt, and that, too, without a competitor. The reason of this is that the height to which the water rises will determine the area covered and enriched by the Nile. If the waters rose higher than usual at a certain date, it meant that the harvest would be greater, and as there is an unvarying relation between supply and demand, the prices would be correspondingly low. This principle controlled their internal commerce before Abraham visited that land, and it still remains, and will always continue to decide the prices of every marketable product.

Father Nile is the dictator, and the Nilometer is his faithful servant to register his plans and communicate them from day to day. It would astonish any observer to see how great an influence the Nilometer exerts over the European and Asiatic markets, because the fertile soil of the Delta is the source from which millions of pounds of produce are drawn by all Asia and Europe every year.

On the little island of Rhoda, just above the city of Cairo, right near the spot where the baby Moses was found among the flags, there stands the government Nilometer. It consists of a well with a marble shaft set in the centre of it. Here, on this shaft, the work of registering is inerrantly done.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE SPHINX.

THE greatest monument in the land of Egypt is the Pyramid of Cheops, at Gizeh, or the Great Pyramid. Cairo is situated on the right or east bank of the Nile. We crossed the river on the Great Bridge on our way to Gizeh, eight miles to the southwest. The avenue led between two rows of acacia trees that lined each side of an artificial embankment. On the drive we met a dozen trains of camels, laden with rich clover from the productive fields.

All along the road the fellahin were offering delicious strawberries for sale. The little baskets were woven out of the meadow grasses. We halted at a well for a drink of water, where I bought some of the berries. For perfection of flavor I do not think those Egyptian strawberries could be surpassed in all the world.

As the carriage moved along, the Great Pyramid held us as with an irresistible charm. The majesty of it was enough to *overawe* the thoughtful. And yet its proportions are so perfect, its symmetry is so fine, as not to shock you in the least. The great structure must be studied in order to be appreciated, even when one is on the ground.

The Great Pyramid is built upon a foundation which is a perfect square, with seven hundred and sixty-eight feet to the side. The perpendicular height is Cheops. four hundred and eighty-two feet; the angle made by the slope with the base is $51^{\circ} 50'$, and the

length of the side from the base to the apex is six hundred and ten feet.

The pyramid of Cheops is built upon a plateau of hard sandstone. The materials of which it is constructed are sandstone, limestone and granite. The Great Pyramid covers an area of nearly thirteen acres; about two million three hundred thousand separate blocks of stone, averaging forty cubic feet, were required for its construction, and one hundred thousand men were employed in its erection. Twenty years was the time that it took to place this monument where it now stands. The pyramid measures over three million two hundred and fifty thousand cubic yards.

A road of polished stone was constructed for the transportation of the rock from the Mokattam Quarry, east of the Nile. This road was sixty feet wide, and in places its surface was forty-eight feet above the ground over which it passed. Ten years were taken for the building of the road.

Near the foot of the great structure is the ticket office, where you purchase the privilege of going to the top. There I stood playing with a cream-colored baby camel till my turn came to be served. There were not over thirty that cared to make the journey. I secured two muscular, agile Bedouin Arabs to aid me in making the ascent.

When the pyramid was built it was polished from the top downward. Thus it stood till the vandal Arabians disintegrated and carried off the outer layer. This left a recess to each layer, all around the pyramid, which serves as a step for the climber. But as some of the blocks are as much as six feet thick, the climb is by no means an easy one.

The Great Pyramid faces the cardinal points of the compass.

We ascended by the northeast corner, and made the descent by the southwest. Sometimes my assistants were climbing the Great Pyramid pulling, then they were lifting and pushing, and again they were supporting me, to guard against falling backwards. The incline is so steep that great care must be taken in going up and coming down. A misstep, slip or loss of balance might prove very disastrous — even fatal. The Bedouins are the best possible assistants, for they are held strictly responsible by the government for any accident to the visitor. These barefooted, stalwart denizens of the desert, with white turban, gown and sash, are as fearless and active as mountain goats. So, after a hard climb, I gained the apex, with a skinned elbow and bruised knee. But I forgot the struggle and the slight wounds when I stood upright upon the summit and looked at the great picture spread out before me. What a picture of life and death contrasted! There, to the southwest, as far as the eye could hold up, the great Libyan Desert lay extended before my vision. Here I met with a genuine surprise:

The Sahara. I had imagined that a desert consisted of a vast area of level sand; but quite the reverse is true. The surface is very rugged and uneven, being diversified with perpendicular cliffs of sandstone and thousands of sand hills, built about the great rocks of the desert. In that dreary waste no animal or vegetable life can exist. After seeing the surface of the desert I could appreciate how much greater the danger would be to any one at its mercy.

In sharp contrast with this picture of death was the vision of life that greeted me as I looked away in the opposite direction. In the southeast the great river looked

like a silver rope, as it lay in the middle of the valley, now crooked, now straight, as if it had been carelessly let drop by the hand of some Hercules. Very far up the valley, as it stretched toward the south, there were abundant signs of life all along the river.

Then, as I turned toward the east and north, I saw the "Diamond" in the handle of the Delta Fan. What a magnificent gem it is, as you look at the greatest of the cities of Egypt from the top of Cheops! Then, beyond Cairo, the Nile, the network of irrigating canals and the diversified crops on the alluvial plain, present another graphic scene of teeming life as it is found only in Egypt.

One more look toward the south to the ancient capital of Egypt, along the line of the pyramids, leading from Gizeh to Memphis, through the old cemetery, a distance of fourteen miles. But while the desert is a terrific picture of desolation and death, the purest breath is that which comes from the lifeless sands of Libya. To this breeze from the southwest is due in large measure the absence of malaria in the Delta. I shall never forget that glorious panorama from the finest view-point in all the land of Egypt.

On the way down, the wind from the desert carried off my derby, which sailed out toward the west, and landed on the sand one hundred yards from the Great Pyramid. As I saw a youthful Bedouin gliding toward my hat, I called to a fellow-pilgrim to rescue and keep it for me, which he did, without "backsheesh."

I was one of a small half dozen who went inside the Great Pyramid. The entrance is at the north side, and the Heart of
Pyramid. the passage is only three and one-half feet high and four feet wide. A good part of the way I had to crawl and climb, with my taper to give light. The temperature of the interior is 79° Fahrenheit.

heit. The entrance is on the thirteenth tier, and forty-eight feet from the ground. The direction of the shaft is downward at an angle of nearly twenty-seven degrees for a distance of sixty feet. Beyond that point the shaft ascends, through the Great Hall, one hundred and fifty-five feet in length and twenty-eight feet in height. Here the fitting of the huge blocks is so perfectly done that you could not insert the point of a cambric needle between the joints. This is not a matter of guesswork, but of actual experiment.

Just before reaching the Great Hall I followed the horizontal tunnel that led to the "Queen's Chamber." This passage is twenty feet long and three feet nine inches high. I felt well repaid when I stood in the chamber by the sarcophagus of the Queen of Cheops.

The dimensions of the Queen's Chamber are: seventeen feet wide by nineteen feet long by twenty feet high. I crawled back to the main passage and struggled up to the "King's Chamber." This is the most interesting of all the internal features. It is seventeen feet wide, thirty-five long and nineteen high. The entire room is lined with granite blocks, some of which are nineteen feet in length. There is nothing in this chamber but the empty granite sarcophagus of the king. I was astonished to find how the voice rang in that chamber, in the heart of the pyramid. The echo is almost as perfect as in the baptistery beside the Duomo, in Pisa.

With my Bedouin attendant, I made the descent, partly, by sliding down the steep incline on the polished granite and limestone. I never did appreciate a breath of fresh air in the pure sunlight more than when I came out from the Great Pyramid.

It will be seen that the pyramid is essentially a tomb. Those chambers and passages were built with the pyra-

mid. The sarcophagi were placed in their respective chambers, and then the embalmed bodies of the dead were taken through the long, narrow shafts and placed in the huge stone coffins. At the elbow, the great shaft, three hundred and twenty feet long, above described, was hermetically closed with highly polished granite blocks, the object being to prevent the royal tombs from being desecrated. But the Arabs cut a tunnel across, through the softer limestone, to the ascending shaft.

From the pyramid of Cheops I took my first camel ride to the Sphinx, lying not over four hundred yards to the southeast. My camel's name was McKinley.

The riding of the camel is a most thrilling experience. The tall, awkward-looking beast is made to kneel or lie

First Camel Ride. down for you to mount. You may know that the camel does not lie upon his side as the horse or cow does, but folds his long legs and tucks his large, spongy feet underneath his body. The riding-camel is supplied with a deep saddle. You mount into that saddle and hold tightly to the pummel. Then the real sensation begins. Like the cow, the camel first rises on his hind legs, and then the fore part follows. After you are settled in the saddle the process of unsettling begins. With the first movement of the camel you are thrown forward so violently and so far that you think you must fall — but you do not. Then he begins to rise on his fore legs, and you are thrown backward as far as you had been thrown forward. Then, after oscillating for a little, you prepare for the voyage on the "ship of the desert." Now! There is a forward movement to the right, then a shuffling motion in the diagonally opposite direction. You seem to yourself to be describing a series of X's till the end of your journey is reached. Then there is more of the thrilling experience. Again he must

kneel or lie down for you to dismount. This he proceeds to accomplish by an opposite method. Like the cow, he drops to his knees first, and afterwards the hinderpart descends. All the experiences of mounting must be repeated in dismounting, except that they, too, are in the opposite direction. I advise any one to take one camel ride if the opportunity ever presents itself. It may be that one such escapade will suffice, though I took a second.

Second only in interest and antiquity to the pyramids, among the ancient monuments of Egypt, is the great

The Sphinx. Sphinx. It was carved out of the natural rock. It has the body of a lion and the head of a man. The Sphinx is lying down, and looking toward the east. Its proportions are colossal. The length is one hundred and seventy-two feet; the height from the pavement to the top of the head, sixty-six feet; the face, thirty feet long by fourteen wide; the mouth, seven feet seven inches; the nose, five feet seven inches; and the ear, four feet six inches. A six-foot man, standing on the apex of the ear, cannot reach to the top of the head. The Sphinx has always represented mystery.

There was much uncertainty as to the time and purpose of its construction, as well as to the question by whom it was built.

From inscriptions recently deciphered on the walls of the Temple of the Sphinx the mystery seems to have been solved. Leading scientists have been led to conclude that the Sphinx is a gigantic image of Ra-Harmachis, the god of the morning and the conqueror of darkness. Hence, it faces the east. The temple near by was erected for the worship of Harmachis.

Ever since it was cut from the rock-bed the Sphinx has lain in the same position, unmoved by the great vicissitudes through which the country has passed. It has

suffered from the inevitable influence of atmospheric changes, and from the effect of the desert sand, driven by the winds, slowly cutting away its features. But its disintegration is due in greater measure to vandalism than to anything else, for the Mamelukes used its face as a target in their artillery practice! Under the control of the British, the nefarious business of the treasure-seeker and vandal has been decidedly checked. All of these ancient marks of human art and skill are guarded and defended against further inroads, while the work of systematic excavation is being encouraged and aided in every way.

At a distance of less than two hundred feet to the southeast of the Sphinx are the splendid ruins of the

Temple of
Sphinx.

Temple of the Sphinx. It is built of red granite and Egyptian alabaster. Only a part of the ruins have been rescued from the encroaching sands of the Libyan Desert. One chamber and the pavements were constructed entirely of alabaster, as were some of the walls. Some of the fine monolithic granite pillars are still in place, supporting the immense blocks of granite used in the structure. The granite was so highly polished that you would think it had come from the hand of a modern skilled artist.

To show something of the magnificent scale of the temple, it is only necessary to mention that there are two halls, the one measuring seventy-nine feet in length and twenty-three feet in width, and the other fifty-eight feet long by twenty-nine feet wide.

The wonder is that many of those polished granite blocks retain the original sharpness of their corners, and show practically no signs of wearing away. No doubt this is due largely to the fact that for many centuries the ruins were buried beneath the sand; for it is only

fifty years since the Temple of the Sphinx was discovered and the work of excavation was begun.

After another delightful ride on the fine camel, "McKinley," I joined the last of the party and returned to the modern capital of Egypt for lunch and for mail.

CHAPTER XXV.

HELIOPOLIS AND MEMPHIS.

After lunch we took carriages for the wonderful drive of ten miles to the most important of all the ancient cities of Egypt. "Heliopolis" is but the Greek translation of the Hebrew name Bethshemesh, and the Egyptian, On. It is called the "City of the Sun," because there the great temple for the worship of the sun was erected.

On the way, just before we reached Heliopolis, the carriages halted, and we had a stroll through the beautiful garden in which are the tree and well of the Virgin. The tree stands on the traditional spot where stood the tree under whose shadow the holy family rested in their flight into Egypt. The water of the well from which they drank is excellent for drinking. I quite enjoyed a cup of this water, as it poured from the earthenware buckets on the water-wheel. The wheel was turned by a fine, large ox, blindfolded to prevent dizziness. The well is used for irrigating the garden and the field near by. A short drive farther, and we came to the site of the great university city of the time of Joseph.

The only remains of Heliopolis are the fragments of the walls of the city, the meagre ruins of the temple, once so magnificent, and the obelisk.

This obelisk is the oldest known to the world, and is the only one now standing in Lower Egypt. It is a red granite monolith, sixty-six feet high. A companion of this shaft now stands in the

**Most Ancient
Obelisk.**

Water Wheel, Egypt.



American metropolis. It was brought on a specially constructed ship, and set up in Central Park during the administration of President Rutherford B. Hayes. The surface of the ground has been so raised by the annual deposit of the Nile mud that a considerable portion of the great shaft was buried beneath it. This has been excavated to the pedestal, and a square wall has been built around it, at a distance of some three feet from its four sides. I went down inside the wall, and found that the top of the pedestal was six feet below the surface of the land about it.

Heliopolis was the place where Joseph married Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, the priest of On. There is a captivating little romance preserved in the tradition of the people, to the effect that the two royal characters met at this obelisk when Joseph offered Asenath his heart and hand, and was made happy by her acceptance of his offer.

While in the land of Egypt I learned something that interested me very greatly about the obelisks and the pyramids.

The obelisk represented, to the sun-worshipper, a ray of light from the god of the day. And as the Egyptians regarded the sun as the source of light and life, the obelisk pictured to them light, life and immortality. On the other hand, the pyramid represented shadow, darkness, death. The peculiar pyramidal form suggested the settling down into the earth of the life that had sprung from it through the power of the sun, reminding us of the Scripture passages, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," and "The dust shall return to the earth as it was." The pyramid, being a mausoleum, was always placed in the necropolis.

Again, the obelisks were all on the east, or sunrise, or

morning, or life side of the great river, and you look in vain for one on the west side. The pyramids were all on the west, or sunset, or evening, or death side of the river, and in vain you search for one of these on the east side. This statement applies not only to Lower, but to Upper Egypt as well. So, throughout, all the obelisks were on the right side of the Nile, while all of the seventy pyramids were on the left. What an influence this great fact must have exerted upon the Egyptian mind during all of those centuries when the Nile Valley held within her grasp the wisdom of the world!

The ancient Egyptians were a very religious people. Herodotus declared that it was as easy to find an object of worship in Egypt as a man. One of their theories of the sun was that he was a powerful hero, born every morning of the goddess of the sky, and waging ceaseless warfare with the powers of darkness. Another conception was that the sun was a hawk, with brilliant plumage, flying across the firmament, and chasing away every unfriendly cloud. The sun was also regarded as bearing the form of the scarabæus or beetle, darting from east to west daily, bringing life and joy to the world. These theories explain the universal presence of the hawk in their hieroglyphic records on the monuments and temples, and the images of the scarab, in gold and precious stones, worn as bracelets and necklaces by the mummies in the cities of the dead.

I shall never forget a masterpiece, a creed in marble, that I saw in the Vatican Museum. The finished product was called "The Nile." It represented a man in the vigor of his mature years, reclining upon his left elbow, holding a handful of wheat in his right hand, while clusters of grapes were at his left shoulder. All over and about the strong man were many children, who looked to him for

their support. This embodied the Egyptian conception of "Father Nile," surrounded by his dependent children, every form of animal and vegetable life in the Nile Valley. Judged from a pagan standpoint, it is not surprising that the Egyptians should have worshipped the Sun, the source of life and light; and the Nile, by which they were watered, fed and clothed.

Leaving the royal city, Heliopolis, where Moses was trained in all the learning of the Egyptians, we returned to Cairo. We passed the Palais Taufic, or the palace of the present Khedive, the Mokattam Hills, and through a corner of the land of Goshen. Here in sight of the "Barrage du Nil," the riches of earth's harvests were everywhere in evidence.

Returning from Heliopolis to Cairo, we saw the skies grow dark, while the air became quite heavy. I thought

Sand storm. that a storm was brewing, and made inquiry of the driver. He laughed, and told me that it never rained in that part of the world, but that what I saw was a sand storm from the Libyan Desert. The winds had lifted and carried a great cloud of sand and dust into the air till the face of the sun was entirely hidden. The small particles of sand and dust filled the atmosphere near the surface of the earth, so that we found breathing heavy and difficult for a while.

The Great Desert has been behaving after that fashion from the creation, and the gradual elevation of the Delta

Battle of Elements. is due to this agency as well as to the Nile deposit. The effect is imperceptible, but the same forces at work for ages produce a telling result. The tendency of the desert is to encroach steadily, and the effort of the Nile is to reclaim his lost territory when he annually lifts himself up. Thus the battle has been

ever waged between these two great powers, the Nile Valley being the battle-ground.

The holy Sabbath dawned bright and beautiful. The sultry, dust-laden atmosphere of the day before had given place to a delightful clear air and sky. Mr. McLaurin and I spent the morning in our room reading again the fascinating story of Joseph. At ten o'clock we walked to the American United Presbyterian mission, and heard an admirable sermon from one of our own number, Dr. Watkinson, of England. His theme was "Self Denial," and the discourse was one of great power.

After dinner we resumed our reading, and continued through the fourteenth chapter of Exodus, where we found Moses and the children of Israel on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, safe and sound, while the hostile Egyptians were buried in a watery grave. The history of God's chosen people during their four hundred and thirty years' sojourn in Egypt was never before so real, vivid and impressive. That was a great day we had studying this ancient history of the Israelites upon this vantage ground. It was like reading the discourses of our Lord on the shore of Galilee and the brow of Olivet. At six in the afternoon we again attended worship at the mission, and heard a good sermon from Dr. McMillan, of Philadelphia, on "Practical Christian Living."

This mission, founded and supported by the United Presbyterian Church of America, has been most richly blessed from the first. They now have four ^{Egyptian} _{Missions.} Presbyteries located along the Nile, forming the Synod of Egypt.

Monday morning, April 25th, at 8:30, we were in carriages and on our way to the boat landing, where the Memphis steamer lay waiting to take us up the river on the Memphis-Sakkara trip. The distance from Cairo to

Bedrashen is eighteen miles. No trip could have been more refreshing than this fine sail up the Nile.

On the way we passed the Isle of Rhoda on the left hand. There is the famous Nilometer, and the traditional spot where the infant Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh in a little basket-boat among the bulrushes.

Moses in the Basket. The excursion, fishing and freighting sailships were an interesting study. The style of rigging, as well as the shapes of the hulls, were such as I have seen nowhere else. The fishing fleet afforded us a very attractive picture, presenting the appearance of a flock of white-winged sea gulls, skimming over the surface of the water. As we sailed against the rapid current, the Mokattam Hills were on our left, while the long line of the pyramids, standing upon the edge of the desert, stretched for fourteen miles, parallel to the river, on our right.

The boat's crew gave a free entertainment (backsheesh understood and solicited) on the main deck, both going up and down the river. The band consisted of a "tomtom," which is made of a hollow, terra-cotta cylinder, flared at one end. Over the wider end a piece of rawhide is tightly stretched. The musician sits flat on the floor, and thrums on the drum end with his fingers. The whole number of deck hands keep time to this instrument by clapping their hands and dancing. Of course, they are all without shoes —indeed, the wardrobe of the average Egyptian could not be called a lavish affair. For an entertainment, unique in every particular, I commend that given by the crew of the Nile Navigation Company.

At eleven o'clock we moored at the Bedrashen landing, and enjoyed our delightful lunch, while the donkeys were being made ready for us on the shore. After lunch we landed, and our journey across the country began. We

passed through the mud-hut village of Bedrashen on the way to the site of Egypt's first capital. **Old Capital.**

There are few vestiges of the great Memphis, but undoubtedly we were riding over the richest of treasures to the archaeologist. As the work of excavation proceeds these treasures will be revealed, as has been the case in every other important ruin. The study of the great subject of Egyptology would be enough to consume the whole time of the ablest and most enthusiastic students of that wonderful realm of the long ago.

On our ride we soon came to the first of the prostrate statues of Rameses II. There, under the graceful, stately

Rameses II. date palms, the red granite colossus of the

once proud ruler lies. The statue measured thirty-one and one-half feet in height, and was excavated within a few feet of where it was when we saw it. Only a little distance from this is another and larger statue of the same king, who was the Pharaoh that oppressed the children of Israel. This is of limestone, and is also lying prone upon the ground. This colossus, when erect, stood forty-two feet high. These colossi stood in the heart of the ancient city of Memphis.

In passing out from Memphis toward the edge of the desert, the path led through a glorious grove of date palms. The date palm is the most important of the fruit trees of Egypt. There are twenty-seven different species of date produced in that land. The date palms were in full blossom when we were there the last week of April. The fruit ripens the latter part of August and first of September.

Our real desert pilgrimage began at the skirt of the palms, just south of the ruins of the temple, erected for the worship of Ptah. The trip was in every way a novel one. Each pilgrim was mounted upon his donkey. The

saddles were fairly good. You were expected to do the guiding, while your muleteer did the driving. The instrument of persuasion carried in the hand of the Egyptian is a sharpened stick, about three feet long. Sometimes they use this as a whip, and again as a goad. The truth is, they employ one method till it becomes ineffective, and then resort to the other. I am sorry to say that at times they combine the stimuli, usually with marked success. The argument of last resort, with the camel, is croton oil, rubbed on the neck and flanks.

Our objective point was the necropolis of Sakkara. In reaching this spot it was necessary for us to traverse a **Cemetery of Memphis.** wide desert space. I was glad of the opportunity, as it afforded the privilege of seeing something of the real waste that we had beheld only at a distance, or at its edge. Sakkara is a corruption of the Egyptian Sokar, the god of the dead of Memphis. Sakkara was the cemetery of Memphis, and was five miles in length, while the pyramids stretch all the way to Ghizeh, fourteen miles distant.

The Step Pyramid announces the presence of the place we are seeking. This pyramid, as its name indicates, was **Step Pyramid.** built with six distinct broad recesses or steps. These recesses are about seven feet in width. The first one is thirty-five feet from the foundation, the second seventy-five, the third one hundred and fifteen, the fourth one hundred and forty-eight, the fifth one hundred and seventy, and the sixth one hundred and ninety-six. The Step Pyramid is one of the very oldest historic monuments in Egypt, it being the tomb of King Zoses, of the third dynasty.

Near the great Step Pyramid we visited two tombs of the fifth dynasty: that of Ptahhotep, one of the chief officers of state, and that of Ti, the royal architect and

builder of the pyramids of the kings. Here the highest triumphs of Egyptian art are to be seen in the mural-relief decorations. These reliefs represent religious and state functions of the highest order. Much of the sculpture is finely and delicately done. Those two elaborate tombs were richly worth the visit, as we saw there the greatest achievements of the sculptors of Egypt in her palmiest days.

From there we rode to the celebrated tombs of the sacred bulls. These were hewn out of the hard limestone

Tombs of rock underneath the Egyptian Serapeum.

Apis Bulls.

The whole length of the great halls is three hundred and eighty yards. The height is seventeen and one-half feet, and the width ten feet. On each side of the halls are the chambers in which the sarcophagi of the Apis bulls were placed.

Apis was the bull sacred to the god Ptah, the ruins of whose temple in Memphis is referred to above. The sacred animal, after death, was embalmed like a human being. The body was then placed in a granite sarcophagus in one of the chambers under the Serapeum. In each chamber one sarcophagus was placed, and in twenty-four of those chambers there are those mammoth stone coffins, averaging seven feet wide by eleven feet high, by thirteen feet long, and weighing sixty-five tons each. The sarcophagus was hewn out of a single block of red granite.

Those Apis tombs were discovered fifty-two years ago. They had been sealed for thirty-eight centuries, and yet everything remained as it was the day the body of the embalmed animal was interred. Even the finger marks were still on the last stone sealing the chamber, and the prints of the bare feet of the Egyptians, in the sand were undisturbed.

These discoveries seem almost incredible, but the facts are there to speak for themselves. The temperature of the vaults is seventy-nine degrees Fahrenheit. Of course, it is as dark as midnight in the interior, and we were lighted throughout with candles. The mummied bodies have all been removed, and most of them were placed in the Cairo Museum. The Apis tombs were elaborately inscribed. What an undertaking it was to cut into the solid rock, and form those extensive halls and chambers, to say nothing of hewing and transporting from Upper Egypt those immense sarcophagi!

In all Egypt there is nothing of greater interest than the tombs of the sacred bulls, because it was the place where the objects of their worship were entombed. Also, as the finest exhibit of their art and industry, these tombs are second to no other discoveries in importance.

From this great necropolis we returned across the desert sands, and through the palm groves and wheat and bean fields to the boat landing, and embarked for Cairo. The ride on the little beasts was a jolly one.

On the way back we halted at the threshing floor of a fellah. I mounted the threshing-sled by his side for the novel experience of seeing how it was done. This threshing machine is a kind of cart on rollers, the rollers consisting of wooden cylinders armed with iron discs. These broad beans form a staple article of diet for the tillers of the soil.

It was a funny sight that we had of the donkeys taking their sun and sand baths as soon as they had gotten rid of their riders and saddles.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EGYPT'S CAPITAL AND HISTORY.

WE loosed our hawsers at 4:30, and in one hour and a half were at the dock at the Nile Bridge, at Cairo. Thence we drove to the hotel, and rested and wrote up our journals till time for dinner. The costumes of the waiters at the "Angleterre" were exceedingly picturesque and attractive. The men would not average more than five feet six in height. They wore the fez and different colored silk gowns, and moved about with an ease and grace that could not have been surpassed. This is one of the tourist hotels, and is open only during the winter season. On account of our coming, they were kept running two weeks beyond their usual time for closing. After dinner we strolled out to see the city under the bright moon at first quarter, and to purchase some characteristic views of Egypt.

The next morning, in good time, we were roused from our slumbers, for we had to visit the Museum of Antiquities before noon. Among the objects of Cairo Museum. chief interest there we saw the mummies of the Pharaohs, the principal ones of these being that of Rameses II., the "new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph," and that of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, recently discovered, whose remains have never been unveiled.

In the Cairo Museum we saw also the skeletons of the sacred bulls, and mummies of crocodiles, dogs, cats, snakes, monkeys, frogs and gazelles. Some of the crocodile mummies were as much as eighteen feet long. There,

in one case, I saw the mummied bodies of a little girl and her pet gazelle. What a sweet story of childhood it told! Still another case was strikingly pathetic: in a casket, the royal nurse was sleeping, with her little baby lying at her feet!

I observed one significant fact about nearly all the cases: that each casket contained the scarab or beetle, which was their symbol of the creator and the resurrection. Most of them contained jewelry, fish, date seed, and such other things as represented food, upon which the spirit might be refreshed on its periodic returns to look after the welfare of the body. I was greatly interested in the funeral boats, chairs and other furniture employed in connection with the burial of the dead.

Here I saw the ancient Nilometer used by the Pharaohs thousands of years ago. The model of Pharaoh's chariot was there, the original having been taken to the Museum of Antiquities in Florence. The royal crowns, rings, necklaces, bracelets and other articles of jewelry were displayed in the cabinets. I was astonished to see the fine character of gold chains and enamelling.

It was a great surprise to see how perfectly the wood and the decorations painted on the wood were preserved. There were wooden statues carved out of a single piece, and likenesses, carved and painted, on the wooden mummy cases. There were the coins, the implements of warfare, from the graceful bow with dart and quiver to the almost formless stone arrows and knives found in the implement mines.

I left the Museum with the impression that it was one of the best features of the cruise. While there is something very gruesome about all of those mummies and funeral concomitants, it is a great blessing to have them, as they constitute the history, written in no other form,

of that wonderful country and people of the hoary past. It was a rare privilege to see it all.

Cairo is a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants, and is built upon the east bank of the great river, in ^{30° 6'} north latitude. It is the most popu-

Population. lous city on the African continent, and situated as it is, it is the favorite resort of tourists and health-seekers from all parts of the world. The hotels of Cairo could not be surpassed in any city. Those occupied by the cruisers were Shepheard's, Savoy, Continental, Eden Palace, Ghezireh Palace and D'Angleterre.

Among the most interesting places visited in Cairo were the Monastery of the Howling Dervishes, the Alabaster Mosque, the tombs of the Mamelukes and the Arab quarters. The Alabaster or Citadel Mosque is built entirely of Egyptian Alabaster, except the four huge square pillars that support the dome and the limestone columns that stand in the centre of the structure. It is the finest of all the Mohammedan mosques, and is fashioned after the St. Sophia, in Constantinople. From the court-yard we had our first sight of the great pyramid, towering as the monarch of the desert. From the southwest corner we had a magnificent view of the city and the surrounding country. Just below us was the Mosque of Sultan Hasan; to the north and west were the Windmill Hills and the green, fertile valley through which the Nile was majestically flowing.

It was from that wall that Emin Bey, upon his horse, leaped to the ground, fifty feet below, rather than be slain with the one hundred and sixty of his family who had been invited to be present on that occasion, and were cruelly massacred. The print of the horseshoe on the renovated wall marks the point from which the fatal leap was taken. Within the same enclosure we visited the

tombs of the Mamelukes, where we saw the tomb of Emin Bey. Cairo is a beautiful city, whose main thoroughfares are broad and clean, whose stores and bazaars are second only to those of Damascus and Constantinople, and whose public gardens exhibit a wealth of the most luxuriant specimens of tropical flowers and ornamental foliage plants.

The native name of Egypt was Keme, represented in the hieroglyphic records by the character known as the Name. crocodile tail. This character means black, both in the ancient Egyptian and Coptic languages. Egypt was called the black country, not because of the color of the skin of the inhabitants, for that was red, but on account of the color of the soil, the Nile covering the valley with a black mud, and thereby distinguishing the fertile fields from the surrounding deserts.

The Hebrew name for Egypt was Mizraim, preserved in the modern Arabic name for Cairo, El Masr. The cuneiform inscriptions in Syria and Assyria show that Masr was the name by which the ancient people of Asia called Egypt. The dual form of Mizraim was used to describe the whole country of Egypt as divided into two parts, Upper and Lower Egypt. This division was not simply geographical or political, but historical, as is abundantly manifested in the language, customs and worship of the two peoples. The immensely fertile soil, the ease of life under a sky always gay, and especially the protection afforded by the geographical position of the country, were natural advantages, which made the Egyptians the first people on earth with a history.

The Egyptians, like all other ancient peoples, assumed that before the human dynasties spoken of in the annals began, there had been a government by the gods. The name Egypt is derived from the term Aigyptos, employed

by Homer to designate the country and the river that watered it. The ancient inhabitants of Egypt were the children of a union between the aborigines and the descendants of Ham, the son of Noah. The Hamites emigrated from the valley of the Euphrates, and crossing the Red Sea, pushed their way across the Arabian Desert to the Nile, where they settled and intermarried with the children of the soil.

The Copts and Fellahin are the direct descendants of the ancient Egyptians. The Copts, for the most part, are the artisans, while the Fellahin are the farmers of the country.

The prevailing features of the Egyptians are heavy eyelashes, almond-shaped eyes, straight, smooth eyebrows,

Racial Features. wide mouth, thick lips, high cheek-bones, retreating forehead and broad, flat nose.

As a rule, the Egyptians are an industrious, patient, peace-loving race.

The name Copt is a corruption of the Greek term Aigyptos. The modes of living among the Fellahin are of the simplest order. The other elements of the present population of Egypt are Bedouins, or wandering Arabs, Arabian dwellers in towns, Berbers, or Nubians, Soudan negroes, Turks, Armenians, Jews, Gypsies and Europeans. The total population of Egypt is about ten millions.

The average house of the Egyptian is a very humble structure of mud and straw, usually thatched with millet or sorghum. The people live in settlements, villages and small towns all over the Nile Valley.

There are what might be called three seasons: the winter, from November to April; the summer, April to August; the autumn, August to November.

The mean temperature of Cairo is as follows: For the winter, fifty-six degrees; spring, seventy-eight; summer,

Climate. eighty-three; and autumn, sixty-six. The minimum temperature is reached just before sunrise, and the maximum from two to three in the afternoon. Owing to the extreme dryness of the climate, the heat is not so oppressive in the summer-time as the figures would indicate.

The Copts are what are known as Monophysite Christians, because they regard the Messiah as possessing only a divine nature, believing that the human nature was absorbed in the divine. Almost all other elements of the population are attached to the Mohammedan religion.

Some of the customs of the Mohammedans were found very interesting. When a child is seven days old the

Customs in Egypt. family celebrates its birth by a festival in the home, when a name is given to the young citizen. At the age of forty days the child is treated to a bath. If a boy, forty bowls of water are poured over the body of the infant; if a girl, one bowl less.

Girls are married at the age of twelve or thirteen years. The match is made by a third party, and the bridegroom-elect has to pay a certain price, which is the bridal portion. This completes the marriage contract. Before the nuptials are consummated the bride is honored by a procession to the bridal bath. The bride is gaily dressed, and mounted upon a camel in gala trappings. The camel is led by an attendant, preceded by a band of musicians, with hautbois and drums. These are followed by several of the married friends and relatives of the bride, walking in pairs, and after these follow a number of young girls. The bride is entirely concealed from view by the cashmere shawl in which she is wrapped from head to foot. The procession is completed by another band of musicians, following in the rear. After this elaborate ceremony is

over, the bride is conducted to the home of her husband. I saw one of those bridal processions on the way from Cairo to Alexandria.

The burial customs of the Moslems are not less interesting than those connected with marriage. If death occurs in the morning, the interment is made before the setting of the sun; but if in the evening, the burial does not take place till the next day. There are professional mourning women, who come to weep and wail with the family of the deceased on every occasion of death in the household. The funeral procession is led by half a dozen or more poor blind men, who chant the creed of the Moslems. The company first visit the mosque, where services for the dead are conducted. Then, after the body has been placed in front of the tomb of a saint, the procession is continued to the cemetery. The body is so placed in the tomb as that the face is turned toward Mecca. In the case of the rich, a saddle-horse and buffalo are led in the procession. The buffalo is slaughtered at the tomb, and its flesh is distributed among the poor. Another thing you notice, in the cemeteries, is that the men are buried on one side, while the other is reserved for the women.

Egypt is divided into fourteen provinces, or "mudiriyyeh." The ruler of each province is called a "Mudir."

Government. The Mudir has associated with him in government a Vice-Mudir, a chief clerk, a tax gatherer, an accountant, a supreme judge, a police superintendent, a civil engineer, and the chief physician of the province.

Egypt is still nominally subject to Turkey, to which it pays an annual tribute of seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds, but since 1873 the Khedive has been an irresponsible sovereign. The power in Egypt that really controls is that which rules throughout the United King-



At Prayer in the Desert, Egypt.

dom. A knowledge of this fact makes the tourist feel quite at home in the Delta.

During all of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries many efforts were systematically made to interpret the pictorial records, known as hieroglyphic writings, on the venerable monuments throughout the land of Egypt, but with meagre success. The real key for the deciphering of those mysterious writings was given in the wonderful Rosetta Stone. This stone was found in Fort St. Julien, at Rosetta, situated at the mouth of the Rosetta branch of the Nile, in the year 1799. This tablet I saw in the British Museum. It consists of a dark basalt rock, bearing three inscriptions: the first is in the ancient Egyptian, written in hieroglyphics; the second is in the language of the people of a later time; and the third is in Greek. All three inscriptions are a record of the same decree of

Key to the Egyptian priests, written two centuries before Christ. The discovery of the Rosetta Stone was of incalculable value, as it opened the library of the most ancient of human annals to the mind of the world.

In the Scriptures, Egypt holds a place second only to that of Palestine. With Abraham, the mention of Egypt in the Bible begins, and is, as always, minutely accurate. The plenty in Egypt, at that time of famine, was the attraction, for the overflow of the Nile has always blessed that land. The next mention of Egypt is in the history of Joseph. The Midianites brought "spicery, balm and myrrh," articles necessary for embalming. Joseph was sold to Potiphar, the Captain of the Guard, which had its headquarters in a famous fortress, known to the Romans as the "White Castle," at Memphis. The very prison, where Joseph was confined, is copied upon an existing mosaic, found in a Roman house at Preneste. By his marriage with Asenath, the daughter of a priest in

the great university temple of the sun, at On, he was incorporated into the priesthood, and therefore into the highest class of the land. The land of Goshen, where

Israel in Egypt. Joseph settled his father and his brethren, was admirably adapted for the purpose.

Goshen was famous for its fertility; and being especially fitted for tillage, the Israelites there were providentially led to change from a pastoral to an agricultural people.

In direct contact with Egyptian pomp and splendor, at a period when the nation was at its height, the Israelites lived unmolested for two hundred years. Then oppression of the Israelites began. They were set to building, and beautifying, cities for Pharaoh. And the Egyptians made the lives of the Hebrews bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field. But "at evening time it shall be light." To the weary Israelites day was about to dawn; for of Amram and Jochebed, Moses, their future deliverer, was born. He was instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians. But his mother was his first teacher, and from her he received his religion.

When Moses was eighty years old, Jehovah called him to be the deliverer, leader and lawgiver of his people Israel. He returned from Midian to Egypt, and entered upon his great mission. Pharaoh hardened his heart and refused to let Israel go. Then followed the ten great plagues, which were directed against the idolatry of

Exodus. Egypt, and finally issued in the Exodus.

Thus the children of Israel, who numbered three-score and ten, when they came into Egypt, marched out 430 years later, under the leadership of Moses, about three million strong. The history of God's chosen people in the Delta of the Nile, is an unbroken record of Jehovah's marvelous protection and care.

Christianity in Egypt dates, according to tradition, from Mark, the evangelist, who is said to have founded the Church at Alexandria. In the second century, Alexandria was the seat of a theological school, where the great Origen taught. This institution flourished for two centuries, and trained some of the most distinguished scholars of the Greek Church. The Christian religion seems never to have leavened the whole mass of Egypt's population. In the 7th century, the Arabs swept in triumph over Egypt, and, at the point of the sword forced the creed of Mohammed upon the nation. Yet a considerable number of the Egyptian Christians remained faithful, and their descendants constitute the present Coptic Church. As, in ability and training, the Copts are superior to the Arabs, they hold most of the positions offered in the civil service of Egypt. In November, 1854, the United Presbyterians of America inaugurated a work among the degenerate Christians at Alexandria and Cairo. From the inception of the Mission, the purpose has not been resuscitation, but regeneration, among the Copts.

On the morning of the 25th of April, we found that Naples had quarantined against Alexandria, on account of the Bubonic Plague: so by noon the following day, we were preparing to leave Cairo, for our good ship at Alexandria. On the way, we saw a marriage procession, in which the bride was carried in a decorated palanquin, borne between two camels, preceded and followed by the customary festive attendants. All the way, we saw the fine cattle, horses, camels and donkeys, for which Egypt has an unrivaled reputation. On arrival at Alexandria, we left the cars and embarked, without a moment's delay.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VOYAGE TO NAPLES.

HERE were in the Alexandrian harbor three Austrian men-of-war. The boys merrily waved us bon voyage, as we lifted anchor and steamed out of port. We were glad that we had been permitted to visit that most ancient country, but were also thankful to turn our faces toward Europe again. It was a delight to meet all on board once more; for the cruise had been divided and scattered, from the time of our landing at Beyrouth. I was made happy by receiving another letter on board from the home folks, even if I had to pay two piastres as postage due. The pilgrims were all tired and hungry; so after a good dinner, most of us made haste to retire for the night.

On April the 27th, I rose early and spent an hour, before breakfast, reading and writing. The most of the day was occupied in planning for the tour of the Continent and the British Islands. My purpose was to travel about two months in Europe, embarking for New York the last of June. That day, there were a number of "meetings" on board, but I was too busily and profitably engaged to attend one of them. I sought bed soon after supper, as I needed rest, after the days of great fatigue in Egypt, and in view of the sight-seeing that lay before us, within the next few days. The Mediterranean was a little rough all night, and continued so throughout the day following. On account of the troubled sea, there were more people feeling "uncertain," than there had been

since the second and third days out from New York. So many amusing things occurred during the day, that no one could complain of anything akin to monotony aboard. To see the old and young, the strong and the less vigorous, come to the table, and then, after looking pale, and growing paler for awhile, suddenly rise, without speaking to any one, and walk out of the dining-room, was indeed diverting, to a degree.

It had been announced that about eleven o'clock that night we would pass through the famous straits of Messina, where Scylla and Charybdis have always been the terror of the sailor, who dared to make the passage. The island of Sicily lay to the south on our left, while historic

Scylla and Italy was on our right to the north. On the **Charybdis.** Sicily side, we saw the large, well-lighted city, Messina, and on the point of the rock on our port side, was a brilliant lighthouse, that flashed its broad line of white light across the narrow channel. The strait is only a few hundred feet wide, with the steep hills on each shore rising abruptly, making the scene intensely interesting and imposing, in the bright moonlight. The steamer in her course through the strait described the letter "S," in sharp outline: We first sailed in very close to the Sicily rocks, and then almost as near to the "toe of the boot." After passing out, the signal lights were given to the stations on each side, for there was a great flash-light on the mainland, as well as on the island. I greatly enjoyed the fine frolics of the porpoises in the moonlight, as they raced at the prow of the ship. It was thrilling in the extreme, to stand in the bow of the ship, and watch the great leviathan carefully following her sinuous course, through that most inhospitable of the waters of the Great Sea. How real and vivid did the mental and moral picture of Scylla and Charybdis appear,

while we were actually making the passage of the straits! The effect is something like shooting the Lachine Rapids: You hold your breath as you are sailing through, but you breathe easy after the danger is past. It was something after midnight, when I hurried down out of the bow, to my cabin, and sought rest in the land of slumber.

The next day dawned bright and clear, and we found, upon going on deck, that we were nearing the beautiful Bay of Naples. I passed the early morning hours in doing some reading and writing, that could not wait. About ten o'clock, we passed the fascinating little rock **Enchanting Isle**. Island of Capri. The pass, there, is quite narrow, with the mainland on the north and Capri on the south. On each side, the shore is very precipitous. The mountains on the north afford a grand picture, while Capri is altogether unique, in its abruptness and ruggedness. It is of limestone, and rises perpendicularly out of the water to a height of several hundred feet. There is a lighthouse on each end of the fairy island. The natural disintegration of the limestone has formed many remarkable caverns, the principal ones being known as the Blue, White, and Green Grottoes. These are entered by row-boats, the entrance being so low, that the visitor can only make the passage by lying flat in the boat, and that, only when the sea is quiet. When the entrance has been gained, the coloring is indescribably lovely. The trip to Capri is one of the attractive excursions, of one day, from Naples. A good contingent from the cruise took advantage of the opportunity to visit the enchanting isle. The anchor-place at Naples is twenty miles from Capri, so we were a little more than one hour from our anchorage when we passed Capri. Soon after entering the bay, the great Vesuvius towered into view! The cone of this mountain of fire is a model of symmetry. The summit

rises 4,197 feet above the Bay. From the crater, an immense volume of smoke and steam is constantly rising. A great river of lava is seen, stretching down the valley between Vesuvius and Monte Somma. The color of the lava river is greyish-brown, while that a few hundred feet from the summit is white in appearance, from the sea.

The doomed Cities. The last fierce outburst was in the year 1900. The ill-fated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum lay at the base of the mountain, the one to the south, the other to the southwest. There is something awful in the sight of the smoking mountain, particularly in view of the fact that the two historic cities, above referred to, were buried from forty to fifty feet under the ashes and lava, nineteen centuries ago.

We were very fortunate in entering the harbor just in time to see the naval escort of thirteen battle ships, of

Guest of Honor. President Loubet, of France. Just as the President's ship loosed from her moorings, with Loubet and the King of Italy on board, the flagship fired the first gun of the royal salute. Then there were twenty-one guns from each of the thirteen men-of-war, firing in all directions. The sight and sound were vividly suggestive of a great naval battle, as the entire fleet was enveloped in smoke. By the time the smoke began to clear away, the response of the Italian fleet opened. The movements of the great sea-fighters, as they took their position in line, were orderly and majestic. It was a great experience, for I had never seen a gun fired from a man-of-war before. One of our battleships, the "Kentucky," lay anchored in the harbor. She was clad in a robe of white, and gaily decorated for the occasion, in honor of the other two fleets. She dipped her flag in recognition of the Americans, as her band played "America."

Right near us was the "Erin," the splendid steam yacht

of Sir Thomas Lipton, with the "Shamrock" floating from her mainmast. The generous sportsman came aboard the *Kurfuerst*, to exchange greetings with the Americans. As Naples had quarantined against Alexandria, we were held under quarantine regulations for several hours, while we passed the official examination, and our soiled linen was taken to the quarantine station and fumigated. After all of this was over, we were allowed to land, by five o'clock. After dinner, some of us went over to see the city, and the illuminations. The decorations were very elaborate, on the occasion of the visit of the President of France. I have never seen so beautiful a bay as that of Naples. It has so many features to make it attractive. The general contour of the bay, the fine opening to the south, its lovely surface, reflecting the soft Italian sky, like a mirror of burnished silver, the delightful city of Neapolis, crowned with the Castle of Saint Elmo, and the awful, smoking furnace of Vesuvius—all combine to make an exquisite picture. At sunset, we were favored with another naval display, which we welcomed most heartily. At the lowering of the flags, used in the festivities connected with Loubet's visit, the whole Italian fleet engaged in most vigorous cannonading. The reverberations, from the placid bosom of the bay, to the steam-crowned summit of Vesuvius, were a perfect delight. But one of the very finest sights I ever witnessed, was the one I beheld about one hour after the sunset gun was fired: Vesuvius, with all his majesty, apparelled in a robe of April foliage, with valleys of lava marking the folds of his garments, and crowned with a glorious cap of white cloud, was directly east of us; the setting sun spread a subdued light over the waters and land, east of Saint Elmo, and shed a mellow, purplish afterglow upon the mountains, behind which he was sinking to rest. It was

then that a surprise came. The moon was at the full. Just after the departure of the king of the day, the queen of the night rose clear, to the south of Mount Vesuvius, and flooded the Bay with her silvery light. The picture was complete. The sweet azure sky, influenced by both the gold and silver lights, made possible an effect that could hardly be surpassed, and never described. The memory of that view will linger with me through life.

We had our first glimpse of Italian life under most favorable auspices. It was a gala season, and the illuminations at the Palazzo Reale and the Municipio were simply gorgeous.

In Gala Attire All along the principal thoroughfares, the decorations were profuse, and the pyrotechnic display was lavish. There were many thousands of people, of all ages and ranks, streaming in all directions. The street cars and cabs were doing a thriving business. After a long, entertaining tramp of three hours, Mr. Coulter and I returned to the ship for a good night's rest. The next day dawned most auspiciously, and the Bay of Naples was as beautiful, under the new conditions, as it had been on the previous afternoon and evening. As soon as breakfast was over, the Rome division were taken ashore, to find carriages for the morning's drive through Naples. The forenoon was spent in visiting the Aquarium and the Museum. The chief attraction at the Aquarium was the octopus. It was the privilege of a lifetime. I have been informed that those are the only specimens to be seen in any aquarium in the world. I have yet to see another creature quite so horrible and forbidding, in appearance, as that strange pirate of the lower strata of the tropical seas. The electric eel was there to "shock" every one, who was bold enough to give him a trial. I was rash enough to take him up in my hands, and I can imagine that I still feel

the vigorous, electric force of this natural galvanic battery. There were the finest specimens of the sea-horse, the crab, the lobster, and the entire family of shell fish. From the most highly organized, to the lowest forms, of sea-animal life—all were there to be seen. It was a great opportunity, for there is no other aquarium that will compare with that of Naples.

From the Aquarium, we drove to the great Museum. Among the objects of chief interest there, were the results of the discoveries and excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum. The former city was destroyed in the year 79, A. D., by being buried forty feet deep under ashes, pumice stone, and hot water, from the crater of Monte Somma; the latter was overwhelmed by a great volume of black lava from Monte Vesuvio. The Museum contains many hundreds of specimens of statuary, mural decorations, cooking utensils, other industrial implements, armor, and some fine examples of jewelry of that ancient period. The wooden articles were, in some instances, well preserved. In the collections, there were very many of their coins. The bronze specimens could be located by the peculiar effects of the eruptions from the two volcanoes. Those of Pompeii showed a greenish-white corrosion; those from Herculaneum were much darker, almost black, from the action of the hot sulphur, from Vesuvius. Many subjects of the statuary and paintings, in the other halls and galleries, were splendidly conceived and executed. I thought the tapestry and ivory carvings were among the most interesting of the great exhibit. There were many artists there, copying the best works; and there, too, was a gallery for the display and sale of such copies. My only regret was that the time was so limited for seeing so much. At the door, we took carriages for the Porta Marina, where we took the tender for the *Kurfuerst*.

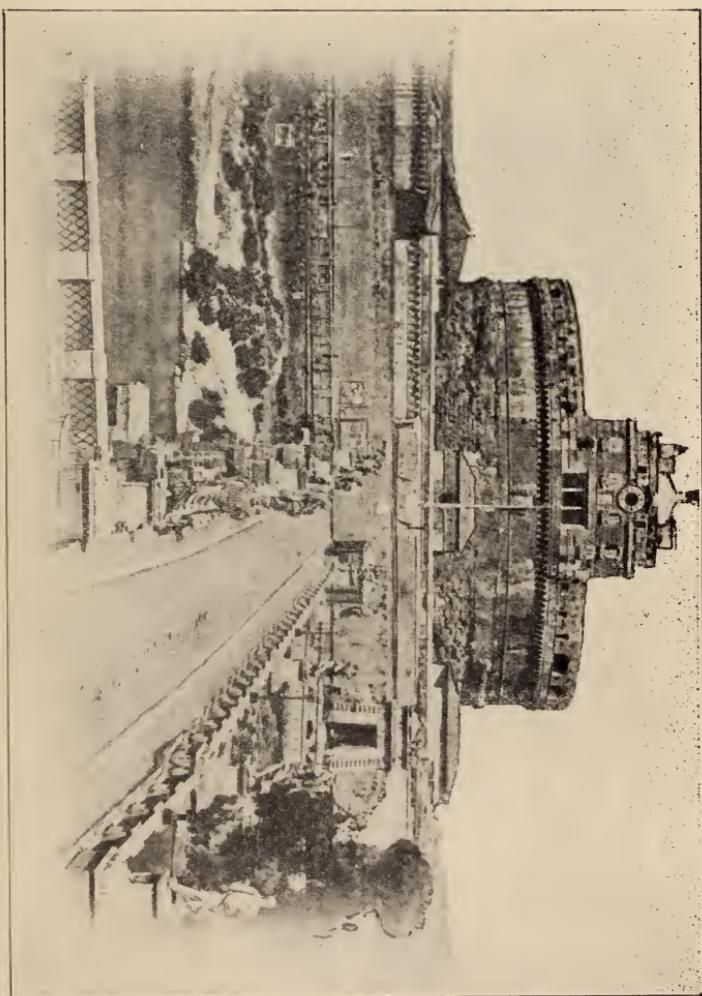
After lunch, we made ready for our trip to the Eternal City. Our contingent required two sections, of sixteen "carros" each. We were astonished at, and charmed with, the wonderful fertility of the soil of southern Italy, and the splendid system of cultivation. Practically every square yard of available soil is planted and cultivated, and the yield is almost fabulous. The potatoes, tomatoes, strawberries, cabbages, beans, flax, clover, orchards and vineyards, were spread out, for many unbroken leagues. The vines trellised upon the green trees, stretching from one to another, over thousands of acres of plain, valley, and mountain side, presented to me a new feature of grape-culture. Then the blue Apennine Mountains, under the afternoon and evening sky, were a dream of grandeur. The highest of the range were gowned in a dazzling fabric of snow. So, all the afternoon, we were entertained and enchanted by an uninterrupted panorama of beauty, till the sun began to sink, and the shadows fell over the land, whose glories he had made visible during the day. Then again, we were made happy by the rising of the moon, as she entered upon her nocturnal vigil. She was in her glory, and the sky was ideal. I would not be vain enough to attempt to paint the scene, as the silver planet rose and looked from behind the mountains, over which we had been climbing. We were a tired company, and after our "Kurfuerst lunch," without a motion, we all took a nap, till we drew near to the city of Rome.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

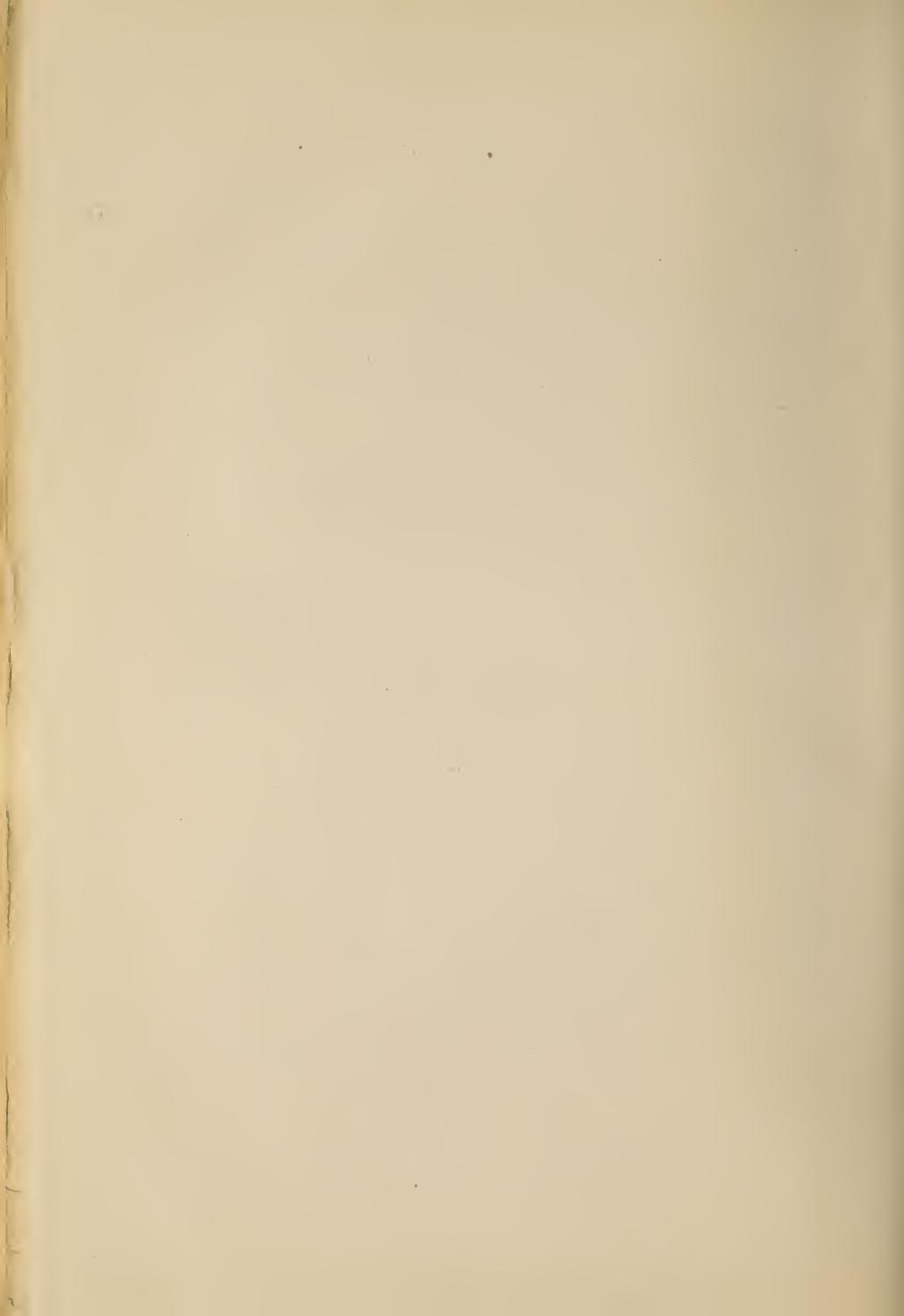
ROME.

OUR first introduction to Rome's ancient greatness was a glimpse of the grey ruins of the aqueduct and city wall. On arrival at Rome we were promptly directed to the carriage that was ready to take us to the Marini Hotel. My first impression of Rome was a most favorable one. I reached my room a little before midnight. I was assigned to a room all to myself, and was comfortably quartered.

The next day was Sabbath, May the first. After early ^{Sabbath in Rome} breakfast, I went with Mr. Coulter and his daughter to St. Peter's. On the way, we walked without a guide. Our first view of the "Yellow Tiber" was from the "Umberto Ponte," as we crossed toward the new Palace of Justice. Thence we walked down the right bank of the Tiber, passing the Mausoleum of Hadrian, or Castello San Angelo, till we entered the Via Nuova, which led us up to the largest church in the world. I was wonder-struck as I approached the Colonnade, which serves as an introduction to the great San Pietro. There are three rows of columns, built on circular lines, on each side of the approach—each leading to St. Peter's—the one on the right, and the other on the left. In the centre of the circle stands one of the great obelisks, from Heliopolis, Egypt. This, like all its companions, is a monolithic shaft. On each side of the obelisk, there is a fountain, forty-six feet in height. Thence we ascended the long flight of stone steps, leading up to the doors of the Mecca of the Roman Catholic world. We



Castle of San Angelo, Rome.



were in time for the celebration of high mass, by the College of Cardinals. There was an elaborateness of detail, in the functions of the celebrants, that we had never before witnessed. After the service, we spent some time in walking around in the immense structure, with its seven altars. The vastness of the dome fairly staggers you.

Papal Tombs. The Tombs of the Popes, down to the late Leo XIII., are very full of interest to the student of history. To the devout Catholic, the Tomb of St. Peter is a most holy place. There the lamps never go out, and there the marble statue of Sextus IV. ever kneels before the shrine of St. Peter. There too, is the bronze statue of St. Peter, the toes of whose right foot have been worn away by the kisses of the faithful. That part of the foot has been renewed, and has worn away a second time, till a second renewal will soon become a necessity. This bears eloquent testimony to the power of a religious sentiment. It will make men do what the combined armies of the world could never compel them to do.

To me the most wonderful attractions, about St. Peter's, **The Great Mosaics** were the Mosaics, that are the admiration of every visitor. The coloring, and the mechanical fitting of the tiny bits of marble, in those masterpieces, are so perfectly done, that the observer will not infrequently fail to discover that the work has not been done with brush or pencil. Among the best of these pictures, are, the "Transfiguration," the "Baptism of Jesus," the "Death of Ananias and Sapphira," and the "Last Communion of St. Jerome." In the Baptism of Jesus, the shading is so perfect that the feet of the Master show distinctly, under the water, as He stands to receive baptism at the hands of the faithful forerunner. By twelve o'clock, we were on our way back to the Marini.

As I stood on the Ponte San Angelo and looked down

at the swift current, I thought the descriptive term, "tawny," as applied to the Tiber, exceedingly appropriate. The color is always yellowish, on account of the light soil that is mingled with the waters, as they wash the south-western slopes of the Apennines. After lunch, I went out

Missions.

to find the Presbyterian church, where Dr.

Gray was to deliver a lecture on "St. Paul in Rome." That was a masterful discourse, and proved very profitable to all who heard it. From there, we went to the Methodist Episcopal church, where a congress of all the Sabbath-schools, in Rome, was to be held. The entire service was in the Italian tongue, which is liquid and musical. It is inspiring to observe that the Sabbath-school is accomplishing the same results for the peoples who speak other languages, that it is for the millions in the home-land. Leaving this church, we walked down "Via XX. Setembre," to the Quirinal Palace Gardens. In this beautiful park, we sat and rested, enjoying the splendid grounds, the fine equestrian statue in bronze, and the people of the city, as they came and went. I was charmed with the little Italian children that I saw there. The most attractive babies and white-aproned nurses, that I saw outside of America, were in the lovely city of Rome. In the centre of the Piazza del Quirinale, stands a fountain with an antique basin. There I was delighted with the colossal statues of the Horse Tamers, one of which is Alexander taming Bucephalus. These splendid triumphs in marble were executed by Phidias and Praxiteles, respectively.

Thence we turned our steps toward the hotel, and unexpectedly stumbled upon the most beautiful of all the 200 fountains of the city. Any one, who has seen Rome, could readily tell what fountain I had reference to. Trevi Fountain lies in a natural basin, and is supplied by a large

aqueduct. It has the roar of a cataract, as the water rushes from the many orifices, leaping from one rock terrace to another, till it rests in the semi-circular basin at your feet. The limestone is artistically carved, so as to represent the natural rock. So well has the artist done his work, that it requires more than a passing glance to detect that it is artificial. The chiseling is exquisite. There are fig trees, lilies, ivy, rhododendra and grapes, still to be seen in this masterpiece. Out of the wall from which the water is gushing, Neptune is seen riding in his shell-car, drawn by two magnificent sea-horses, driven by as many tritons. Above the fountain stand four fine statues, representing the four seasons of the year. Under the rocks, sheltered from the rushing tide, were the most bewitching, irresistible, maiden hair ferns, some of which I plucked to send home, in a letter to be written that night. The sweet picture of the Trevi Fountain will remain with me, for a long time to come. There is a tradition that if the visitor returns to this fountain, the night before departing from the city, and throws a coin into the cascade, he will be sure to return to Rome some day. I did not cast the coin, but I did visit Trevi Fountain before breakfast, the morning we left for Naples. I returned to my hotel in time for supper, after which I enjoyed writing a long letter home.

Monday we were up at the call of the porter for early breakfast, to be ready for the all-day drive and sight-seeing. At the appointed hour, we started for the Pincian Gardens. There we enjoyed the most delightful views to be had from the east side of the Tiber. The drive

The Water Clock. through the garden was delicious. There we found a water clock, the first one, in operation, I had ever seen. As its name signifies, this clock is run by water-power, the mechanism being simple and perfect. This clock never needs winding. Upon the

pond underneath, was a mother swan, with her five babies, clad in down. It was a sweet picture that they gave us, as we paused for a few moments, while the kodak fiends got in some of their work. The finest prospect is had from the terrace overlooking the Piazza del Popolo. From there we saw St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Pantheon, the Capitol and the Palazzo Regio. On leaving the Collis Hortorum, we drove to Sebasti & Reali's bank, where we received letters from home. After we had finished reading our letters, we were driven to the Museum of Statuary, behind St. Peter's. There we had the privilege of seeing some of the masterpieces of the sculptor's art.

The Sculptor's Model. Among the finest were Apollo Belvedere, and the Torso Belvedere Hercules, which has always been the model for the masculine form in sculpture. This famous Torso was the favorite study of Michael Angelo.

There, too, are the original statues of Venus and Minerva, models of perfection in feminine beauty. The Gladiator in the act of "scraping" his limbs, after the contest, the busts of Julius and Augustus Caesar, the boxers, and Il Nil, or Father Nile, are classics in the realm of art. In the Hall of Animals, there were some splendid triumphs, among which was "Lupa et Gemini" or "The Wolf and the Twins." All too soon, we were called from this feast to another.

We went next to the Vatican Museum. Within the gateway were stationed the Swiss Guards of the Pope, whose fantastic uniform was designed by Michael Angelo. Our guide facetiously remarked that Michael Angelo was a fine sculptor and painter, but a very poor tailor! We ascended the Scala Regia, leading up to the

Where Popes are Made. Sistine Chapel, where the Popes are elected by the College of Cardinals. The end of

this Chapel, opposite the altar, is entirely covered by the creations of Angelo, "The Last Judgment." Seven years of the great artist's life were given to this picture. It was unveiled on Christmas Day. The walls and ceiling of this building are occupied by the wonderful works of the same genius. Among those that would first attract you is the creation of Eve, where Adam sleeps, and wakes to find Eve, his help-meet, from God's gracious

Raphael's hand. From there, we went into the hall, **Triumphs.** where we saw the three greatest works of Raphael: "The Transfiguration," "The Madonna," and "The Last Communion of St. Jerome." We left the Vatican, regretting that we could not spend as many weeks as we had hours, at both Museums. Thence we were driven across the Tiber to the hotels, where we were refreshed with a delightful lunch. After lunch we drove to the "Forum of Trajan," the "Great Forum of Rome," the "Colosseum," the "Pantheon," and "St. Peter's." At the Great Forum, we saw the Rostrum, from which the silver-tongued prince of orators, Cicero, hurled his invincible

Where the power against Cataline and his fellow con-

People Meet. spirators. In that very place, the head of the orator was afterwards hung, and the most shameless abuse was heaped upon the memory of the great man, by a wicked and depraved empress. There we saw the spot where Caesar was stabbed by Brutus, while exclaiming, "Et Tu Brute," and covering his head with his toga, that he might not look upon the murderous deed! In the same place, the famous speech of Marcus Antonius was delivered, at Caesar's funeral. On that historic plot of ground were the Temple of Jupiter, the Temple of Vesta, the Temple of Julius Caesar, the Tomb of Romulus, and the Great Rostrum. One would need months in which to study these classic ruins, buried under the debris of

centuries. The work of systematic excavation is going on to-day. When we were there, the excavating force were unearthing human skeletons, in fifty different places. In niches in the walls, we saw many of these skeletons intact. From the Forum, we could see the old Senate Chamber, the Arch of Titus, and the Palace of the Caesars.

On the way to the Colosseum, we passed through the Arch of Titus. To the south of the Colosseum, we were taken under the Arch of Constantine the Great. We found the Colosseum the greatest of all the ruins—indeed, it is the greatest in the world. It was built in the year 80, A. D., by Vespasian, and was capable of seating 100,000 people. There the most brutal sports were witnessed; and there many hundreds of Christians lost their lives. “*Christianos ad Leones*,” was the bloodthirsty cry

They Kept the Faith. of the persecutors of the followers of Christ, as the Martyr Christians, men and women, were hurried from the cells, to feed the hungry lions! Here we were shown the dens where the wild beasts were kept for three days without food, before the contest; and the dungeons, from which the Christians were brought, that they might die for their faith. In those contests, there were three classes of people, in the arena with the ferocious animals: The gladiators, the condemned malefactors, and the Christians. The gladiators, upon entering the arena, faced the emperor with these words, “We, who are about to die, salute thee!” This marvelous pile, we left for the Pantheon, one of the oldest, and the best preserved of all the ancient structures of Rome.

The Pantheon was built by Marcus Agrippa, in the year 27, B. C. It was dedicated to all the gods, hence the name “Pantheon.” The great portico is supported by twenty-four grey and red granite columns, three rows

deep, with eight in a row. The double bronze doors require six men to open and shut them. The interior is 142 feet in diameter, and 142 in height. The roof is dome-shaped, and of stone, with a circular opening at the apex of the cone, 27 feet in diameter. This opening is the only source from which the building receives light. The Pantheon is now used as a church. The tombs of Victor Emmanuel, the First, and the late King Humbert, are on the right. On the left, is the tomb of Raphael. The Pantheon is destined to be the Westminster Abbey of Italy. In an adjoining convent, Galileo was tried on June 22, 1633, for insisting that the earth moved around the sun.

From the Pantheon, we drove to St. Peter's and spent the rest of the day in studying the architecture, and the principal works of art found in the great sanctuary. One great work in marble, "Vanity and Modesty," capivated everyone. The figures were chiseled from Pentelic marble. So perfectly was the ideal of the sculptor realized, that tradition informs us of a young Italian's committing suicide, on account of having fallen in love with the lifelike statue of Modesty. Behind the High Altar is the bronze chair of St. Peter, borne up by Augustine, Ambrose, Chrysostom and Athanasius. It was made from the bronze fastenings taken from the Colosseum. It was constructed by Bernini, at a cost of \$120,000. Near the central door is a porphyry slab, upon which the emperors were crowned. The floor is of variegated marble. The length of St. Peter's is 615 feet, height of the dome to

The World's Great Cathedral. the top of the cross, on the Canopy of the St. Peter's Tomb, is 448 feet, height of the nave, 152 feet, width of nave, 435 feet, and width of aisles, 33 feet. The frieze around the Cupola bears the following inscription in mosaic: "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram aedificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi

dabo claves regni caelorum." Under the dome is the venerable head and face of St. Peter, also done in mosaic. Owing to the immense proportions of St. Peter's, the objects within the area lose much of their effect, suffering as they do from contrast. The dome of St. Peter's has always been considered one of the sublimest efforts of architecture. "The Cupola is glorious. Viewed in its design, in its altitude, in its decorations, as a whole, or in part, it enchanteth the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expandeth the soul."

The interior of the church is imposing, less so from the grand, colossal dimensions, than from the harmony and proportion of the lines.

Tired out with the hard day's work, we went to our hotels, passing, on the way, the Houses of Parliament, and the Spiral Column of Marcus Aurelius, surmounted by a bronze statue of St. Paul. This column stands in the Colonna Piazza, the centre of modern Rome. After dinner, we went out to do a little shopping, at Merola's and other places.

Rome is a most beautiful city. It is a model of cleanliness, and is the best watered city in the world. There was a great satisfaction in being at liberty to drink of the fountains all over the city, knowing that the waters were pure and wholesome. When the "Mistress of the World" was in her prime, it required fourteen aqueducts to supply the city with water. Many of those aqueducts brought the water from long distances—one, the Anio Novus, conveying the water 62 miles, 48 miles of which were underground.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ROME.

TUESDAY was optional day, and we planned our own independent itinerary. First, we went to the bank, on Piazza di Spagna, for our mail, and were richly rewarded by more letters from home. Thence we went shopping at an art store; and at nine o'clock, to Cook's Tourist Office, to arrange for our tickets, as far as London. This done, we hired a carriage and guide, and were off for a fine morning's work. We drove first to the Capitoline Museum, to see the "Dying Gladiator," the "Marble Faun," and the "Dying Gaul." Many other noted works, we saw there, but these three were the objects of chief interest.

At the head of the stone steps, leading to the Piazza, were the statues of Castor and Pollux. There, too, is the first mile-stone of the old Appian Way. On this spot the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus stood, and in the garden is the famous Tarpeian Rock, from which criminals were hurled to death.

On your left, as you ascend, is the wolf-kennel, in the **The Wolf Kennel.** traditional place where Romulus and Remus were nourished by the wolf. These wolves are kept at the expense of the city, just as the bears are in the Grotto at Bern, Switzerland.

From the Capitoline Hill, we drove toward the Tiberine Island, passing the "hired house" of the Apostle Paul. On the island, in the mid-Tiber, there are the ruins of the Temple of Æsculapius. At present, the southern point is occupied by the city morgue. There are the ruins of

the old Bridge, built by Augustus Caesar. The island is connected with the mainland, by bridges, on each side.

Near the east bank of the river, we saw the well-preserved "Temple of Vesta," the "Temple of Fortune," and the house of Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes.

Thence we drove to St. Paul's Gate, passing the ancient quay of Rome. Just outside the city wall we halted at the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, built of stone brought from Egypt, to commemorate the victories he had won on African soil. We drove along the left bank of the Tiber,

The Tombs of Paul and Timothy. till we came to St. Paul's Church. There the bodies of Paul and Timothy were buried, and tradition tells us, that near St. Paul's, at the Church of the "Three Fountains," the Chief Apostle was beheaded.

Here we were shown the miraculous crucifix, in the Chapel of St. Bridget. She was once praying before this shrine, when, it is said, Christ descended from the cross, and embraced her! Among the many objects of great interest, were the Alabaster Pillars, supporting the Canopy over the Tomb of St. Paul. These were imported from Egypt. This canopy is in part covered with pure gold.

Mosaics of Popes. The mosaics of the Popes are well worth seeing. The pictures of all the chief Prelates, from St. Peter to Leo the XIII., are there. There is also a niche for the portrait of the present Pope, Pius X. This mosaic is in process of execution at the present time.

From St. Paul's, we drove across the Campagna di Roma, to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. **The Catacombs.** We paid the entrance fee, and were conducted, by a genial friar, down into the underground necropolis. There are many sections of the Catacombs—in all, hundreds of miles of tunneling, through the Tufa rock, having been explored under the Campagna.

Formerly the Popes' remains were interred in those Catacombs; but they have all been removed to St. Peter's. Hundreds of thousands of bodies were buried there, but most of them have been removed. Occasionally, you will see a skeleton, or a mummy. In those Catacombs, the Christians took refuge, in times of persecution—often meeting there for the worship of Christ, together, in safety.

Thence we drove to the old Appian Way, leading from **The Appian Way.** the Appian Gate of Rome to the ancient City of Capua. This was the most important of the Roman roads, when Rome controlled the world. The "Via Appia" was built by Appius Claudius, from whom it took its name. On the Appian Way is the Church of "Domine, Quo Vadis." There we saw a part of the pavement of the famous old Road. It composes a part of the floor of the church. On this spot, tradition says, St. Peter met with the Lord, whose footprints are here shown, and propounded the question, "Master, whither goest Thou?" This tradition gave the church the name by which it is still known.

Farther along the Appian Way, under a tall cypress, we saw the Tomb of Scipio Africanus. Still farther, and we came to the celebrated baths of Caracalla Antoninus. Sixteen hundred persons could bathe at once in that marvelous structure. There were cold, tepid, and hot baths, as in modern bath houses.

We drove through the Appian Gate, into the city, passing over the "Circus Maxentius," where the races and games used to take place, while the emperor sat on the balcony of his palace, and witnessed the progress of the entertainments. Thence we crossed the Tiber by the bridge nearest the south wall, driving to the Janiculum Hill, where the Temple of Janus once stood. On the

temple site, stands the fine equestrian statue of Garibaldi. There were Caesar's famous gardens. From there, we enjoyed a superb view of the city and the Campagna di Roma, lying about it. The grounds are beautifully kept, and about the statue, the elite gather in their carriages, by appointment, in the summer afternoons, to visit with one another, instead of calling at the residences in the city.

Stretching in the distance, from northwest to southeast, are the Apennine Mountains, forming a noble background for the great City of Romulus. A little way down from the summit of Mons Janiculus, is the lovely Pauline Fountain, as it bursts from an underground aqueduct, supplied by a spring more than thirty miles distant. It breaks into roaring cascades, and falls into a great reservoir, from which it is conveyed to the turbines, below, where it furnishes the power for the corn mills, foundries, and other kinds of machinery. Thence it is carried to supply several of the city fountains, before it falls into the Tiber, and begins its course to the sea.

A little further down, we passed the traditional site Martyrdom of Peter. where Peter was crucified, with his head downward. The beautiful Church of "St. Peter's on the Mountain" is built on the exact site. I shall always remember the lovely serpentine drive up that hill. The grade was excellent, and the trees on each side of the road, with the rustic rock wall, lent greatly to the attractiveness of the panorama of delight. We recrossed the river on St. Bartholomew's Bridge, and were soon at the Marini—in time for late lunch.

After lunch, we did some shopping, and took the tram for the Basilica of San Giovani Laterano. Our chief reason for visiting this great church, was, that in one of the chapels was the "Santa

The Santa
Scala.

Scala," or Pilate's Stair-case. The Santa Scala consists of twenty-eight marble steps. The stair-case was brought by the Empress, St. Helen, from the palace of Pilate, in Jerusalem, in the year 326, A. D. The tradition is that on these very steps, Jesus began the Via Crucis. Many hundreds of devotees daily ascend upon their knees, as an act of worship. The old marble steps were worn so nearly through, that it long ago became necessary to cover them with wood, for their protection.

From St. John Lateran, we went to San Pietro in Vincoli, not far from the Colosseum. There we saw one of ^{Angelo's} _{Greatest Work.} the two greatest products of the skill of Michael Angelo. "Moses" sits in a great marble chair, holding, in his right hand, the two tables of the law. It is a great triumph of the sculptor's art. The other great statue referred to, is "David," which we saw in the Tribune of David, in Florence. There young David stands, with his sling in his right hand, and a smooth stone in his left. Which was the finer, I was unable to say. The one was perfect of the aged lawgiver, and the other was as perfect of the youthful deliverer, of the Children of Israel.

In this church, in a bronze chest behind the main altar, I saw the Jerusalem and Rome, chains with which Peter was bound. These were miraculously joined together, so the devout monk, Fra Rafael, told me! Fra Rafael was very kind and courteous to me, in unlocking the door and the chest, that I might see the chains.

We returned past the Colosseum, and through the arcade, to our hotel, for dinner. After a brief outing, visiting the beautiful stores, I returned to my room, wrote a letter, and retired for the night.

I was deeply impressed, as well as delighted, with the city of Rome. When it was founded, no one knows, for

its foundation is lost in a labyrinth of mythology. Hence it is called the "Eternal City." It has a population of 500,000, and is rapidly growing. Its inhabitants once numbered more than a million. Rome was built upon seven hills: The Capitoline, Palatine, Esquiline, Viminal, Aventine, Quirinal, and Caelian. Rome is a walled city. The walls are constructed of brick and stone, and are fifty feet in height. On the left bank, the wall measures ten miles, that on the right bank, nearly four, making in all nearly fourteen miles. There are twelve gates in the walls of modern Rome.

Rome has a classic atmosphere, which can be equalled by only one other city in the world. It has been more closely interwoven with the civilization of the human race, than any other city. In some single point, other cities may excel it. It has no Golgotha, and it has no Acropolis; but all the threads of ancient history converge in Rome, and from Rome, all the threads of modern history diverge.

The City on the Tiber has, from the first, been inseparably identified with the Christian Church. The consideration of the relation of Christianity to the Roman Empire, would embrace the following epochs: When Chris-

Religions in Rome. tianity was brought into conflict with the old religion of the Romans, and was gradually converting the Roman world to the faith; that period during which Christianity became the state and official religion of the empire, from the time of Constantine, extending over five hundred years; and that long period, known as the Middle or Dark Ages.

The religion of the ancient Romans originated in the worship, by each family, of its own household, and deities, in whom the souls of their ancestors were supposed to be enshrined. The principal household divinity was the goddess Vesta; who was regarded as defending the hearth-

stone; so that not only were there several temples erected in different parts of the city for her worship, but each family had its peculiar shrine, at which divine honors were paid to her.

The name of the Apostle Paul is intimately connected with the history of Christianity in Rome. The Epistle to the Romans gives evidence that he was familiar with the condition of the Church at that place. This Church had doubtless been founded, at an early date, by some of the converts, on the day of Pentecost, styled in the Acts of the Apostles as "Strangers of Rome." For two whole years, Paul remained in Rome, under a Roman guard, in his own "hired house." During his residence in that city, no less than six of the Epistles, that bear his name, were written: Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Second Timothy, and Philemon.

The Romans did not persecute the early Christians for their faith in Christ. The cruel sufferings, which they endured at Rome under Nero, were due to an effort, on the part of that wicked tyrant, to render the Jews odious, by making one of the Jewish sects responsible for the burning of the city, of which crime Nero, alone, was guilty.

There are no reliable records of the exact length of Paul's life. We know that during this persecution, about the year 66, A. D., Paul suffered martyrdom, by being beheaded at the famous "Three Fountains," outside the city walls. We were shown this place, and also the hired house, where the great Apostle dwelt.

In taking leave of Rome, I was led to consider our chief indebtedness to the ancient peoples of the world: To the Egyptians and Phoenicians, we are indebted for the science, and art, of letters; to the Arabians, for the characters employed in our ordinary arithmetical calculations; the Greeks gave us the highest forms of culture and art;

the Romans brought jurisprudence, and the principles of government to a high state of perfection; and to the Hebrews, the chosen people of God, we owe a debt of everlasting gratitude, for the pure and holy religion of Jehovah; for unto the Jew were committed the oracles of God. And the Messiah, whom we worship, was born of that honored, royal race.

CHAPTER XXX.

POMPEII.

EARLY on the morning of May the fourth, we rose and completed our preparations for the return to Naples. About nine o'clock, we left Rome, on the second section of cars, for the beautiful city of Naples.

When you have enjoyed a visit to that favored place, you do not wonder that the Romans had in constant use this proverb: "See Naples and die!" For it is not only the metropolis, but the most attractive city of the great country of Italy. To the ancient Italians, a visit to the new city by the sea was the very goal of their ambition.

From Rome to Naples, we enjoyed another delightful ride. The mountains, fields and gardens, revealed to us beauties that they had withheld from us as we journeyed to Rome, under the lights and shadows of the after part of the day. I could not decide which I enjoyed the more, as the two trips were counterparts, and together made a complete whole. It was a great privilege to see that wonderful, historic country in the sweet springtime, when the infinite variety in the green foliage imparts such an indescribable charm to the landscape. The flax, with its lithe form, draped in emerald, and bonneted with azure, I shall always remember with pleasure. The thatched houses and quaint, fantastic costumes of the peasantry interested me very much. We had an excellent lunch on the way, arriving at Naples at two-thirty in the afternoon.

From Naples, we went to Pompeii, fifteen miles distant, without a change of cars. There we saw the most **The Hushed City.** remarkable sights in the excavations that have been made, and are still in progress. This ancient,

rich and profligate city numbered more than 400,000. In its life, the entire civilization of the Romans was reflected, for Pompeii was the legitimate product of the age. Within its walls, it held specimens of every gift which luxury and power could afford. In it, a perfect model of the great Roman Empire was seen.

On the afternoon of the twenty-third of November, 79, A. D., Pompeii was destroyed by an outburst of mud, water, ashes, pumice stone and fire, from Monte Somma.

With Pick and Shovel. Under this terrific torrent, the city was buried many feet, and hermetically sealed for many centuries. About two-thirds of the doomed city has been excavated, and the work was being vigorously pushed when we were there.

Every hour new discoveries were being made—new secrets were being revealed. As already intimated, thousands of specimens, the fruits of excavation, have been placed in the Museum at Naples, ranging from splendid statuary, in marble and bronze, to the coins and jewelry, used by the rich in the most prosperous days of Pompeii.

The work of the excavators unearthed magnificent public and private edifices. The Forum, the Basilica, the Temple of Jupiter, the Arch of Nero, the Street of the Tombs, the Temple of Apollo, the Forum Baths, the Temple of Fortune, The Tragic Theatre, the Temple of Aesculapius, the Comic Theatre, the Temple of Isis, the Amphitheatre—all public buildings—bear eloquent testimony to the splendor and magnificence of the old aristocratic city.

The various temples show something of the character of their religion. It did not consist alone in the worship of the Roman deities, but also an important per cent. of the people were devotees of the gods of the Egyptians.

Among the most important private buildings that we

saw were the Casa della Margherita Regina, the House of Sallust, the Villa of Diomede, and the House of the Labyrinth. In those fine dwellings, there were some excellent mural paintings, and mosaics in the floors and pavements. Among those works of decorative art, were Cupid Scenes, Boys Making Wreaths, Chariot-Racing, Open-air Festivals, Vintage, Wine-Testing, Triumph of Bacchus, Hercules and Mercury, Mars and Venus, Diana and Actaeon, Ariadne and Theseus, and Hero and Leander.

I was shown one dog kennel, or casa del canile. On many of the thresholds were the fine outline of Bruin, in mosaic, and on others, the warning, "Cave Canem," or beware of the dog, inlaid in marble.

Some of the most recent excavations are Casa della Caccia, Casa di Ercole, and the House of Triptolemus. But the most interesting of the recently discovered places is the House of the Vettii. Here you have the best example of the great wealth and luxury of the city, yet unearthed. In this house are some fine frescoes and carvings. Among the best of those are the fight between Pan and Cupid, the Infant Hercules strangling Snakes, the Slaughter of Python, the Sacrilege of Agamemnon, Cupids at Work and Play, and Winged Maidens gathering Flowers. In the kitchens, we saw the stoves and cooking utensils, arranged, just as they had been placed, on that fateful day! The furniture of the Tricliniums, or dining-rooms, was found undisturbed, as it was left on the afternoon of the fearful cataclysm!

In those homes and temples, many hundreds of human bodies have been found—some standing, some sitting, some eating and drinking, some at work, some at play. In one of the temples, two hundred bodies were excavated, the inference being, that they had fled thither, seeking the protection of the divinities, in the hour of their dire distress!

In the Museum, I saw the bread, pies, cakes, walnuts, chestnuts, and other nuts, and fruits, taken from the pantries of the houses that I have been describing. There, too, I saw the paints, table cutlery, cooking utensils, bits of clothing, wood-work, bronze work, petrified trees, jars, vases,, chariot, carriage and cartwheels, with the iron tires still on them, the bodies of men, women and children. All of this was intensely, awfully, interesting, but depressing in the extreme to the spirits! One object there appealed specially to me. It was the skeleton of a dog, caught in the awful attitude of the death agony. This I mention because it tells the dreadful story of agony and death, visited upon that wicked city, on that occasion!

The streets were paved with large blocks of stone. There were also large stepping stones, where the streets and sidewalks intersected. In the streets, deep ruts were cut by the wheels of the carts, carriages and wagons. On Cemetery street, there were many splendid ruins of crematories, tomb stones and sarcophagi. All of this exhibited a high degree of civilization and culture. Their wine-cellars showed that the people lived as only the rich could live.

That was an eventful day. Such an afternoon I had never spent. We seemed to be almost profaning a city, made sacred by the visitation of an awful calamity! We

The Silence were walking among the ashes of the dead!

of Centuries. We were deciphering the history of the destroyed city, by interpreting the meagre traces which the deluge of fire and steam had left!

That man would be devoid of sentiment, and human sensibilities, who could look upon those sights unmoved, or without, in imagination, living over the scenes of the day of horror, when the proud city perished from the face of the earth!

Thursday morning, May the fifth, we were up early again, and, betimes, were in the tender, going ashore in a drenching rain. The artillery of heaven flashed, volleyed and thundered, as we were landing at the quay.

At length, we were seated in carriages, and off for the Vesuvius station, at the foot of the mountain, five miles away. There we took the trolley to the end of the cog

The Great road; and thence were pushed up by an **ad-**
Volcano. ditional car with the proper attachments for the ratchet and pinion system. From there we took the funicular section, where we were drawn up by cable, at an angle of about fifteen degrees. When we left the station at the top, we had a hard, steep climb to the summit of the cone. All the way up from the first station, on each side of the track, there were great fields of red, and greyish-black, lava. The last period of great activity was in the year 1900.

As we slowly climbed the great mountain, the prospect became increasingly grand. To see the Bay of Naples at its best, one must ascend the mountain side. Never have I seen the coloring in the sea so exquisite. After the storm-clouds had rolled away, the atmosphere was left clear and pure. The perfect reflections of the bright blue sky, and the emerald green of the grass and trees on the mountain-sides, mingled to produce the most indescribably beautiful tints in the waters of the unrivaled Bay. It was a rich treat to enjoy such a lovely scene.

The government makes it obligatory, upon the visitor, to secure the service of a licensed guide. The steam was issuing through a thousand fissures in the volcanic cone. The wind was in a contrary direction, and we were almost suffocated by the sulphur-laden cloud of smoke and steam that enveloped us.

On account of the violent storm that had raged during

the early morning, the volcano was very unusually active—in the language of my guide, “very activa”—that day. As we went up the mountain, knee-deep through the cinders and scoriae, the detonations became more frequent and terrible. With each explosion, the situation looked more and more threatening. Accompanying each report, thousands of tons of molten lava would be thrown up, which would fall all about us with an unearthly hissing! As the lumps of red-hot lava fell with a dull thud, I hastened with Italian coins, to bury them in the soft scoriae with my walking stick. These I wanted for souvenirs. There, I succeeded in burning up my tamarisk that I had cut on the banks of the Jordan, to bring to

A Climb to America. I persisted in going to the very rim of the crater. My guide was terrified, but I urged him to remain about the summit, for three hours or more. At first, I could see nothing of the fire, for the steam that was blowing so thick, and enshrouding us all the time. Three times I went up to the mouth of the crater, and looked in, while the explosions were increasing in frequency and intensity.

The third time, I climbed to a higher point. I lay stretched at full length, and crawled to the very rim of the crater. From that place I could look down into the fearful caldron below. The edge was so hot that I could not hold my hand upon it. I broke a piece of sulphur deposit from that place, and wrapped it in a piece of paper till it cooled.

As I looked upon the red-hot mass, I was thrilled with horror! There are no words in the human vocabulary

A Type of Inferno. to adequately describe the terrible scene!

Inferno. There was a moment of quiet, and then I heard a fearful explosion, and felt the mountain quake and tremble. At the next instant, I saw a vast column of molten lava rise into the air for hundreds of feet. I

watched it, as it ascended, and followed it till it began to fall. Much of it fell back into the crater, but as the wind was blowing in our direction, much of it rained all around us, with an awful sound. It fell about us as the missiles of death! My guide and I ran for our lives, and in spite of that, a huge lump of lava fell only a yard or two from my feet. After that eruption, I wanted nothing more. I could not get down from that cone one moment too soon.

The memory of the sights of that day will be vivid to me, as long as I live. That night, as we were going from the wharf to the *Grosser Kurfuerst*, the bright light on the cloud of steam and smoke, at each eruption, showed their force and frequency. That pyrotechnic display was awfully glorious. I would not take anything for the experiences of that day, but those experiences I would not care to repeat.

That night, at twelve o'clock, there was a terrific explosion, followed by a violent eruption, when **A Violent Upheaval.** thirty feet of the rim of the crater, where I had stood, and from which I had broken the trophy of sulphur deposit, less than nine hours before, fell into the jaws of the mighty volcano!

I sought my berth with a heart full of ineffable gratitude to God for His gracious, His divine protection from the awful danger of which I had not, till then, been fully appreciative.

At twelve noon, on Friday, May the sixth, our good ship lifted anchor and turned her prow toward southern France.

Saturday morning, we encountered a storm. The waves dashed over the forecastle, and the wind whistled through the rigging, so that our progress was somewhat retarded.

About eight o'clock we passed the Island of Elba on the right, and Corsica, with its snow-clad mountains, on the left. We were then in full view of the great Alps. From that time on, we had one grand panorama of the glorious mountains, wrapped in a thick blanket of the eternal snow.

At three P. M., just three hours late, we dropped anchor **Goodbye to Pilgrims.** in the snug, picturesque harbor of Villefranche, where we bade farewell to our fellow pilgrims to the Holy Land.

The Corniche Road. After an enchanting drive, over the entire length of the Upper and Lower Corniche Road—the finest in all the world—our party of the “Dauntless Four” returned to the historic City of Nice, and yielded to the attractions of “Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep.” There we rested through the Sabbath Day, before beginning the two months tour through Western Continental Europe, and Great Britain and Ireland.

* * *

In closing this series of letters, I am profoundly impressed with the fact that it is but a record of the goodness and mercy of God, from the time of my leaving home, till I said goodbye to my companions, who had shared with me the unique experiences of the cruise to the Orient. “Surely the Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works.” “The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.”

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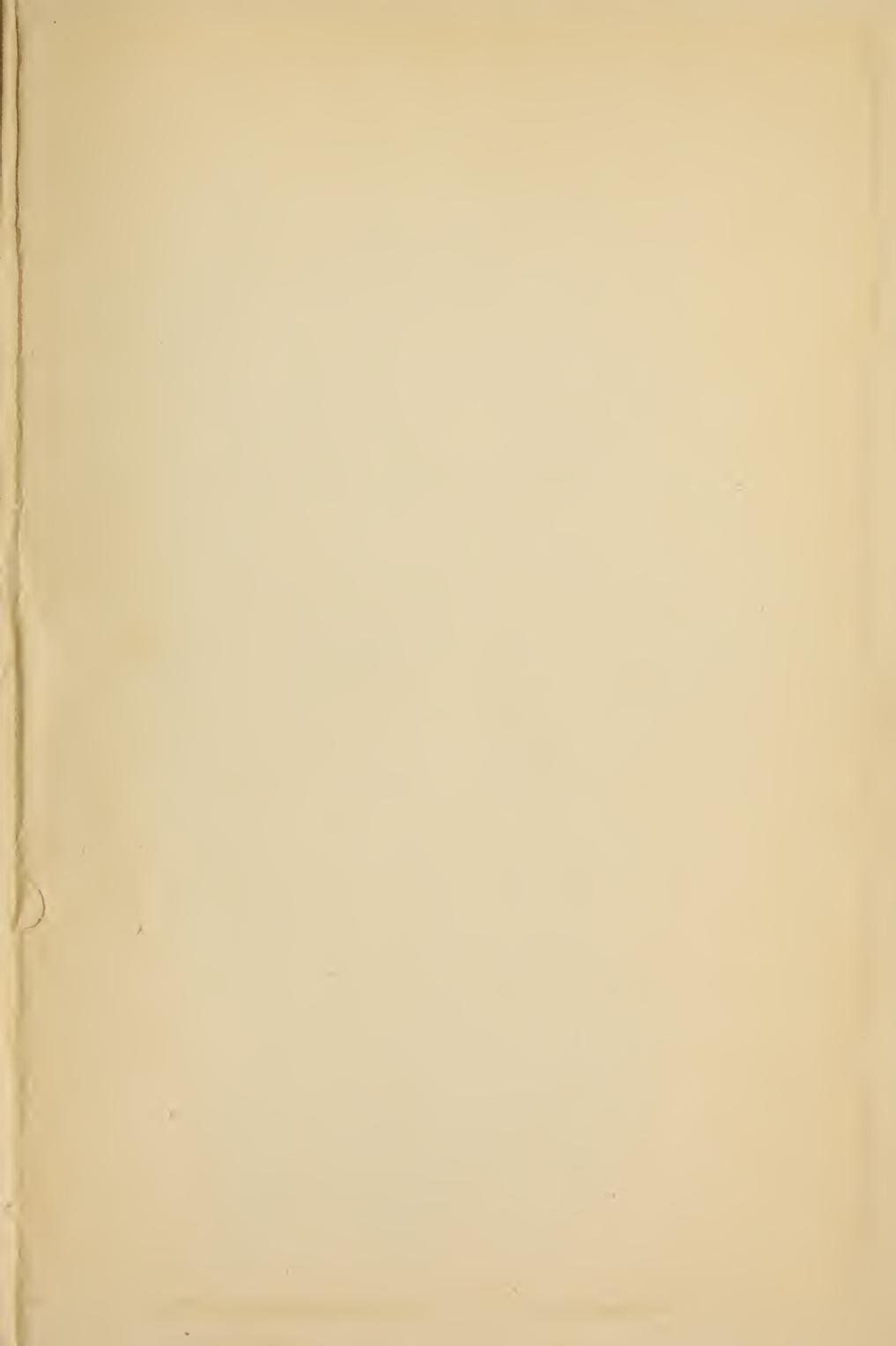
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